SEPTEMBER.

A CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS, BY C. B. FRY.

THE KING'S HEAD STAMPS,
By E. J. NANKIVELL.

FOUR TOWNS COMPETITION

# THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

6d

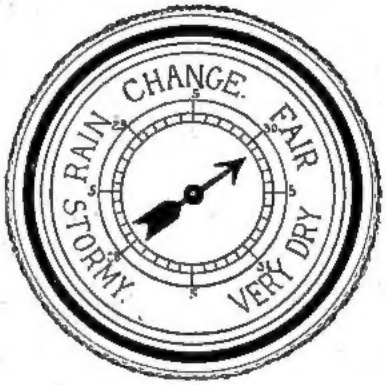
Vol. V. No. 30. SEPTEMBER, 1901.


## What could be fairer?

ALL GENUINE

**DUNLOP TYRES**

carry a guarantee for 13 months.




The only tyres offering a choice of attachment — wired or beaded edges — and can be had of all cycle agents for

**£3 3s.** per pair.

For protection from inferior imitations ask to see the Company's Trade Mark on air-tube and outer cover.

Trade Mark.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd.,
PARA MILLS, ASTON CROSS, BIRMINGHAM; and Branches.

*"A LAST DASH."*—(See page 548.)

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

# HOLIDAY TOURS!!

**To be well mounted is to be comfortable.**
**Moral: Let your Mount be . . . . . .**

## GAMAGE'S

# £8 8s. "ILIXUM"

**THE DISTINCTIVE WHEEL OF THE FUTURE.**

*Hundreds sold already this Season.* *Every Machine a good Advertisement.*

## READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

Knowing the popular taste to be strongly in favour of the **"Times" system of Monthly Payments,** we intend giving our customers the benefit of money that would otherwise be spent in a different form of advertisement, by supplying one of our world-famed **"Ilixum" Cycles** (Lady's or Gent's) for **£8 8s.** cash, or **12 Monthly Instalments of 15s. 3d.,** which works out at

# SIXPENCE A DAY

## THE BOER WAR.

**Gamage's "Ilixum" machines are identical with those used so successfully in the Boer . . . . Campaign. . . . .**

**12 Months' WARRANTY backed by 22 YEARS' STERLING REPUTATION with EVERY MACHINE.**

**PERFECT IN DESIGN, DETAIL, AND . . . CONSTRUCTION.**

**SEE THE MACHINES TO-DAY.**—Admission is perfectly free, and we court every investigation. If you are not a good judge of a Machine and cannot trust us, bring a Cycle Expert along with you.

**Secure your Machine now by Paying your Deposit of**

**5/-**

**COUNTRY RESIDENTS, and those unable to call, should write for particulars.**

# GAMAGES, LTD., Holborn, London, E.C.

**And at VICTORIA ROAD, ALDERSHOT, and CRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.**

*N.B.—If unable to call, write us to-day for our post free Catalogue, and thus bring the best Sports market in the world to your very doors.*

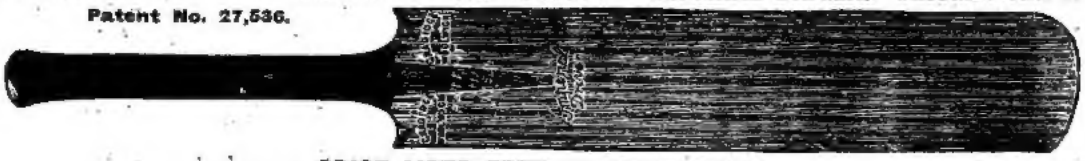
BODLEIAN LIBRARY 21·9·1901
Digitized by Google

# H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in . . . . . Cricket, Racquet, Lawn Tennis, Fives, Polo, Golf, Football, Hockey, Etc.

**PATENTEES AND SOLE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BATS.**

Patent No. 27,536.



. . . PRICE LISTS FREE ON APPLICATION. . . .

ADDRESS **Factory, Artillery Place, Woolwich.**

## STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING
AND
## NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

. . . Premium Moderate. . . .

**Exceptional Advantages for Training as above.**
**Students from these Works have obtained IMPORTANT posts in H.M. Navy and Mercantile Marine.**
*For terms and full particulars apply to*

**COX & CO.,** Engineers and Shipbuilders,
**Docks Ironworks and Dock Head Foundry,**
***FALMOUTH.***

## YOU CAN HIT THE BULLS EYE
OF YOUR BOYS AFFECTION BY GIVING HIM

A
## DAISY AIR RIFLE
JUST THE THING
FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
THE DAISY 20TH CENTURY AIR GUN. HAS A WALNUT STOCK, HANDSOME NICKLED STEEL BARREL, GLOBE SIGHTS, SHOOTS EITHER DARTS OR SHOT. PRICE ONLY 4/-
WRITE FOR NAME & ADDRESS OF NEAREST AGENT
To "O" Dept., W. E. PEDK & Co. (Ltd.), 6, BRADFORD AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

**The Very Best. The Most Up-to-Date. For Ladies and Gents.**

*Free or Fixed Wheels.*

| | | Monthly. |
|---|---|---|
| £8 10 0 | ... | £0 14 2 |
| £9 10 0 | ... | £0 15 10 |
| £10 0 0 | ... | £0 16 8 |
| £11 0 0 | ... | £0 18 4 |
| £12 12 0 | ... | £1 1 0 |
| £14 14 0 | ... | £1 4 6 |
| £16 16 0 | ... | £1 8 0 |

See new JUNO X Frame.

Road Racer and Light Roadster { £9 10 ... £0 15 10 Mthly. / £10 0 ... £0 16 8 / £10 10 ... £0 17 6 } Carriage Paid. Discount for Cash.

Tyre Bell, 1/9 Scorcher Brake, 2/- Octagon Cyclometer (10,000 mls.), 1/6. A1 Rim Brake, 7/6 Hatherley Hard Wood Cycle Stand, 2/6 Chase Cycle Cover 4/6 Toe-Clips, 5d. Acetylene Lamp 3/9
Write at once for New Season's Price List of Juno Cycles and Accessories (over 100 pages), sent post free.

**METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., Ltd.,**
**75-78, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.**
**And at PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.**

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
# EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
# COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

## MACKENZIE'S

FENDEAN
CREAMICE CAKE
FRAGOLA
ITALIAN CREAM
SOUTOUMA
BUTTER-SCOTCH
EVERTON-TOFFEE
ETC.

**A LARGE SAMPLE TIN** containing 12 packets (assorted) of these Dainty and Delicious Sweets, fresh from the factory, post free for **1s. 3d.**
*PENNY PACKETS. Sold Everywhere.*

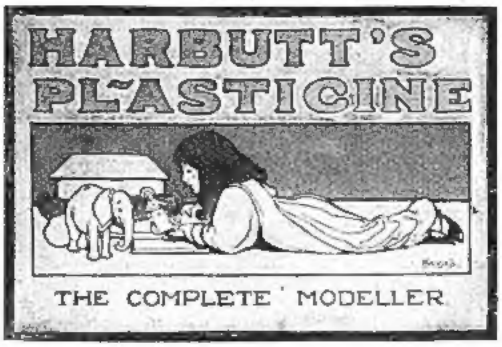
Sole Makers: S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., Wellclose Square, London.

DAINTY AND DELICIOUS **SWEETS.**

**A SWEETMEAT and A FOOD.**
# PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE
THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.
1d., 3d., 6d. and 1s. *Tablets, and* 6d. *and* 1s. *Croquettes. Sold Everywhere.*
Sole Agents (trade only), S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., London.

*DRINK for Breakfast, Lunch, or Supper* **PETER'S** 'BREAKFAST' MILK-CHOCOLATE. *Cocoa, Sugar, and Milk Complete. 6d. & 1s. Packets.*


Digitized by Google




"With Plasticine I mould my birds and flowers,
And Winter's dreariest days are full of sunny hours."

**1/3 or 2/10 Complete**

FROM—

**Wm. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,**

**Bathampton, BATH.**

**WHY BUY**

PACKETS CONTAINING A LOT OF USELESS DUPLICATES, WHEN OUR **Famous PENNY SETS give you your own choice** at as outlay of **One Penny upwards?** The following are all **1d.** per Set, **postage extra**:—2 Barbados, 3 Bolivia, 4 Bosnia, 3 British Guiana, 4 Cape, 4 Chili, 2 China, 4 Dutch Indies, 3 Finland, 2 Gold Coast, 4 Greece, 2 Gwalior, 2 Hayti, 4 Hungary, 2 Iceland, 5 India, 2 Jhind, 2 Leewards, 2 Mauritius, 3 Mexico, 3 Natal, 4 New Zealand, 2 Patiala, 2 Perak, 3 Queensland, 4 Straits, 2 Travancore, 4 Tunis, 4 Turkey, 2 Uruguay, 2 Venezuela. Sheets on Approval only when asked for. **STAMP ALMANAC**, 1901, 40 pages, with List of Stamps issued during 1900, Portraits of Celebrated Collectors, etc., etc., **6d.**

**THE SMYTH STAMP CO., BOSCOMBE, HANTS.**
(ESTABLISHED 1891.)

**500,000 Foreign Stamps for Sale**
BEING THE ACCUMULATION OF YEARS.
100 all different for **2d.**, post paid, all good, adhesive copies; 100 all different, 10 of each country (some very old); 10 each Austria 1877-99, Belgium 1869-98, France 1870-97, Holland 1872-99, Hungary 1881-90, Italy 1878-97, Spain 1882-98 (3 War) Switzerland 1882-99 (12c. blue, 25c. purple), Sweden 1872-98, United States 1870-99; good copies, 1/- the packet.

**25 UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS** *(mint condition)*, **2/-**
**50 used ASIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NORTH OR SOUTH AMERICA, for 2/6**

**JOHN M. PENBERTHY, 8, Mackenzie Rd., CAMBRIDGE.**

**"CAPTAIN" EYE-OPENER** (Sept.), **6d.**! (Quote Sept. when ordering). **110 different, 6d.**, including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Ceylon, Gibraltar, U.S. Omaha (4c.), new New Zealand 1d., Tasmania (new) 1d., Western Australia. GRATIS Large List Sets. SILVER 3d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted. Prizes. 800 different Stamps, 8s.; 1,000, 12s. Mounted on sheets, clean and perfect. Bright's Catalogue, 2s. 6d., post free.—A. C. McAUSLAN & CO., 93w, Bath St., Glasgow.

**CAPTAIN PACKET. Wonderful Value.** 200 Varieties, including Soudan Camel, Newfoundland Queen Alexandra, Nicaragua Map, Borneo Native, Labuan, Shanghai, Crete, Cuba (rare issues of 50 cent, 1875-76-77; 25 cent. of 1875-78-79), Omaha, United States (War United States), Travancore, Bolivia, New Mexico, Salvador Engine, Canada Map, Jubilee, and Maple; Venezuela, Trinidad Britannia, Persia Decean, Transvaal, Selangor, Guatemala, Tunis, New Turkey, Costa Rica, post free **1s. 1d.** Cheap Sets, every stamp different, 20 Argentine, **5d.** 20 Brazil, **7d.** 10 Bulgaria, **4d.** 9 Bosnia, **5d.** 16 Chili, **7d.** 20 Costa Rica, **1s.** 20 Ecuador, **6d.** 24 Greek, **9d.** 40 Japan, **6d.** 20 Mexico, **7d.** 20 Nicaragua, **9d.** 12 Persia, **6d.**, 30 Roumania, **6d.** 20 Russia, **4d.** 20 Salvador, **10d.** 36 Sweden, **6d.** 30 Spain, **5d.** 18 Cuba, **5d.** 20 Turkey, **8d.** 40 United States, **6d.** 20 Canada, **6d.** Lists of Hundreds, Sets, and Packets free.—**MIDLAND STAMP COMPANY, Castle Bromwich, BIRMINGHAM.**

**A REVOLUTION IN CRICKET BALL MAKING!**
The **"Premier,"** gut sewn, 5½oz. MATCH BALL, **3/-** each; 6 for **16/6**, carriage paid. The **"Marvel,"** treble seamed PRACTICE BALL, **2/3** each; 6 for **12/-**, carriage paid.
Enclose Stamp for **FREE PRESENTATION BAT** Scheme, to COOK'S ATHLETIC FACTORY, Barbican Court, London, E.C.


# FOUR TOWNS COMPETITION.

**(SECOND LIST.)**

**This is September Comp. No. 1. Fill in the Names of the Towns here indicated by Initial Letter and Dots, then cut out and forward to THE CAPTAIN Office by September 12th. For further particulars, age limits, prizes, etc., see page 571.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **GRANTHAM** | **I** . . . . . | **L** . . . . |
| **G** . . . . . | **I** . . . . . | **L** . . . . . |
| **G** . . . . . | **I** . . . . . | **L** . . . . |
| **G** . . . . . | **I** . . . | **L** . . . . |
| **H** . . . . . | **K** . . . . . | **M** . . . . . |
| **H** . . . | **K** . . . . . | **M** . . . . . |
| **H** . . . . . | **K** . . . . . | **M** . . . . . |
| **H** . . . . . | **K** . . . . | **M** . . . . . |

*Name*..... *Class*..... *Age*.....

*Address*.....

.....

Digitized by Google

# WHITFIELD KING & CO.'S NEW PRICE LIST

***FOR 1901 (60 Pages)***

Contains particulars of no less than 1,300 different Packets and Sets of Stamps at the lowest possible prices. A separate 16-page Illustrated List of Stamp Albums and Requisites for Stamp Collectors is also published. **The two sent Free on receipt of a Penny Stamp for Postage.**

## THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE

**OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD**

(Second Edition) is fully Illustrated with Engravings of Stamps, and is the simplest, best, and cheapest Catalogue published. All Countries are in alphabetical order, and every stamp is priced, but minor varieties of perforation are rigorously excluded. It is *par excellence* THE Catalogue for beginners. **Price 1/3**, Post Free.

**Monthly List of Philatelic Novelties, 6d. per annum, Post Free.**

**WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.**

---

# WAR STAMPS!

**Our Price List** consists of 16 pages, fully illustrated, and gives prices for the Orange Colony and Transvaal Stamps surcharged for use during the War, and particulars of thousands of Stamps in Packets, Sets, etc. Handsomely bound. The best and most up-to-date list published. Sent post free.

## *A BARGAIN PACKET!*

**No. 333 EXCELSIOR PACKET** contains 50 different Stamps including Peru, Paraguay, Mauritius (new issue), obsolete Chili, new issue Argentine, Bolivia, obsolete Cuba, Greece, Western Australia, Servia, Bulgaria, Canada, United States, Columbus, Egypt, India, Cape of Good Hope, Roumania, Victoria, Japan, Hungary (new issue), etc., etc., post free, **6d. And a FREE SET of FOUR NEWFOUNDLAND**, with Portraits of King Edward VII., Queen Alexandra, Prince Edward of York, and the late Queen Victoria.

**BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.**

---

# THE "JAP." 3D.

**50 DIFFERENT STAMPS, INCLUDING 50**

**SOUDAN 1901 (Gunboat on the Nile), STATE OF NORTH BORNEO (Stag's Head),**

**New Issue Montenegro,** Cuba, U.S.A. War Revenue (Battleship), Brazil, Greece, Mexico, New S. Wales (Jubilee issue), Austria (1900), Western Australia, Roumania, Natal, Servia, Costa Rica, Spain (War Tax), Egypt, Portugal, India, Hungary (1900), Queensland, Sweden "Service," new issue Cape Colony, Holland (1900), new issue France (1901), **Hyderabad-Deccan, Jamaica 1900 (View of Llandovery Falls), Labuan 1897 (Native),** etc., etc., a remarkably interesting packet, **3d.** *Postage 1d. extra.* Every Purchaser of the above Packet applying for a selection of our **"Ideal" Approval Sheets** will receive a

**SET OF 15 JAPAN STAMPS GRATIS,**

including **"Silver Wedding," 1892, and "Prince Imperial Wedding," 1900, Celebration Issues.**

*Only one Packet supplied to each person.*

**NEW PRICE LIST POST FREE AND GRATIS.**

**ERRINGTON & MARTIN,** SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON. . . .

---

**6D. THE "DON." 6D.** A Packet well worth 2/6.

(Only one packet supplied to each person.)

**100 Rare varieties, all different,** including **Nyassa** new issue (picture of giraffe and palm), Crete (Iepta), Russian Levant, Bosnia obsolete issue, unused set 3 British Guiana, Cape Verde (obsolete air.), Spain, Chili, Cuba (palm tree), Deccan, Jamaica official, rare Paraguay, 1879, **5 Reals,** etc., etc., and in addition we give gratis to purchasers applying for a selection of our **"Marvel"** Approval Sheets, a **Free Set of 10** different **Norwegian.** The lot **6d.** post free (in ordering kindly send ½d. stamps). To all applicants for our "Marvel" sheets we also send, as a present, a photographic reproduction of the pair of Mauritius stamps (valued at £2,500).

**J. EVANS & CO., 105, Soho Hill, HANDSWORTH, Staffs.**

---

**127 TRIANGULAR CAPE STAMPS GIVEN AWAY.**

A COLLECTION of **205 entirely different** Stamps, from the EASTERN and WESTERN HEMISPHERES, including **South African,** choice **Trans-Mississippi,** and **British Colonials,** etc. These packets, being made up four years ago, naturally contain many obsolete stamps. BARGAIN. Price **1s.,** post free, with particulars of free Cape.

N. T. HILLIER & Co., The Philatelic Agency, Hormondon, Kent.

---

**50 STAMPS 6½d.** **Post Free.**—Comprising **U.S.A. (Buffalo), Bosnia, Malta (view),** Java, Deccan, China, Ecuador, **Tasmania (view),** Venezuela, **B. E. Africa,** Bulgaria, etc., etc. **Purchasers** of above packet applying for an **Approval Sheet** will receive **gratis a set of three Tunis. Collections and loose lots bought. Approval Sheets, splendid variety, good discount. —PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7, Katherine Street, CROYDON.**

---

## British LEPIDOPTERA & COLEOPTERA.

**CHEAP TYPE COLLECTIONS.**

50 different species of Lepidoptera, **3/9**; 100 ditto, **7/6**; 200* ditto, **20/-**; 500* ditto, **75/-**. Coleoptera, 100 species, **5/6**; 200* ditto, **25/-**; 500* ditto, **£8/-**. Preserved Larvæ, **2/-** per dozen species. Those marked * contain many rare and local species, and include show-boxes, and all are in good condition, correctly named, well set, and post free.

A NUMBER OF LIVING PUPÆ AT LOW RATES.
LEPIDOPTERA AND COLEOPTERA NAMED, **5/-** PER 100.

**MR. FORD, "HILLSIDE," SUNNYHILL RD., PORESDOWN, HANTS.**

---

# QUALITY A SPECIALITY.

Everyone should possess a Copy of my New PRICE LIST just published. 60 Pages of OLD STAMPS, including

**COLONIALS in Sets and Singles,**

AND A

**MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF OLD EUROPEANS**

on piece, or entire ORIGINAL now offered for the first time.

*Read the reviews there of, and send for the Catalogue, the price of which is* **3d.**, *remitted to anyone making up a* **2/6** *order therefrom.*

**A. H. DINGWALL, Weston-super-Mare.**

(Only address.)

---

**THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX.**

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. **6d.** Post Free.

**J. WALLEN & Co.** (Dept. A 36), **89, Aldersgate Street, London.**

---

**BREAKING LARGE COLLECTIONS.**

**100,000** Stamps for immediate disposal, regardless of value in packets, price each: **1/- P.O.**

This huge accumulation, of many years' collecting, has been made up into packets, each containing from **50 to 500 Stamps,** mostly different, which are offered for sale all at one price, namely, **One Shilling per Packet.** *Satisfaction certain.* Chem Approval Sheets, 50 per cent. discount.

Mr. NELSON T. HILLIER, 10, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

---

## "AND OF ALL BRITISH DOMINIONS OVER THE SEAS."

TO commemorate the assumption by the King of the above title, I have made up a specially cheap Packet of **100 Varieties of British and Colonial Stamps,** which will be sent post free to any address on receipt of a Postal Order for **1/6.** (No common current English are included in this packet, which contains **only** stamps from the British Empire.) To all who, in addition to purchasing the above packet, send **4d.** extra and ask for an Approval Sheet, will be sent a **South Australian 1/- Brown "O.S."** (catalogued 1/-). **And further,** to all who purchase stamps to the value of **4/- net** from my Approval Sheets before the 30th September next will be presented **Free a South Australia 6d. Blue, perf. 10, surcharged thin "O.S."** (catalogued by Gibbons at 4/6). Within the past three months I have supplied over one hundred readers of THE CAPTAIN with stamps, and they have been practically unanimous in their appreciation of the *cheapness and good quality* of their purchases. Price List free on application. Business by correspondence only.—**L. S. CHARLICK, Victoria Chambers, 55-6, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.**

Digitized by Google

CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER PUBLISHED THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

A SPLENDID PICTURE IN COLOURS,

Entitled "SONS OF THE BRAVE," from a Painting by P. R. Morris, A.R.A., is GIVEN AWAY to EVERY Purchaser of No. 467 of

# CHUMS,

NOW READY — PRICE ONE PENNY

*Which commences a new volume.*

Amongst the Special Attractions of this Number are:—

## Two Grand New Serials.

"SHADOWED AT SCHOOL: Jack, his Chum, and Snipe, the Detective." By ANDREW HOME.

"HIDDEN BENEATH THE SEA: The Perilous Quest of John Gun, Diver." By WALTER P. WRIGHT.

## Two New Series of Chats.

"UP AND DOWN SCHOOL LAND," and

"UNDER THE KING'S COLOURS," *(commencing in No 468).*

(Each with Illustrations from Photographs.)

## Unique Offer of Prizes.

A "CHUMS" BICYCLE, Pocket Money, and over 500 New Volumes and other Prizes, in Easy Competitions Open to All.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

THE MONTHLY PART FOR SEPTEMBER, PRICE 6d., IS NOW READY.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, London; and all Booksellers.

CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS CHUMS

Digitized by Google

# Messrs. GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,

Have arranged to publish, in the late Autumn, the well-known and popular Series of Public School Stories, which have been appearing in "The Captain," at intervals, since its commencement, entitled :—

## TALES OF GREYHOUSE.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

With numerous full-page Illustrations by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

***PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.***

ALSO

## ACTON'S FEUD.

By F. SWAINSON. With 12 Illustrations by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

Crown 8vo, ***3s. 6d.***

THE . . .

## HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.

By JOHN MACKIE. With 12 Illustrations by STEWART BROWNE.

Crown 8vo, ***3s. 6d.***

*Which were so popular in the earlier Volumes of "The Captain."*

---

## TWO NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS.

### LONGFEATHER THE PEACEMAKER;
### or, THE BELT OF SEVEN TOTEMS.

By KIRK MUNROE. With 4 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, ***3s. 6d.***

### THE BOYS OF ST. ELMO'S.

By A. T. STORY. Crown 8vo, ***3s. 6d.***

---

*7 to 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.*


Digitized by Google

*"There was no doubt as to its utility, and he considered it superior to any cyclometer previously on the market."*

*Vide* Mr. Justice Joyce's remarks in a recent decision in the High Court of Justice; Chancery Division.

. . THE . .

**VEEDER**

**Cyclometer.**

REGULAR OR TRIP.

**DUSTPROOF. WATERPROOF.**

*Absolutely Accurate.*

**SOLD BY . . . .**
**ALL CYCLE DEALERS.**

**The same instrument furnished Adapted to MOTOR CARS.**

*Descriptive Booklets from Sole Agents:—*

**MARKT & CO., 25-26, SHOE LANE,**
. . . . LONDON, E.C. . . . .

**CYCLES GIVEN AWAY—**
**FREE GRATIS!**
The Finest Quality and Work Produced.
***Gent's £4, Lady's £4 10s.***
Every machine specially built to Customer's order.
*Enclose stamp for full particulars.*
**COOK'S MFNG. CO., Barbican Court,**
. . . LONDON, E.C.

*"Made Like a Gun."*
**ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES.**
**£15 : 15 : 0**
**£12 : 12 : 0**
(with Free Wheel and 2 Brakes.)
**£10 : 10 : 0**
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
**ENFIELD CYCLE Co., Ltd., Redditch.**

**SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.**

For 1/2, 2/3, 2/8, 3/6, 3/9, and 5/3, Post free.
Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
*Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, viz.:—*
**Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d.** *Postage 2d. extra.*
**N. LINDNER, 170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.**

**An Efficient 5/- FILM CAMERA**

***The Brownie.***

**TAKES SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS . .**
NOT A TOY.

2½ by 2½ inches. Complete with Handbook of Instructions.

Price, with spool of film for 6 exposures, **5/7.**
**Post Free 5/11.**

**KODAKS from 5s. to £7 7s.**
Grand Prix, Paris Exhibition, 1900.

*Of all Photographic Dealers, or from*

**KODAK, LTD.,**
**43, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.,**
**60, Cheapside, E.C.,**
**115, Oxford Street, W.,**
**171-3, Regent Street, W.,**
**59, Brompton Road, W.,**
**40, West Strand, W.C.,**
**Also at 96, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.**

**A NEW NOVEL**

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Tales of Greyhouse," "Sir Billy," etc.*

**LOVE THE LAGGARD.**

BY

R. S. WARREN BELL.

"He does not write novels precisely like those of any other novelist, for which we are duly grateful."—*Literature.*

"Full of clever writing."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Undoubtedly the best he has yet produced."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The whole story is a perfect little comedy."—*Irish Times.*

**LOVE THE LAGGARD,**

***Price Six Shillings.***

*London:* GRANT RICHARDS, 9, Henrietta Street, W.C.
At all Booksellers, Railway Bookstalls, and Libraries.

Digitized by Google

# THE CAPTAIN.

## Contents for September, 1901.


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| "THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR | *Back of Frontispiece* | |
| THE SIKH AND PATHAN HORSEMEN CRASHED INTO THE THICK OF THE RABBLE<br>Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. | *Frontispiece* | |
| THE SAVING OF THE FORT<br>Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. | F. P. GIBBON | 483 |
| THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (A CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS) | C. B. FRY | 489 |
| A TALE OF A SLEEPING-CAR<br>Illustrated by H. A. HOGG. | GEORGE GALE THOMAS | 492 |
| CONCERNING RAILWAY STATIONS<br>With Illustrations from Photographs. | J. A. KAY | 498 |
| TEA-PLANTING IN CEYLON | | 506 |
| **SMITH'S HOUSE.** (CONCLUSION)<br>Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL. | FRED. SWAINSON | 507 |
| A SIEGE OF FIRE<br>Illustrated by the Author and WALKER HODGSON. | A. F. MORRIS | 516 |
| OUR LIBRARY CORNER | | 521 |
| THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (THE COMING KING'S HEAD STAMPS)<br>With Illustrations. | E. J. NANKIVELL | 522 |
| THE FIELD OF FAIR RENOWN<br>Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. | "CAPTAIN" READERS | 526 |
| JUNGLY ACHIEVES THE IMPOSSIBLE (PART III.; CONCLUSION)<br>Illustrated by the Author. | E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS | 529 |
| THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CAMP | LESLIE HOWE | 536 |
| THE CYCLING CORNER. (TOURING EQUIPMENT)<br>With Illustrations. | HAYDON PERRY | 539 |
| **SIR BILLY.** (CONCLUSION)<br>Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. | R. S. WARREN BELL | 543 |
| HOW GIRLS MAY BE MADE USEFUL | | 552 |
| TO CRIPPLE THE SHIP<br>Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE. | GEORGE G. FARQUHAR | 553 |
| VINTAGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE<br>With Illustrations from Photographs. | JOSÉ G. DE YBARRONDO | 557 |
| WANTED, A PRESERVED HEAD<br>Illustrated by G. M. DODSHON. | J. HAVELOCK JERRAM | 559 |
| SCHOOL MAGAZINES | | 564 |
| "CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS | | 567 |
| "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER | | 571 |
| "WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL" | | 572 |
| "THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL | | 573 |
| ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS | | 574 |
| RESULTS OF JULY COMPETITIONS | | 576 |

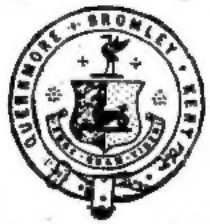

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.


*THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II., III., IV., & V. may be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. each direct from the Office.* **Vols. I., II., III., IV., & V. *are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d.***



**Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.**

**JOHN GIBSON, M.A.**
**(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),**
**Late of Uppingham and Westminster; Educational Medallist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.**

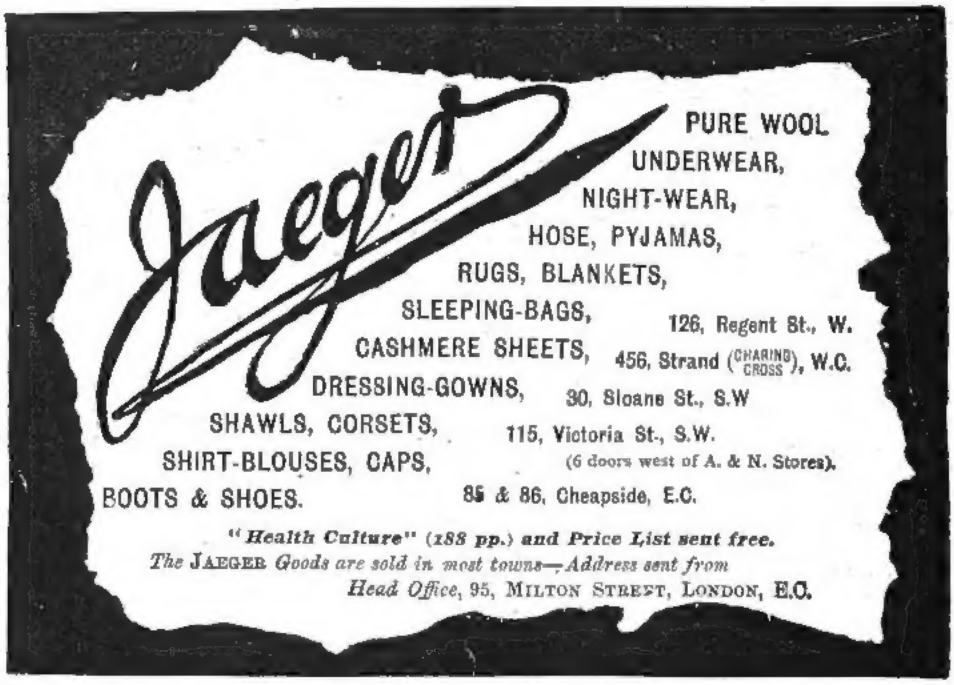



**G. LOLY, B.A.**
**(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),**
**Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar," etc.**
**Spanish and German Examiner at the City of London College.**

**LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.**
Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quernmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 350 successes in 1900 only, including six First places and forty-six Honours.
*Prospectus and full particulars on application to*
***JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.***



Digitized by Google



like "Frame-Food" itself, contains the organic Phosphates, Albuminoids, etc., which are so vitally necessary for the development of the Human Frame, and which strengthen and invigorate at every period of life.

The Jelly is especially suitable for older children and adults. Children eat it readily on bread and butter, and grow stout and strong from using it. It builds up the strength of the Invalid, and Adults find it invigorating and vitalising to all the functions of the body.

**Nourishing as Malt Extract.**
**Delicious as Jam.**

**SOLD IN JARS, 1lb. for 9d.**

***5oz. Sample sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage.***
***Mention THE CAPTAIN.***

**FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.**


Digitized by Google

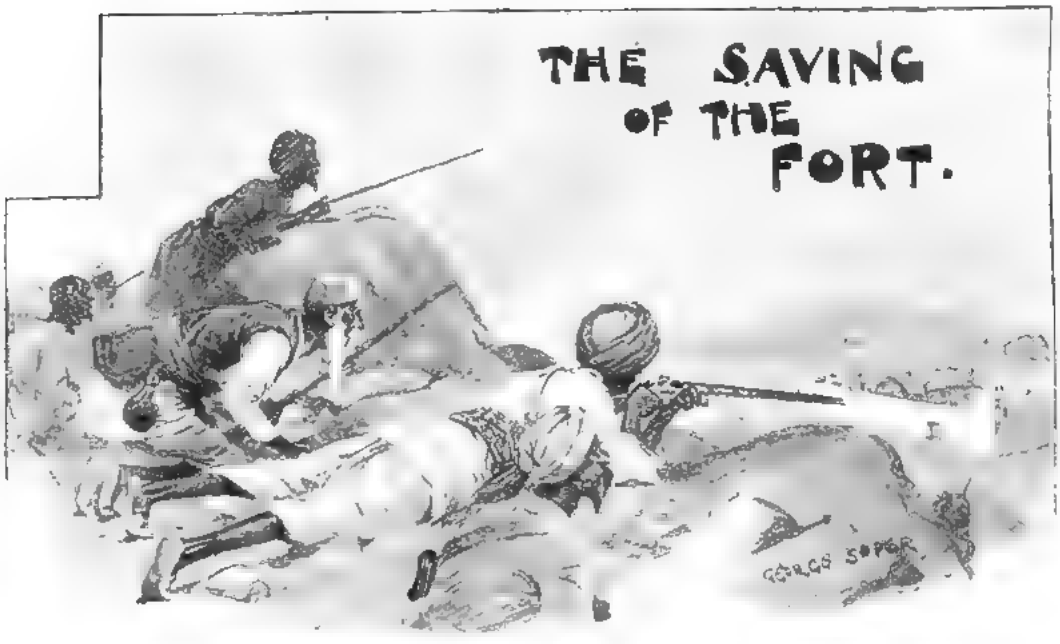
# "THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

## SEPTEMBER, 1901.

| | | | Cycle Lamps to be Lighted. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | **Sunday** ... | *Thirteenth after Trinity* .. ... ... | 7.47 |
| 2. | *Monday* ... | *Battle of Omdurman*, 1898 .. ... ... | 7.45 |
| 3. | *Tuesday* ... | *Lord Halsbury born*, 1825 ... ... ... | 7.42 |
| 4. | *Wednesday* . | *French Republic proclaimed*, 1870 ... ... | 7.40 |
| 5. | *Thursday* ... | *Malta captured*, 1800 ... ... ... | 7.38 |
| 6. | *Friday* ... | *General Sir Archibald Hunter born*, 1856 | 7.35 |
| 7. | *Saturday* ... | *Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman born*, 1836 | 7.33 |
| 8. | **Sunday** ... | *Fourteenth after Trinity* ... ... ... | 7.31 |
| 9. | *Monday* . | *Battle of Flodden Field*, 1513 ... ... | 7.29 |
| 10. | *Tuesday* ... | *K. S. Ranjitsinjhi born*, 1872 ... ... | 7.27 |
| 11. | *Wednesday*... | *Battle of Malplaquet*, 1709... ... ... | 7.25 |
| 12. | *Thursday* ... | *A. E. Newton, cricketer, born*, 1862 ... | 7.22 |
| 13. | *Friday* ... | *Rt. Hon. Sir Julian Pauncefote born*, 1828... | 7.20 |
| 14. | *Saturday* ... | *Duke of Wellington died*, 1851 ... .. | 7.18 |
| 15. | **Sunday** ... | *Fifteenth after Trinity* . . ... ... | 7.15 |
| 16 | *Monday* . . | *Thomas Graham died*, 1869 ... ... | 7.13 |
| 17. | *Tuesday* ... | *Sir Donald Currie born*, 1825 ... ... | 7.11 |
| 18. | *Wednesday*... | *Dr. Samuel Johnson born*, 1709 ... ... | 7.8 |
| 19. | *Thursday* .. | *Battle of Poictiers*, 1356 ... | 7.6 |
| 20. | *Friday* ... | *Fall of Delhi*, 1870... ... ... ... | 7.5 |
| 21. | *Saturday* ... | *H.I.M. the Sultan of Turkey born*, 1844 ... | 7.2 |
| 22. | **Sunday** ... | *Sixteenth after Trinity* ... ... ... | 6.59 |
| **23.** | **MONDAY**... | **OCTOBER "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**... | 6.57 |
| 24. | *Tuesday* ... | *Dean Milman died*, 1854 ... ... ... | 6.54 |
| 25. | *Wednesday*... | *Earl of Hopetoun born*, 1860 ... .. | 6.52 |
| 26. | *Thursday* .. | *T. S. Cooper, R.A., b.*, 1803 ... ... | 6.50 |
| 27. | *Friday* ... | *E. M. Ashcroft, cricketer, b.*, 1875... ... | 6.48 |
| 28. | *Saturday* ... | *General French born*, 1852... ... ... | 6.46 |
| 29. | **Sunday** ... | *Seventeenth after Trinity* ... .. ... | 6.43 |
| 30. | *Monday* ... | *Earl Roberts, V.C., b.*, 1832 ... ... | 6.41 |

THE SIKH AND PATHAN HORSEMEN CRASHED INTO THE THICK OF THE RABBLE, WHO BROKE BEFORE THE GLITTERING STEEL, AND SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

# THE SAVING OF THE FORT.




By F. P. Gibbon. Illustrated by George Soper.

THE single street of Kolabai village was deserted, save for a few boys who played *kabadi*—a kind of prisoner's base—in front of the hovels, and one or two aged men, who squatted beneath the shade of a plane tree in heated discussion; and a look of expectation was on their sullen, truculent faces.

Kharak Singh, a lad of fourteen, gazed wistfully at the group of shouting youngsters—a woe-begone, care-worn figure. Dearly would he have liked to have joined in the game, but they would have none of him. He knew by bitter experience how any attempt to take part would have been met, for Kharak Singh was an outcast in the Yusufzai village.

"Listen!" cried one of the boys, suddenly, "Listen! The *rissala* is coming!"

The game ceased as if by magic. Borne on the south wind came the faint clatter of hoofs, and with one accord the boys rushed along the road that led towards the Punjab, Kharak Singh following at a respectful distance. The elders gazed after them and laughed derisively.

"Fools that these English are!" chuckled one toothless veteran.

"Aye, aye, but dangerous fools to play with," mumbled another. "I have seen them in their anger—close upon forty years ago it was—and no man could stand against them then. They were demons in their strength and wrath."

"Bah! Thou art an old woman! If the worst comes, we can flee to the hills."

Over the top of the rise that preceded the descent into Kolabai appeared a body of stalwart horsemen, clad in sombre drab uniforms with red facings. Weather-beaten, war-experienced men were these, of martial bearing that was good to see. They sat their horses as though man and steed were one, and bore their scars and medals with equal pride. The bearded troopers laughed as they perceived the awe and interest they aroused, the boys gazing silent and open-mouthed at the rare and goodly sight, fascinated by the musical jingling of steel that was the accompaniment of the clattering iron shoes of the horses. But the gay sight and sounds had a different effect on Kharak Singh. Something stirred the sluggish depths of his memory as he watched, and he struggled to recall what it could be that seemed so familiar. Glimpses of a forgotten past darted through his brain and vanished, then returned, crowding upon him and overwhelming him. Surely he had seen those black-bearded, turbaned riders before! Surely he had ridden on the saddle-bow in front of them, and had stroked and caressed the beautiful horses!

Had he been dreaming? As he asked himself

the question, an English officer trotted past and looked the perplexed boy full in the face—a big, turbaned man was he, bronzed by exposure almost to the hue of his *sowars*, but a sahib sure enough. As Kharak looked into the kindly eyes, the floodgates of memories—closed in and shut up by years of ill-usage—were suddenly flung open, and he was back in the past—a child once more. Yes; it was the captain sahib who had rescued him from drowning ages ago; it was his *risala*. Blair Sahib! The forgotten name darted into his brain, and he was a Yusufzai no longer.

The troopers passed on at a leisurely trot, the boys running and capering alongside, until the squadrons halted beyond the village. They hung around for some time, watching the preparations for the meal, then slowly returned to their homes.

"Ugh!" sneered Faiz Beg, the eldest boy, and Kharak's special bully. "Half of them are Sikhs."

He spat upon the ground as he spoke.

"The others are of the Faith, though," said a second. "I heard Muhammad Ali say that some are our own countrymen from this district—the dogs!"

"What is this pig, Kharak Singh, doing with us?" a third asked, pointing to the boy, who had thoughtlessly drawn near.

"Thou dog!" cried Faiz Beg. "Have we not yet taught thee that thou art not a Yusufzai? Thou pig-eater!"

"I am not," Kharak pleaded. "I also am of the Faith."

"Thou art not, I say! Thou art a vile pig-eater and a slave! Take that for giving the lie to thy betters!"

He struck poor Kharak, who, with a daring he had not shown for years, returned the blow. The amazed Mohammedans set upon the outcast and chased him with many blows into the filthy mud-walled room in which he was allowed to sleep and live the life of an ill-cared-for dog.

Kharak was the son of Dayal Singh, a Sikh officer of the Guides Cavalry, the famous corps whose duty and delight it is to police the frontiers and keep in order the turbulent tribesmen—a corps whose roll of glory is unsullied by a single blot; a corps that can proudly look any regiment of the world in the face. As a motherless youngster Kharak had grown to consider himself a child of the regiment, being allowed liberties that were granted to no other. On one occasion, whilst fording a swollen river, near Mardan, the Guides' depôt, Kharak in his excitement had wriggled from his father's arms, Dayal Singh's attention being taken up by his frightened horse. He would have been swept away by the current had not Captain Blair dashed in after him.

A few months later the boy and his father were on a business visit to a border town when a Yusufzai raid was made. In a futile attempt to rally the inhabitants, Dayal Singh was slain and his son carried off to far Kolabai. There he became to all intents a slave, having to do menial work for his captor's many relatives. The old hatred between Sikh and Moslem has not yet died out, and to the child's great horror his head was shaved and he was forcibly converted. Of course, at his age this meant very little, and ill-usage had gradually deadened all memory of his former life. He would have forgotten that he had been a Sikh had he not been constantly reminded of his outcast state. The circumstances of his capture and coming to the Yusufzai country had been blotted out until the sight of Major Blair and his two squadrons had recalled the past.

As Kharak lay in the hut trying to fathom the mystery of his former life, he suddenly recollected a conversation he had heard and promptly forgotten two days ago, between his master, Ramzan Ali, and another. The case stood thus: One of the periodical outbreaks of fanaticism was about to take place on the North-West Frontier. The extermination of the infidel was being secretly preached by a half-crazy *mullah*, who, aping the prophet, foretold, as usual, the downfall of the British. A number believed him, but many more simply looked forward to fighting and plunder. The Sikh and Pathan squadrons of the Guides had been sent from Mardan to assist the single company of Punjaub Infantry that garrisoned Jirghan Fort, commanding an important pass where danger seemed to threaten.

But a rumour had suddenly arisen that at Chota Kolabai the outbreak would commence, and against the advice of Major Blair the two squadrons had been ordered to that place, some miles east of Kolabai, and a good distance from Jirghan. At Chota (Little) Kolabai was the ancient tomb of some holy Mussulman of exceeding sanctity; and as it is well known that such places are as favourable to the outbreak of *jehads* (holy wars) as a damp soil is to rank vegetation, the rumour was the more easily credited. Chota Kolabai has a reputation as a turbulent district, and as a precautionary measure a half-battalion of Gurkhas had been keeping watch and ward for the past week. The Guides were now to co-operate with these. When they arrived at Kolabai, and halted for a meal and to rest the horses, they found that all the able-bodied men had cleared away, and this lent colour to the theory that they had made for the saint's tomb.

The conversation that Kharak Singh had heard had reference to the probable success of this plot. Having set the rumour going, the tribesmen were to make by various routes to the neighbourhood of Jirghan, the object being to take the fort, massacre the garrison, and set up the green standard of Islam. The capture of this important fort would be the signal of revolt along the border. The speakers neither knew nor cared that the boy understood. To have regarded the insignificant, broken-spirited Kharak as a danger would have been too absurd.

He had heard all this, and the news had had no interest for him. He was becoming a mere beaten animal, without hope and without imagination, and, like an ill-used dog, he never dreamt of turning against his master. He lived on from day to day, caring for little save how to get through with as few blows and curses as possible.

For the first time in many years his interest was aroused. Blair Sahib was in need of his help. He would be beaten to death, of course, and he shuddered as he remembered the bestial cruelty of the brute, Ramzan Ali; for, again resembling a dog, the idea of running away from his master never once crossed his mind. After a sharp struggle, the old Sikh spirit of his fathers prevailed.

Night had fallen when Kharak rose and cautiously wended his way to the troopers halting place—only to find that they were already on the road again. The first feeling was one of relief to find the danger removed, but the martial spirit of his forefathers conquered the ignoble desire to return home, and he set off at a run towards Chota Kolabai. The road wound round and between the hills, and the boy, knowing short cuts, was able to run for hours. He bounded forward, breasting the ascents with ease, and before long could distinguish the ringing sound of iron upon the stony road. The horses were walking, and scouts were thrown out on front, rear, and flanks. Kharak redoubled his speed, and quickly lessened the distance between them. Suddenly a gigantic form loomed in front of him, a loud report rang out, and he felt a stinging pain as though his ear had been touched by a red-hot iron. A second report close at hand was followed by the whiz of a bullet past his side; then came sharp commands from the road, and a rattle of arms as the soldiers formed up to face the expected attack.

The troopers who had fired galloped at the running boy without waiting to reload, but their blades did not descend.

"Do not kill me—I want Blair Sahib!"

"And what dost thou know of Blair Sahib?" asked the big Pathans.

"I have news for him; take me to him quickly."

But Major Blair with twenty men had galloped up to see what was the matter, and the boy ran to him.

"Captain sahib!" he panted. "Turn back! The tribesmen are going to attack Fort Jirghan to-night, and slay the garrison, and then the border-side will rise. I heard their plans, and they plotted to decoy you away."

Major Blair whistled, and sent for his second-in-command.

"And who art thou, boy?" he asked.

"I am Kharak Singh—of the Queen's Guides."

A cackle of laughter rose from the stern troopers gathered round.

"Of the Queen's Guides, indeed!" chuckled a grim old Sikh officer. "Thou art no Singh; thou art a Yusufzai."

"I am a Singh,"* Kharak protested, recognising the *Risaldar-Major* as a friend of his father's. "They have shaved my head, but I am a Singh, the son of Dayal Singh whom they murdered—thy friend, Hira Singh. Blair Sahib did once save me from drowning."

"What!" cried Hira Singh, drawing the boy towards him. "*Thou* the son of Dayal Singh?"

"It is the boy we thought murdered," Blair said. "Now, Kharak Singh, tell us what you know."

He quickly poured out his tale, and when he had finished, the major drew in his breath.

"He speaks the truth, Bailey. It's a feint, as we thought. I'll take the responsibility. You go on with half the Sikh squadron—for the Gurkhas can hold their own—and I'll turn back with the rest. Pick out any tired horses to go with you. Look here, youngster," he added, addressing Kharak, "do you know the country well?"

"As well as the village itself, sahib."

"Then is there any way to Jirghan without passing through the villages? We wish to surprise them, you understand?"

The boy who had been for many years mentally benumbed was now all fire.

"Trust me, sahib; I know a short cut."

"I'll swing the monkey up in front," said old Hira Singh; "my steed is strong. It is well that we have been easy with them, sahib."

Captain Bailey had prepared the men for the new development. Led by Kharak, the Pathan squadron and half the Sikhs were soon making for Jirghan.

* The greatest of the founders of the Sikh religion decreed that all true Sikhs should take the name of *Singh* (lion). This is not, however, confined to the Sikhs, being a common Hindu—but not Mohammedan—name.

"DO NOT KILL ME! I WANT BIBI'S SAHIB!"

Within the fort, Captain Holmfield and Lieutenant Poulton, of the 91st Punjab Infantry, were discussing the situation.

"I don't like the look of things," said the former. "I can't help thinking it was a big mistake to send the cavalry away."

As he spoke they were startled by loud cries of alarm from the sentries, followed by a couple of shots. The officers sprang to their feet and dashed out of their mess room, but before they could issue any orders a succession of reports rang out all round, no less than half a dozen of the small garrison being brought down as they rushed to their places. The fort was an ancient native structure hardly worthy of the name: the defenders numbered rather under a hundred fighting men, whereas the attacking force could not be less than fifteen hundred strong—and when filled with a mad desire to destroy the infidels, and hounded on as these men were by their priests' assurances of a chief place in Paradise for all who should die fighting under the green flag, the Yusufzais are dangerous opponents.

But the 91st were sturdy fellows from the Punjab, good men and loyal to their salt, and they trusted their British officers. Coolly and rapidly, whilst the bullets flew around, they were posted to their stations—ten men to each parapet, and six in each of the four square towers, with a guard at the gates. A smart series of volleys soon checked the nearer advance of the assailing hordes.

The fanatics swarmed up and down the adjacent hill-sides, cowering behind the boulders that abounded. A number of their picked shots climbed the few stunted trees within range, hauling up after them bundles of twigs known

Digitized by Google

as *fascines*, and these they fixed in the branches as a shield. Protected in this way, they took their time, waiting until any unwary Sepoy should expose himself, but the vast majority simply poured a leaden hail against the walls, or aimed to drop their missiles inside the enclosure, in the hope that some would find their billets. The hope was justified, for every now and again a Punjabi would fall at his post.

"We shan't be able to hold it if only they have pluck enough to attempt a rush," Poulton remarked after twenty minutes of this sort of thing. "We're losing too rapidly, and help can't possibly reach us before to-morrow night."

"We're not done for yet, old man," the senior replied. "It will be dark in another half hour."

"But the brutes have got the range, and they'll be sniping all night. By Jove, that's a close shave! They *have* got the range!"

A Martini bullet had struck the ground at their feet, and as they skipped back to a less exposed position, others followed suit. A number of Pathans were crowning the only heights within range that overlooked the interior of the fort, and, though the distance was great, there are many born marksmen among the frontier tribes. The captain ascended to the north-east tower and the subaltern to the south-west.

"What a noise that hound is making, sahib!" Murad Bakhsh, the *jemadar* (lieutenant), observed to Poulton.

Perched upon a huge boulder, four hundred paces away, a young Yusufzai could be seen clear against the sky-line, drumming with might and main, and the martial sound quickened the pulses of the tribesmen, and spurred them to fresh efforts. Bullets from the walls whizzed past the intrepid fanatic, and at length he was struck, but where, the spectators could not see. Coolly he sat down and dressed the wound, and within five minutes was drumming away as merrily as before. So good a target he made, however, that he was soon wounded again, this time in the thigh, but the drumming continued until a third shot stopped it for ever.

"That was a brave man, Murad Bakhsh," said Poulton. "I'm sorry he is slain."

"I am not, sahib," the native officer replied. "We have one enemy the less, and he will now be happy in Paradise."

For Murad Bakhsh was himself a Mohammedan.

Midnight came and went, and though the firing had slackened, a good weight of lead was dashed against the walls. Just before the first red flush of dawn appeared Captain Holmfield sent for his subaltern.

"I say, old man—" he began, but the sentence was never finished.

"Great Scott! What's that?" Poulton exclaimed.

The ground seemed to heave under them as the noise of an explosion burst like a thunderclap in their ears. Instinctively they rushed to the spot, and found that part of the wall had been blown down. The officers looked at one another, and each read in the other's eyes the signs of fear—the dread of treachery, for the breach had been made from inside. With eager cries the enemy were swarming to the attack, for the signal had evidently been expected.

"Sahibs, sahibs!" breathlessly exclaimed a Sepoy who had rushed down from one of the towers. "A traitor, sahibs! I shot him!"

He pointed towards the body of a Pathan cook that lay stretched a dozen yards from the breach. He was one of the few non-combatants within the walls, and, though the officers had not previously known this fact, he hailed from the district, and had been in communication with the enemy.

"He had two *mussucks** full of powder," the Punjabi continued, "and pretended he was bringing us water, but he laid them against the walls and lighted the match. I saw him do it and shot him, but it was too late."

The fanatics were now close to the breach, and hand to-hand fighting began, the darkness and weight of numbers favouring the storming party. Before long a portion of the buildings was in the enemy's possession, and the garrison's strength was rapidly being reduced. Still they fought like rats in a corner. Then Holmfield fell, badly wounded.

"Never mind me, old man," he said to Poulton. "Keep it up; it's not over yet."

A *havildar* (sergeant) above them rose suddenly from his kneeling position on the parapet, and gave a yell.

"Rescue! Rescue! The Guides are back!" and a hubbub without told its own tale.

"The bayonet!" Poulton shouted. "Charge!"

With a scream of triumph and relief, the Punjabis swept the courtyard clear of its invaders, as the Guides charged down upon the mass outside. Believing their security established, the tribesmen had kept no look-out, and had not become aware of the approach of the cavalry until they were close up; then a terrible scene ensued. The Sikh and Pathan horsemen crashed into the thick of the disorganised rabble, who broke before the glittering steel, and scattered in

* Waterskins.

all directions. Up the hill-sides fled the raiders, the Guides following as far as their tired steeds could go. Then they halted to bring down the fugitives with their carbines.

Kharak Singh was still perched in front of his father's friend, for he refused to descend. Together they bore down upon a group of flying Pathans, and a couple were cut down by Hira Singh before they could reach either horse or rider with their knives.

"Look!" cried Kharak, and dread was in his voice. "Ramzan Ali, my master! He will slay me for this!" As he spoke he glanced up into the Sikh *Risaldar-Major's* face, and, gathering courage from the stern set expression of that grim warrior, he called to the running Yusufzai:—"Ho, Ramzan Ali, 'twas I brought the *rissala* here!"

The Pathan looked round, and with a wolfish snarl turned upon his pursuer. A cartridge was still in his stolen rifle, and as he ran he pulled the trigger. Kharak struck the horse lightly over the eye so that it plunged aside, and the bullet whistled harmlessly past.

"Nay, do not slay him!" the boy gasped.

But the blade had descended, and Ramzan Ali was no more.

"He slew thy father, my friend," the Sikh grunted, and on they swept.

"It might be St. Patrick's Day," said Blair to Poulton, as they met half an hour later. He pointed to the number of green flags that strewed the ground. There was no more gallant or kind-hearted officer in India than Major Blair, but well he knew that the more severe the blow struck this day, the fewer the lives sacrificed in the end, so the chase continued until the worn-out horses could do no more. The rising was crushed within a few hours of its commencement.

And Kharak Singh, the hero of the day, knew Kolabai no more. Taken to Mardan, he is now a young trooper of the Sikh Squadron of the Guides Cavalry, and already possesses more than one scar of honour. But the one he regards with greatest pride is the first he gained—when the bullet of a friend chipped off a tiny portion of his right ear.

---

# HOW GIRLS MAY BE MADE USEFUL.

### A Plea for Chivalry.

THERE is an implied, though doubtless unintended, injustice in the very form of the above heading! Girls and women have ever been to man "Ministering Angels," whose *natural* sphere is one of usefulness. The question should rather be: How best may we sterner creatures comport ourselves to merit the sweet and tender solicitude of our gentle companions? Not, surely, by arrogating unto ourselves the proud and ostentatious title of "Lords of Creation," and assigning to our girls the position of menials and slaves!

Women are wonderfully complex and intricate creatures, and mere men can never hope to fully appreciate the delicacy of their spiritual and intellectual organisation; but certain it is that to our great ignorance of them in these vital particulars we owe much of the loss we undoubtedly sustain of their powers of usefulness.

*Love*—at once the gentlest and most potent of task-masters—is the golden key which alone can open the chamber of women's power and work. Foreign contemporaries are fond of accusing us of a lack of national chivalry amounting almost to boorishness. I am happy to believe that this assertion is libellous in the extreme. Rather am I persuaded that inherent in every *true* Briton is a deep and sacred veneration of his womankind.

True, the days are dead when stalwart manhood donned coat of mail and ventured life and limb for "Beauty's eyes," but the same sterling qualities which found so chivalrous an expression in the "brave days of old" still dominate the minds and actions of truly manly men to-day, finding expression in considerate and thoughtful appreciation of women and their work and labour on men's behalf.

Be the girl sister, daughter, sweetheart, bride, or friend, there is no surer way of *compelling* her usefulness than by showing due appreciation of her powers and proper gratitude for her kindly ministrations.

When men realise most fully that woman is a God-given *companion* and *helper*, and not merely an interesting and desirable domestic animal, then will they have most cause to thank that God for the *usefulness* of His gift.

HARRY PAYNE.

## A CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

**S. H. B.** has a bat, the handle of which was always frightfully springy, and is now badly sprung. If any of the pieces of cane are broken I am afraid there is no remedy but to have a new handle fitted in the blade; this the makers will do at about a third of the cost of the bat when new. But if, on the other hand, the excess of springiness is due merely to the pieces of cane becoming unglued, and the string wrapping loose, I expect the original state of the handle would be easily restored by a skilled hand. Possibly a ribbing of steel wire, such as Foster, of Ashbourne, puts on fly-rods, might be tried with success. Foster makes very whippy cane rods quite stiff for a few shillings. I am obliged to "S. H. B." for his good wishes, and sympathise with his admiration for John Tunnicliffe. That batsman can certainly hit very hard if he likes.

**H. D.**—If you look up back numbers you will find several articles by me giving advice about training. And, these being found insufficient, consult either the Badminton book on athletics, or the little manual in the "All-England" series by H. H. Griffin. Your measurements are right enough. Remember you cannot train in a few days; you must take time, and be very careful not to over-do it. Also you must be careful not to attempt too many events; at least, you cannot specialise on all you mention.

**C. M.** (EDINBURGH).—Hammer throwing and weight putting are events suited for men rather than for boys. Only boys of exceptional physique do much good at them. I am inclined to think a lighter hammer would be better for acquiring a correct style. As to length of shaft, I should use what seems most convenient to you. You might find the hints given in the athletic volume of the "All-England" series useful. Your style may be the Scotch; it is also the American. The size of muscles is not always an indication of their power. Do not over-do Sandowism. The only long article of mine on long-jumping is in the "Encyclopædia of Sport," but there are some hints in articles on athletics in the earlier numbers of THE CAPTAIN.

**P. J. A.**—Old Walter Humphreys, of Sussex, who was the most accomplished lob-bowler I ever saw, bowled sometimes round the wicket, sometimes over. He generally began round the wicket, and changed if the batsman played him well. He used to break from the off and from leg, and also varied his pace and pitch. The leg-break is the most important ball used by lob-bowlers. You should go to see Mr. Jephson, of Surrey, bowl, and mark how his field is placed. Usually he has only one field on the off-side, and several mid-ons and short-legs. It generally pays a lob-bowler to put a man directly behind himself at half-hit.

**P. H. Lewis.**—I should think running far more likely to be a strain on the heart than jumping; but I do not know. It is a mistake to practise any form of athletics before breakfast if you can find any other time. But if you must, be sure and take a glass of milk or cocoa, and a biscuit or two, before.

**R. B. T. S.**—I find on inquiry that I was mistaken about the spectacles worn by E. Killick, of Sussex. They are ordinary pebble glasses. You had better consult some first-class optician; it is certainly advisable to minimise risk to the eyesight. The wicket-keeper you mention is certainly good enough for first-class cricket. Dr. Grace remarked of him that he took his bowling far better than most others had done without having had previous practice at it. Your cricket problem is certainly complicated. Such cases are, by the rules, left to

the umpire's common sense. Probably the batsman would be given out for obstructing the field. The umpire would consider that a ball hit high enough to allow the man to run two runs belonged to the fielding side first. If, however, the umpire thought the batsman had a right to defend his wicket he would give him in. The runs would not be counted if the man was given out; otherwise they would.

**Fair Play.**—No, I think it a mistake for schools to play "pros." in school matches. If, however, both sides agree, it is not unfair, obviously.

**W. M. W.**—A fast, shortish ball, just outside the legs, can either be glanced to leg by playing forward at it with the face of the bat oblique, or by simply turning where you stand, and hitting it as best you can. Probably the former plan would suit you the better, but you cannot reach a ball at all wide in that way. Bicycling is, I should say, good for weak ankles.

**H. P. Cain.**—It rained fairly heavily one night—the second I think—of the England *v.* Australia match at Old Trafford. The days were all fine.

**R. Lloyd.**—You cannot train at the same time for running and bicycling. Choose one or the other, and consult back numbers for advice on training.

**Hovite.**—(1) If a batsman is caught off a bump-ball and the umpire decides against him, but the fieldsman says he did not really catch the ball, the captain of the fielding side would ask the umpire to alter his decision. If the umpire refused, the man would have to go out; but the umpire would not refuse. (2) I do not know whether I shall bowl lobs. (3) For high-jumping use running shoes with one or two spikes in the heels. (4) K. O. Goldie is a very good bat, but I cannot say whether he is the best school bat of recent years, as I have not seen them all. (5) You are correct about the lady.

**D. Le Sueur.**—It makes no difference, as to declaring, whether the match is decided on the first innings or not.

**R. R. Yeomans.**—It has recently been decided by the secretary of M.C.C. that "retired" counts as "not-out."

**Tommy.**—I do not think you will get "muscle" by dumb-bells, but you may get muscle. If you use dumb-bells weighing more than 1lb. each you will make a grave error. You had better only look at those you found in the bath-room. Mind you do not get upset into "the jolly river, where you can stick in the mud." Your bat should weigh under 2lbs., and come up to your wrists as you stand upright.

**S. E. W., etc.**—No, decidedly you ought not to play forward at every ball; nothing would be worse cricket. Play forward at balls well up, and back at the shorter ones. The reason so few batsmen can make runs on bad wickets is that they are taught at school to play forward mechanically. In first-class cricket it is almost true to say that, the less a man plays forward, the more runs he makes.

**A. G. Turner.**—If you get a short-pitched ball on the leg-side, move right in front of your wicket and hit it round to leg. The ball will not hit you if you are nippy.

**E. Chester.**—Beyond all doubt back play is, in general, safer than forward play. (See above.)

**A Would-be Athlete.**—Your weight, height, etc., are all right. There is no exact spot which is "blind" to all batsmen. Find you for each man you bowl at the length which makes him waver between playing forward and back. That is his "blind spot." The term is really not a good one. A really good batsman, in form, has no "blind spot."

**J. M. Luck.**—When I wrote what I did about defending with the legs, there was not as much leg-break bowling as at present. It is quite true that leg play is used against leg-break bowling on hard wickets. Still, when a leg-break bowler is breaking enough to make it worth while to defend one's wicket with one's legs, the umpires really cannot know whether the ball would hit the wicket or not. So I do not think the proposed rule would work well. I think I exaggerated my point a little in the article.

**Coach.**—No, the innings ought not, in my opinion, to count as played. It seems fair, as the match was stopped in such a manner, to regard it as never begun.

**C. Murchland.**—I think that, if the match was begun on a pitch a yard short of the regulation length, either the match should have been played out on that pitch, or, if the length was corrected, the match should start right afresh. Of course you were within your rights in demanding a fresh start.

**"Red Rose."**—If I were you I should have both kinds of practice: sometimes have a stated time for each man to bat, at others let the batsmen stay in till they can be got out. The latter method stimulates the bowling, but you should have fielders to catch. Perhaps it would not be a bad plan to allow each player

a certain time, and knock off a couple of minutes or so for each time he got out.

**Scardeberg.**—If a batsman while running was hurt so that he could not move, the umpire ought, I think, to rule the ball "dead."

**P. E. Barker.**—If the bowler changed his side of the wicket, the batsman could stop and require a fresh guard. But if he allowed the bowler to bowl, the umpire ought not, I think, to have given him in. But the umpire is sole judge of fair play, and could follow his own opinion, so he was not wrong.

**Hilda.**—Thank you for your nice letter.

**S. Lush.**—(1) If a no-ball is hit for runs it becomes not-a-no-ball, and only the runs count, just as if it were an ordinary ball. (2) If the batsman touched the ball, *ipso facto*, it would not be a wide.

**Jack.**—There is another book you might like, "The Lighter Side of Cricket," by Captain Trevor. I shall be glad to write to you whenever you like to give me the chance. All I hope is that you are better, and enjoying yourself as much as possible. Thank you very much for your letter. "Tommy," above, is, I fancy, a friend of yours. I think the better plan is for both players to stand back, each taking one side of the court. But I do not know much about tennis. Have you ever read any of Scott's novels—"Ivanhoe," etc.? If not, read them all; also Bulwer Lytton's "The Last of the Barons." But I am going to make a list for you, and send it *viâ* "Tommy."

**Seat No. 45.**—I am afraid there is at present no prospect of a supplement to "The Book of Cricket." Still, it is possible, or something like it. You are most kind. What a pity not to know who you are! You seem very nice. I am quite sure your son will turn out a great cricketer. No, there is not much "Block D." about you. I called "W. G." Jupiter because he has a beard, and is also *optimus maximus*. You are near the mark about "Jack." His address I do not know, but if you will write and ask me, I expect I might be able to find out for you. Your letter gave me very much pleasure. I sincerely trust you have quite recovered from your illness.

C. B. Fry

"ALL RIGHT! GO ON, GO ON! CHRISTMAS AIN'T SO VERY FAR OFF!"

# A TALE OF A SLEEPING-CAR.

By George Gale Thomas. Sketches by H. A. Hogg.

I CANNOT imagine what made me do it. A spirit of mischief, perhaps, or it may have been the irresistible desire to play with forces that offered such an attraction. At any rate, I was a short distance behind the others, the piece of rock was lying temptingly beside the road, and—I pushed it over the edge of the steep slope.

Who was I? Jim Harwood, an English boy sent from England to a school in Lausanne, Switzerland, in the year 18——.

Where did it happen? On the high road leading over the Brunig Pass, where I was one of a party of schoolboys, under the care of a master, making a holiday walking-tour through the Bernese Oberland.

We had left Meyringen in the morning and walked up the road that rises higher and higher on the side of the valley. From the edge of the carriage way, a steep slope, covered here and there with trees, descended almost precipitously to the valley, and we could see, on the distant road below, several companies of soldiers wending their way on their August route-marches.

Now, everyone knows that, in a land of mountains, like Switzerland, to start rocks rolling down a slope when other people may be walking below, out of sight, is sheer madness, and I had been warned against it.

Yet, as I have said, how it came about I do not know, but the deed was done. And the moment after, I would have given anything to recall it.

The piece of rock went crashing down through the trees, then out on to the open slope, and on again downward, making straight for the road below to a point where, I now saw for the first time, some three or four soldiers were walking. I had not noticed them before, as they were separated from the main body, which was a considerable distance ahead, and well out of danger.

A sudden chill of fear struck me, and I shouted to warn them. My schoolfellows and Monsieur Calmann, who were now some distance ahead, heard me and turned round. I saw this in a half glance, and then my eyes were riveted on the descending boulder. It fascinated me, so that I could not move from the spot.

On, on it sped—now making great bounds in the air, and now crashing through the undergrowth in its way. It could only have taken a few seconds, but it seemed an age.

Then, suddenly, I could see—for the agony of anxiety had sharpened my vision—that the soldiers started. They had heard the crashes of the descent. Three of them ran. A sudden cry reached even to the height where I was, and then the boulder had reached the end of its journey. But where it had passed, the body of a man was lying motionless on the road, with one of his fellows bending over him!

My victim! And I was a murderer!

The words rang in my ears as if someone had shouted them.

"Murderer! Murderer!"

And then, utterly unnerved with horror, and filled with a vague feeling that I must get away from the spot, I turned and fled down the road.

Whither? Home!

But home was a thousand miles away, and I had no time to think. I ran until I could run no longer, and my heart thumped so that I felt near choking. Then I walked as fast as I could, looking round anxiously now and again with the haunting fear of seeing soldiers in pursuit.

Six hours later I was at Lausanne, having journeyed there without pausing. I had seventy francs in my pocket—the balance of my holiday allowance—my knapsack on my back, and the world before me. I must get home. Home to England. At any moment here I might be arrested for murder. But in England I could explain all, and my friends would refuse to give me up.

These were the ill-digested thoughts that ran through my brain as I journeyed to Lausanne. I had booked there by instinct—it was my school home. But then I realised suddenly that Lausanne was the first place in which they would look for me. The train was going on to Geneva; so I stayed in it and paid the excess fare to the guard.

I reasoned to myself that I should easily escape notice in a populous town like Geneva, and should have time to think what to do. And when I finally alighted at the Gare de Cornavin, and, passing the barrier unchallenged, found myself in the bustle of carriages and omnibuses in front of the station, I began to feel more at ease.

But now hunger and weariness began to tell upon me. I had not eaten since the early morning *déjeuner*. There was nothing for it but to put a bold face on the matter and go to a hotel. I still had fifty francs left, and these would last me some days.

Near the Rue du Mont Blanc I found a small hotel, and, taking my courage in both hands, I went in and asked for a room. I was shown one on the first floor, which I engaged.

"And I will send at once for the luggage of monsieur," said the clerk.

"I have no luggage," I said, turning red; "my knapsack only."

"I beg monsieur's pardon," replied the clerk.

By this time we had returned to his little bureau, and he produced a printed form.

"Will monsieur have the goodness to fill up the form?" he said.

I looked astonished.

"It is not for us that monsieur is troubled—it is for the police," he explained, waving his hand deprecatingly and smiling at me.

The police! I started at the words, and then my eyes caught the headlines on the paper, and I remembered it was merely the usual formality.

It ran something like this:—

*No. of room* ... ... ...
*Name of traveller*... ... ...
*Home address* ... ... ...
*Date of arrival* ... ... ...
*Place of last departure* ... ...
*Name of destination* ... ...
*On what business travelling* ...

How should I fill it up? The question ran through my mind as I looked at it, and there was the polite hotel clerk holding out a pen to me. There was no time for hesitation. I took the pen and wrote:—

*Name of traveller:* James Williams.
*Home address:* London.
*Date of arrival:* August 12th, 18—.
*Place of last departure:* Lausanne.
*Name of destination:* Uncertain.
*On what business travelling:* Pleasure.

It came easily, and I congratulated myself on my quickness. The clerk looked at the form and then at me, and I went to my room as soon as possible.

I was very hungry and glad to get something to eat, but otherwise the dinner-time that evening was one of the most miserable occasions of my life. Alone among strangers—all foreigners—with the fear at any moment that the police might enter the hotel and arrest me, I had little peace of mind, and I started every time the door opened to admit the waiters with the various courses.

When it was over I determined to be off to my room and get out of the way, but as I went down the passage, in the dusk, the clerk suddenly started out from a door and approached me, holding in his hand a paper. I recognised it with a start.

THE BODY OF A MAN WAS LYING MOTIONLESS ON THE ROAD.

"Monsieur Harwood!" he said apologetically, holding the paper towards me.

"Yes," said I.

"Monsieur Harwood has not made an error and put down the wrong name by accident?" he asked questioningly.

"Certainly not," I said guiltily, but with as much presence of mind as I could muster.

"It is not the name on Monsieur's knapsack," he continued, looking at me significantly.

"Oh! that was lent to me," I answered hastily, and hurried on to my room.

Once there, I turned the key and sat down to think; my mind in a whirl.

So he suspected me! I had forgotten that my real name was written on the strap belonging to my knapsack. Then, with a start, I suddenly realised that I had answered to the name of Harwood while passing by the name of Williams. Such pitfalls beset the path of those who would disguise themselves.

The clerk knew now that I had given a false name, and I might expect to be summoned forth at any moment.

I sat and waited despairingly. I dared not go out, for they would be sure to stop me. There was nothing to do but wait. An hour passed away—it was the longest I have ever spent—but nothing happened.

"If they were going to do anything, they would have done it by now," I reflected. "It is clear that they are going to wait until the morning."

It was a cloudy night and rapidly growing dark. I went to the window and looked out. The room was on the first floor, and in the dim light I could see the courtyard below. There was no one there. Then a sudden thought struck me. Why not escape?

They were probably waiting for me on the inner side; then I should be no worse off even if they should catch me on the other. Should I knot my sheets together and let myself down like all the heroes in tales of adventure? No; this was not necessary, for a pipe ran down beside the window, and I could easily descend by that; the distance was only some fifteen feet to the ground.

However, I must pay my hotel bill; so I wrapped up seven francs in a little paper packet, and, having written on the outside in pencil,

"*Monsieur le Proprietaire*,"

I put it in a conspicuous place.

Then, knapsack on back, I clambered out and grasped the pipe. I had descended carefully some five feet, when suddenly a door opened directly beneath me, and a blaze of light flashed out on the courtyard. Then a man stepped out talking, while I held my breath and looked down. He turned round and continued the conversation with someone inside. I hung there in a cold sweat, fearing that I should be discovered at any moment. If he should chance to look up, I was lost.

But he did not; and in a few seconds turned to leave, crossed the courtyard, and disappeared under the arch. All was silent again; I accomplished the rest of the descent, and, treading as softly as possible, reached the archway.

Just then I heard the sound of feet. Someone was coming into the courtyard, and would soon see me. What was to be done?

I looked around for a way of escape, but there was none, and meanwhile the steps grew momentarily louder, echoing through the passage and around the courtyard. I gave a last desperate look round for a niche to hide in. There was a small hollow formed in an angle of the wall. Thither I stole noiselessly and shrank into it. Should I escape in the dim light? I could not except by a miracle.

Then, as the man stepped out from the arch and I thought myself discovered, the miracle happened. The door beneath my window suddenly opened again, throwing a blaze of light right in the face of the newcomer, while the *chef* looked out and welcomed him as an expected visitor.

In the darkness at the side I was safe now, and I reached the street unchallenged. There were few people about as I hurried into the Rue du Mont Blanc, and made my way to the railway station, as the only place I knew.

The clock showed that it was ten minutes past nine when I arrived, and I found the central platform encumbered with luggage, which was being loaded into a night express. A notice near at hand showed it to be the "Paris Rapide," due to start in twenty minutes.

I wandered mechanically up and down, wondering what to do next. How I wished I had the money to take a ticket for London. Then I could have travelled by this train to Paris, and thence on to London, but it was impossible with my small fund of cash.

Opposite me stood one of the long, heavy carriages, labelled "WAGON-LITS," which showed it to be a sleeping car. The conductor in uniform came out of the door at the end and descended to the platform. At the same moment an official came along and spoke to him.

"How many spare places have you, André?"

"One lady and four gentlemen," answered the conductor. "A whole compartment."

Then the two walked down the platform together in conversation.

But I had heard enough, and a sudden thought struck me, and sent the blood coursing through my veins with excitement.

"Why not?" I said to myself.

I looked to right and left. The conductor and his companion were lost in the throng of passengers lower down. My decision was taken, and in a moment I was up the steps at the end, and in the carriage. The long corridor was empty, but the doors of the first two compartments stood open, and the passengers were moving about inside. I slipped past these, and then hesitated as to what to do next, for the other doors were closed.

There was no time to be lost. The conductor

might return at any moment. So, choosing the next door but one, I made a bold plunge and opened it. A young man turned round—I made a hasty excuse, closed the door again, and tried the next.

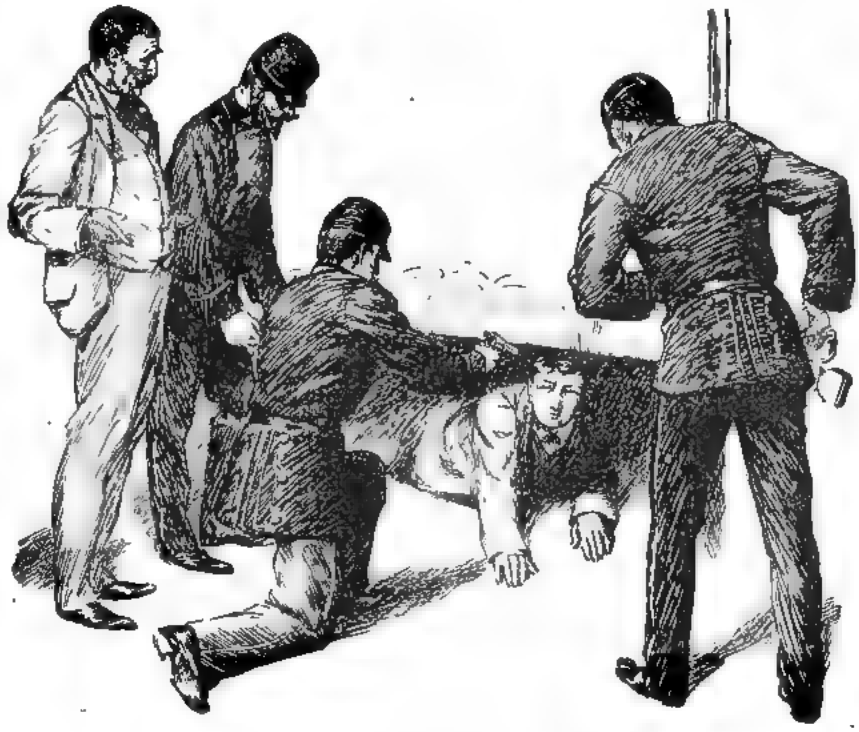
It was unfastened, and I entered fearfully, glancing round at the seats and racks. There was nothing there; this, then, must be the unoccupied compartment. The great cushioned seats were in the ordinary position, and I should not have known it was a sleeping car if it had not been so labelled on the outside.

I closed the door behind me, went down on hands and knees, and crept under the seat, a stowaway!

How devoutly I hoped that no passenger would engage a berth in my compartment, and how I longed for the time of departure.

Lying on the floor, every sound was magnified, and I heard feet tramping up and down the corridor.

Minutes passed. Most of the passengers were in their seats by now. Officials shouted, "*En voiture, s'il vous plaît,*" along the platforms, whistles sounded, the engines shrieked, and the train moved slowly out.



"IF YOU RESIST, I FIRE!"

Steps came again along the corridor, my door opened, and two men entered. By the light of the lamp I could see their boots and a few inches of their trousers; one pair had gold stripes, which showed that they belonged to the conductor. Then the official went out, the door was closed after him, and I was left alone with the passenger, who sat down. He wore smart patent leather boots, and I wondered who was their owner.

After a while the conductor entered again, and this time I had grown sufficiently accustomed to the sound of the train to be able to follow the conversation, which was in French.

He had come "to make up the bed for monsieur."

Then began a series of manœuvres as he moved to and fro. I remembered having heard that to make up the sleeping berths it was necessary to raise and twist the seat on a pivot. If he did this with my seat he could not help discovering me. But he would only need to make up a berth on one side. Which would it be? The passenger was seated on the side opposite me, and I could see by the direction in which the conductor's feet pointed that he was setting to work on my side.

Then the game was up. What should I say when discovered? As I was asking myself the question the passenger spoke to the conductor.

"No! I should prefer it on this side, so as to be out of the draught," he said, and I was safe for the time. Half an hour passed in silence.

Click-click-click! The passenger was pulling down the blind. Then I could hear him fumbling with something, and a coin fell on the floor, and rolled under the seat within a few inches of me.

A moment later a figure appeared kneeling on the floor and looking under the seat. I could see distinctly the bearded face of a Frenchman of about forty. I looked straight at him, wondering

what to say; but, as it occurred to me a moment later, he did not at first see me in the darkness under the seat. He muttered something, and stood up.

Now was my chance, and while he was getting up, I gave the coin a push and it went out into the open. I heard a startled exclamation in French, and all was quiet for a few moments. Then the man stooped down again, and struck a match, quite dazzling me with the light.

"*Sapristi, qu'est ce que c'est?*" he exclaimed, thunderstruck.

I faltered an explanation in my best French.

"Do not give an alarm, monsieur, and I will come out," I said.

He looked doubtfully at me, holding himself at a safe distance as I climbed out, but when he found that I did not look formidable, he seemed reassured. A deplorable object I must have looked as I stood, or rather staggered there, blinking like an owl, and telling him as much as I dared of my reason for hiding.

He consented at my request to fasten the door to prevent interruptions, but he very anxiously assured me that he could take no responsibility.

"*Je n'en sais rien—Je n'en sais rien*," he repeated, with a wave of his hands, disclaiming all knowledge of the affair.

So time ran on, and we were just about to run through the last station before crossing the frontier, when unexpectedly the brakes were put on, and the train came to a standstill.

"I wonder why we are stopping here," said my companion, as he looked out of the window. Then he drew in his head again, and looked at me gravely.

"There are a dozen *agents de police* on the platform, and they are getting on different parts of the train," he said significantly.

Things looked serious, and I crawled under the seat again to await events, while my Frenchman took a turn into the corridor, muttering to himself something about not liking the look of the affair.

So I waited. The window of the compartment was open, and I could hear voices raised a moment later. There was a trampling of feet in the corridor and the sound of a number of people talking. I gathered from the sounds that they were entering the other compartments, and I could hear passengers grumbling at being disturbed.

Then the voices came nearer, and there was a pause—then nearer again. The trampling of feet was now at my very door, which stood open.

"There is no one in here," said the conductor.

"We will see," replied a gruff voice.

Two men in uniform stepped in, and after a moment turned to go out. Just when I thought I had escaped, one of them stooped, looked under the seat, and uttered an exclamation.

"Quick! There is a man here!"

In the twinkling of an eye he had drawn a revolver from his belt and pointed it at me.

"If you resist, I fire! Now, do as I tell you—put out your hands."

I put them out: he grasped them in a grip of iron, and in a trice had a pair of handcuffs upon them.

"Now come out quietly."

I crawled out as well as I could with my hands linked together. I was helped to my feet and stood there in the centre of a group of police, with the conductor looking on wondering, and the Frenchman standing on the outskirts assuring all the world that he knew nothing about the affair.

"*Je n'en sais rien*," he repeated, with an expressive gesture.

One took my knapsack, while the others formed up around, and marched me down the platform through a wondering crowd of passengers to the room of the *chef de gare*.

Never shall I forget the experience—a crowd of faces all staring at me with curiosity, as though I had been a wild beast, some looking grave and others making laughing remarks to their friends, as if it were a joke. But in all the babel I caught a question and answer from someone.

"Why is he arrested?"

"It is for a murder."

So my victim was really dead, and I was taken. Visions of prison and the gallows flashed before my eyes, and I felt myself abandoned by all the world, longing for one thing above all—a word of sympathy! But it did not come.

If all criminals feel as wretched as I did then, they are punished before they are sentenced.

It was a curious scene that was now enacted under the gas-lamp of the station-master's room. A dozen police officers and railway officials standing around looking at me, with a circle of light falling on their faces and only serving to deepen the shadow around. The scene is indelibly impressed upon my mind to this day.

An officer stepped forward, and looked me up and down. Then he consulted a paper, on which some lines were dotted down in pencil, and read out quickly:—

"*Hair dark, small moustache, height*—why, this is not the man! Who are you?" he said, turning abruptly to me.

"James Harwood," I answered, feeling that all concealment was at an end.

"What address?" he questioned.

"L'Ecole du Tour de Lausanne"

A light broke over his puzzled face, and in a

moment he burst out laughing. For my part I felt in no humour for mirth, and I suppose my face showed as much, for he explained immediately, while he gave an order to undo the handcuffs.

"A thousand pardons; I ought to have recognised you—we had been told to look out for you, and have your description. But we have orders to search all the trains for the murderer of Monsieur Flanquier, the banker of Geneva, who was assassinated to-day."

He then produced another paper containing my description, which had been circulated by telegraph, with the offer of a reward to anyone who should discover my whereabouts.

"*It is believed*," read out the officer, "*that he ran away in consequence of an accident to a soldier near Meyringen. The soldier was not seriously injured, and all will be arranged. Information to be sent to the Directeur, Ecole du Tour de Lausanne.*"

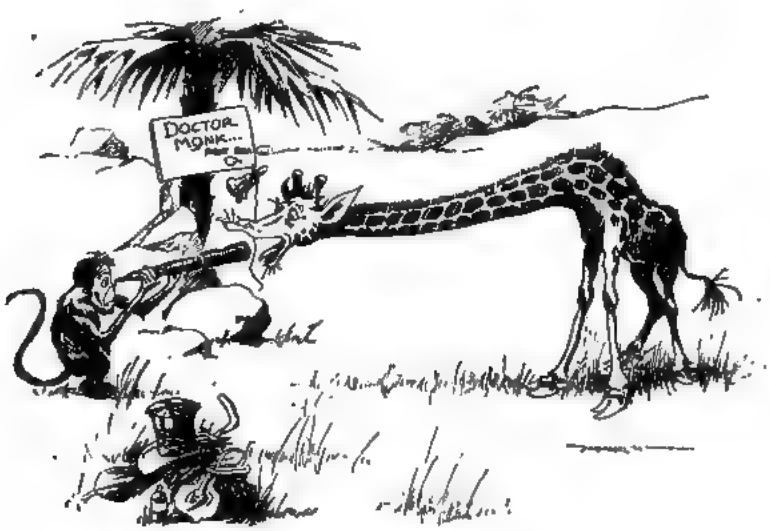
I listened as one in a dream, and then, when I realised what it meant, my heart gave a great leap of thankfulness.

"*The soldier was not seriously injured.*" The words rang through my mind with a pæan of joy.

For fifteen hours I had been a fugitive, with the brand of Cain on my brow—in imagination, at any rate. Now, I was free again. How different everything looked, and how good it was to be alive. In the revulsion of feeling I could have shouted aloud for joy.

So ended my first experience of a sleeping-car. I returned to school—to the great relief of the master, who feared some mischief had happened to me, for which he would be held responsible by my parents—and the injured man was compensated.

There the matter ended, but to this day I never see a "wagon-lit" without experiencing a sudden thrill of remembrance of that memorable day when I fled from justice, and was captured on the Swiss frontier.




"UM! YES, YOUR DIGESTION IS CERTAINLY OUT OF ORDER."

**EXTERIOR OF ST. PANCRAS STATION—MIDLAND RAILWAY.**

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN LONDON.

*Photograph by permission of the Midland Railway Company.*

# Concerning RAILWAY STATIONS.

By [illegible]

THE ENTRANCE TO EUSTON STATION.

*Photograph by London & North-Western Railway Company.*

FOR all who have any imagination, or eye for romance, there is an irresistible fascination about a busy railway station. To fully appreciate a visit to a large railway terminus, or junction, you should go there with no intention of travelling, and quite unhampered by luggage or worried by the possibility of missing any particular train. It is the casual looker-on who gets the most out of railway stations—the average traveller is too busy tipping porters, selecting his compartment, and purchasing literature to read during the journey, to be much impressed by the ever-changing scene around him—the long rows of carriages and engines, the whistles, the cries of news-boys and porters, and the sonorous echoes which resound under the great arched roof. While, as for the railway men themselves—the porters and guards, and pointsmen, and engine-drivers, and signalmen, and cooks, and dining-car attendants, and ticket inspectors—they are all of them far too busy to think about any such trifles.

THE SCOTCH EXPRESS AT KING'S CROSS MAIN LINE DEPARTURE PLATFORM.

*Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

One of the great attractions about railway stations from the professional looker-on's point of view is their infinite variety. There are twelve big railway termini in London, yet no one would mistake one for another, except, perhaps, Charing Cross and Cannon Street, and that is because they both belong to the same company and are built to pattern. In fact, there is a good deal more

individuality about some railway stations than many human beings. This remark applies to small wayside stations as well as termini and busy junctions. No observant traveller could mistake a local station on the London and North-Western line for one of the Midland's; there are a hundred little things, from the colour of the bricks to the shape of the signals, which distinguish the stations on any of our big railways from those on any other. Going from the territory of one company to another is, in a small way, like crossing the frontier between two foreign states. In fact, a driver on the Great Western Railway once had to take a special train some distance on the Midland system, and although on this, as on all similar occasions, a "pilot" was taken on the footplate to give assistance in running his engine over what was to him an unknown "road," when he was safely back again on the Great Western metals he is said to have heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed:

THE DEPARTURE PLATFORMS AT PADDINGTON.

*Photograph by Great Western Railway Company.*

ROYAL WINDSOR! THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS WINDSOR STATION.

*Photograph by Great Western Railway Company.*

"Thank goodness we're in England once more!"

If your taste in stations is for those where there is plenty of bustle and rush and noise, don't go to Euston. It is London's most dignified railway terminus. Even Royal Paddington, with all the hallowed memories of the "broad gauge" that linger round it, is not in the running with Euston as regards an air of dignified superiority. Driving under the colossal portico at Euston, it seems more like entering some Grecian temple than a railway station. When the old London and Birmingham was made, Londoners didn't much appreciate railways, so the line came to an end at Euston, surrounded by fields full of buttercups and daisies. Now it takes the North-Western expresses some twenty minutes before they fairly say good-bye to London on their journey northwards. The entrance to Euston was built years ago out of some surplus fund raised when railway companies made much bigger

profits than they do in these days of keen competition; and it is probable it may be pulled down altogether before very long, if the Bill is passed by Parliament (it was rejected this year, but will be brought in again soon) for rebuilding and still further enlarging Euston station. Many years ago, all the trains used to be hauled by ropes up the incline from Euston to Chalk Farm, much in the same way as they are now on the North-British Railway up the Cowlair's incline out of Queen Street, Glasgow. But locomotives in those days had nothing like their present haulage power, and modern North-Western engines make light work of the Camden "bank." Many noted trains start daily out of Euston to Scotland, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, North Wales, and Holyhead for Ireland. Nearly all the mails for the north-west of England and Scotland start from this famous station, and also, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the American boat specials, which run without stopping to the Riverside station at Liverpool, to meet the White Star and Cunard Atlantic Liners.

LORD ROTHSCHILD'S PRIVATE STATION AT WADDESDON MANOR.

*Photograph by F. Moore*

LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.

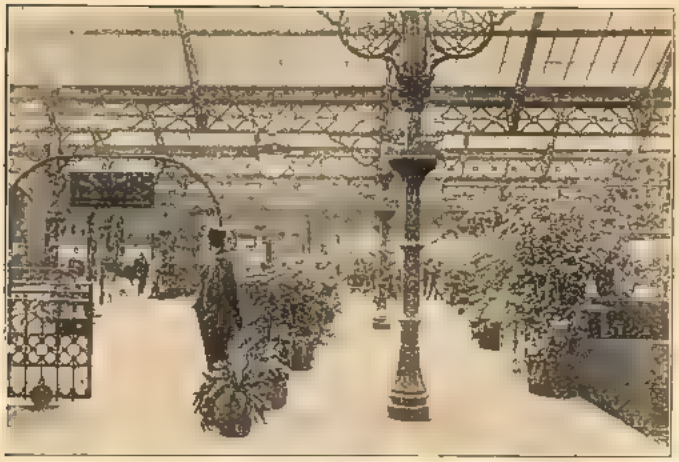
*Photograph by London & North-Western Railway Company.*

King's Cross, Euston's great rival for the Scotch passenger traffic, lies little more than five minutes' walk away. This is the London terminus of the East Coast route to Scotland. Our photograph shows the 10 a.m. Scotch express just about starting on its journey to the north.

Royal Windsor and Royal Paddington played an important part in the last century's history. What historic scenes are connected with these famous stations! The Great Western Railway used to be nick-named the "sleepy giant," but during the years Mr. J. L. Wilkinson has been general manager the "giant" has become very much awake, to the discomfiture of more than one competitor. At the present time more long-distance expresses start out of Paddington

CROWD WATCHING A SPECIAL TRAIN ABOUT TO START FROM LIVERPOOL STREET.

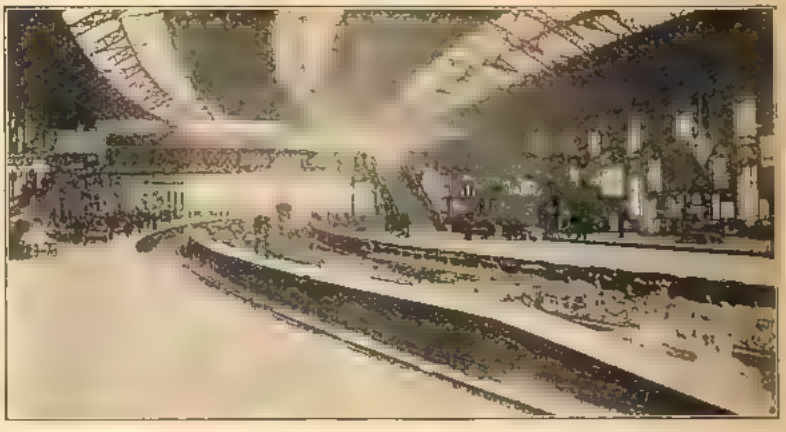
*Photograph by F. Moore.*



TYNEMOUTH ONE OF TH MOST PRETTILY DECORATED STATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

*Photograph by North-Eastern Railway Company*

every twenty-four hours than at any other station in the metropolis. The intelligent looker on will soon find that big stations have their "off," as well as their busy, seasons, but Paddington seems always busy. At Christmas time it excels itself—from morning to night the platforms are black with passengers, where the space is not occupied by mountains of parcels and packages, bound for the West Country. Express after express, special after special, are drawn up at each end of the long departure platforms. Almost as fast as they back in they are filled, and one after another disappear into the night, from the silvery light which radiates from armies of arc lamps; for Paddington, like St. Pancras, is one of the most brilliantly lighted stations in Great Britain. On Christmas



INTERIOR OF BRISTOL STATION DURING ALTERATIONS.

*Photograph by Great Western Railway Company.*

THORNTON DALE: ONE OF THE NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S PRIZE STATIONS.

*Photograph by North-Eastern Railway Company.*

Eve, Paddington is a sight for the gods.

King's Cross and Euston are at their prime just before the "glorious twelfth," when the grouse shooting begins. Visit Liverpool Street, the London terminus of the Great Eastern, any morning between six and nine, and between the same hours in the evening, and you will see the workers in their thousands going to and from their daily toil. Would you see them taking a day off? Then go to Fenchurch Street one Bank Holiday. All through July, August, and September, Victoria, Charing Cross, Cannon

Street, and London Bridge are thronged with holiday makers bound for the seaside.

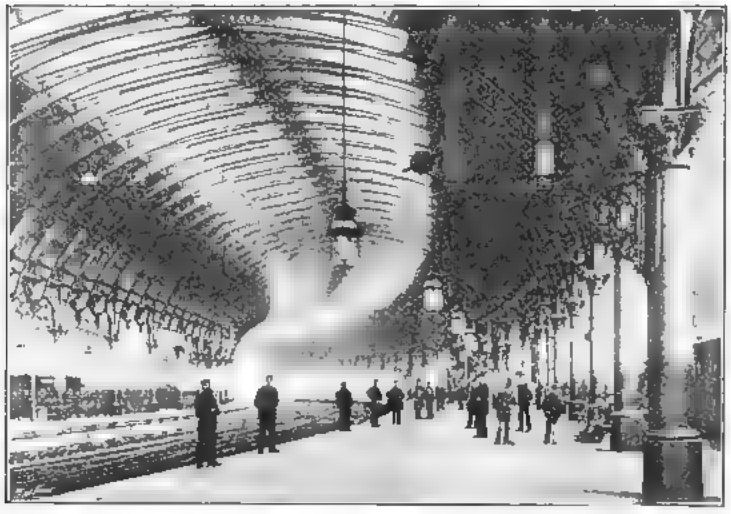
Then there's the wealthy stockbroker who runs up to town from Brighton five times a week in a Pullman Car, and down again every evening by the "dinner train" (which leaves London Bridge at 5.40 p.m.), thus breathing two widely different kinds of air every day, and taking his two most important meals—breakfast and dinner—under his own roof-tree. Not a bad idea if you have money enough and don't mind the daily double run.

EXTERIOR OF THE GARE DU NORD STATION, PARIS.
*Photograph by F. Moore.*

To reach Waterloo Station from the Strand one has to cross the "Bridge of Sighs." Well might the station itself borrow this title—let us hope not for long. Within the past two years how many British soldiers have trod the flags of London for the last time under the grimy roof of Waterloo, till the troop trains hurried them away towards the graves that awaited them on the veldt? Tens of thousands! and their ranks are still being swelled.

Or is your taste the wealthy merchant-prince of Lancashire? You will meet him in Manchester or Liverpool, at the Exchange, or Lime Street, or Victoria, or the Central, hurrying to catch the "forty minute" express. They do things well in the North; there you'll find the best counterfeit of hustle outside of New York. They've started work on the mono-rail, too, which is going to whirl you from Liverpool to Manchester in less than twenty minutes. Shade of George Stephenson!

St. Pancras is a station to be proud of. From an engineering point of view it is a marvel—what with the great span of its roof, and, down below the passenger station, a huge goods depôt, further down still, cellars stored with Burton beer, and below all a tunnel through which the local trains run from the Metropolitan Railway to a point about half a mile further on, where they join the main line. Architecturally it is one of the most beautiful buildings in London. If most of our great public buildings were only half as lovely, London would be indeed a fine city. Though Mr. Ruskin once wrote that "There never was more flagrant nor impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads," it is to be hoped that even this famous art critic



YORK STATION.
*Photograph by North-Eastern Railway Company.*

A STATION ON THE LIVERPOOL OVERHEAD RAILWAY.
*Photograph by Liverpool Overhead Railway Company.*

would have made an exception in favour of Sir Gilbert Scott's masterpiece, which is one of the very few, if not the only beautiful building in one of the ugliest quarters of London.

The mention of the beautifying of railway stations recalls to mind the fact that several railway companies offer prizes to station-masters whose stations are judged to be the best and most tastefully decorated. The North-Eastern Railway have long made a special feature of this, and amongst our illustrations are two of their "prize" stations, Tynemouth and Thornton Dale

"Twopenny tubes" are all very well for people in a hurry, but for those who like an interesting ride they are not to be compared with overhead railways. These abound in New York and Chicago, but the only one on this side of the Atlantic is at Liverpool. Our picture shows a train starting out of one of the stations. The line is built over the whole length of the Liverpool Docks, and a journey from end to end is the most interesting twopenny ride to be had anywhere in England.

There are stations and stations, ranging from a hut and a few wooden planks to a maze of platforms, booking-halls, and waiting-rooms covering many acres of ground. The Waverley Station at Edinburgh, spreading over twenty-three acres, is the largest in Britain. However one compares this gigantic station (which almost fills the valley between the "auld toon" and Princess Street) with the two largest stations in England, it ranks first. In area it extends over half an acre more than its next rival, Liverpool Street, the London terminus of the Great Eastern Railway. It has the same number of platforms, but whereas Liverpool Street has three main line platforms, and sixteen dock (or local) ones, Waverley has the advantage in possessing four main line platforms against its rival's three, and fifteen dock platforms. As regards the total

MIDLAND TRAIN AT CARLISLE.
*Photograph by F. Moore*

length of its platforms, Waverley comes out an easy winner—New Street, Birmingham, has 2,470ft.; Liverpool Street, London, 3,793ft.; Waverley, 4,600ft. Then, as regards the total number of square yards of platform surface provided for passengers, Waverley still has a long lead. New Street has 21,400, Liverpool Street 22,500, and Waverley 32,529. The "East" signal box, situated just outside the station, contains, amongst many other mechanical marvels, the largest "signal frame" ever constructed, and the total cost of the signalling apparatus used for working the trains in and out of the station was over £24,000.

One of our illustrations shows a corner of a booking-hall on the New York Central, and the United States is a land where big stations abound.

INTERIOR OF ST. PANCRAS.
*Photograph by Midland Railway Company.*

VIEW OUTSIDE WATERLOO.
*Photograph by F. Moore.*

The largest station in the world is the Terminal Station at Boston. Formerly there were four stations in Boston, but now the traffic is dealt with in one huge station right in the heart of the city. And, although the station is 570ft. wide, it had to be built on a double-deck plan, as the engineers who designed it foresaw that otherwise the estimated total of between two and three thousand trains a day could not be run into and out of the station with the expedition that would be necessary to enable them to keep their schedule time. Accordingly they hit upon the plan of dividing the trains into two classes—express and suburban—and handling the former on what may be called the upper deck of the station, and the latter upon two loop lines laid some 17ft. below the level of the main platform.

BOOKING-HALL ON NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY.
*From a photograph.*

It is a far cry from a station such as Waverley or Boston to those on the Ravenglass and Eskdale Railway in Cumberland. The stations have no staffs at all,

and the line only boasts one train. When it stops the hard-working guard acts the combined *rôle* of station-master, booking-clerk, ticket-collector, signalman, and porter. At one of the stations part of an old boat standing on end does service as a waiting-room. But, on the whole, the staff of this quaint little railway regard stations in the light of a superfluous luxury, and will always stop the train anywhere on its journeyings if there is anyone who wishes to alight or be taken on board. There are many diminutive railway stations in various out-of-the-way parts of the country. At some of them the staff consists of a small boy, and at one or two in Wales and in Scotland they are managed by a station-mistress, as is often the case in France and Germany. If you are rich enough you can own your own private railway station. The Duke of Sutherland owns a charming little station at Dunrobin, and always travels there in his own private train drawn by his own engine. One of our illustrations shows Lord Rothschild's private station at Waddedson, on the Metropolitan Extension Railway near Aylesbury.

Paris is not particularly well off for stations, and, though most of them are very fine buildings from an architectural point of view, their internal arrangements leave much room for improvement. The Gare St. Lazare, and the Gare du Nord, pictured in one of the accompanying photographs, are the two best known to visitors to Paris from this country. One thing that is very noticeable to English and American tourists on the Continent is the strictness with which the rule is enforced that no one except passengers is allowed to enter a railway station. Even at the Paris terminus of the Northern Railway no one is allowed on any pretence on the platforms to meet friends or see them off.

Carlisle is at once one of the most important and interesting of English railway stations. Our photograph of one of the main platforms is a particularly realistic representation of an every-day scene at an important station. It is here, too, that the North-Western and Midland engines finish their northward run on the Scotch trains and hand them over to the engines of the Scottish railway companies.

For many of our illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of the various railway companies.

## TEA-PLANTING IN CEYLON.

[With reference to our note on this subject in the June number, "Ex-Planter" sends the following warning to those who would follow this calling.—ED.]

"YOUR paragraph seems to me very liable to be misleading. I have just returned from the East, after five years, having been planting in Ceylon and India. The pupils, or 'creepers,' as they are called, who go out to learn their work, generally pay a premium of anything from £100 to £200 for a year. During this period they are almost invariably left to shift for themselves and pick up their work as best they can; at the end of that time they are casually told that there are no vacancies just at present, but 'I will see what I can do,' which all ends in smoke, and, as a planter to whom I was only talking yesterday, said: 'They either end by shooting themselves' (which is by no means uncommon) 'or by having to work their passage home.'

"Of course, there are exceptions to this, as to every rule, but taking it as a whole, 'creeper-mongering' is the scandal of the tea-planting community.

"At the time I left Ceylon, in March, there were literally dozens of men looking for billets, and living on their friends. On picking up the *Times of Ceylon* I saw that six 'creepers' had arrived in Colombo that day, by one boat alone, and the opinion of planters there was that it was a scandalous thing that when so many men of experience, some with as many as fifteen years, couldn't get even billets on 200 and 250 rupees a month, other planters should be getting out men, or rather boys, from England, simply to make what profit they could out of the heavy premiums paid, for which the poor 'creeper' gets little or no tuition.

"You speak of 300 and 600 rupees as a 'very usual rate.' There are dozens of men who would snap up 300 rupee billets, and 600 rupees is a splendid salary in the present depressed state of tea. You naturally ask how it is so many men are out of work. Simply because an estate which ten years ago would have had, say, a superintendent on 600 rupees, and two assistants on 250 and 125 rupees respectively, now has a superintendent on 350 rupees or possibly 400 rupees, and the assistants' places are filled by natives on 50 or 60 rupees a month.

"I have seen so much 'creeper-mongering,' and have known personally three cases where 'creepers' shot themselves on finding themselves stranded, that I thought it was only fair to 'E. T.' to let him know what a poor chance he stands of doing any good at tea, especially at the present time, when it is at its lowest ebb."

# SMITH'S HOUSE

## A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED SWAINSON,

*Author of "Acton's Feud."*

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

BETWEEN Weedon and Glyn, of St. Elizabeth's School, a strong dislike exists on account of which Weedon, knowing that Glyn wants a certain new boy, Arthur Gale, for fag, anticipates him in a most underhand manner. A few days later Glyn and his chum Bradfield, whilst practising on the river, run down Weedon's boat, which is coxed by Gale, and Weedon is pitched into the river by Glyn for not trying to save Gale, who is unable to swim. Glyn and Allen, the captain of St. Elizabeth's, are rivals for the Silver Sculls. Glyn is on the point of overtaking Allen when a punt swings out into the river and fouls him. Near by the tree to which the punt had been moored, a silver matchbox, bearing Weedon's initials, is found by Bradfield. But the school refuses to believe that Weedon was concerned in the matter, especially as Weedon disclaims the ownership of the matchbox. The incident doesn't improve the relations between Glyn and Weedon. Not long after this a very valuable stamp is stolen from Mr. Smith's cabinet in the seniors' common room. Suspicion falls on Bradfield, who is known to have disposed of just such a stamp to a London dealer. He resigns the captaincy of Smith's House and is sent to Coventry, but Mr. Smith and Glyn do not doubt his integrity. He thrashes Miller and Isaacs, two of Weedon's *clique*, for calling him a thief; afterwards Isaacs explains the whole punt business to him. Weedon, deserted by his friends, patronises his fag, and, playing on Gale's ignorance, takes him out of bounds on half-holidays. Owing to an accident which befalls Gale, Glyn hears of it; and for this, and the matter about the punt, makes Weedon fight, and hopelessly beats him. To crown all, Weedon receives word from the man to whom he sold the stolen stamp that it is a forgery, and that he is about to take proceedings against him (Weedon) for fraud.

---

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE LETTER ON THE FLOOR.

When WEEDON regained his scattered senses his condition was pitiable in the extreme. His struggle with Glyn behind the boat-house had shaken him dreadfully, and Moss Levenstein's letter had completed his demoralisation. When he fully realised what that letter really meant he was practically crazy. The mental torture he was undergoing affected him as a nightmare the sleeper. Perspiration streamed down his face, and his hair was dank and cold. The incubus of the coming exposure, the inevitable shame, the home explosion, weighed on his mind and almost crushed him back to insensibility again. But Weedon felt, even in his extremity, that he must keep his head clear somehow. He staggered out of his chair, dropping Levenstein's letter as though it were a filthy thing, and paced up and down the room like a madman, moaning, "What can I do? What is to be done?"

Thus much was plain: he must pay Levenstein or be exposed. It was merely the old tune played by a different piper—only Levenstein changed for Ricketts.

And yet there was a difference. There was nothing singularly base about Ricketts's *fiasco*, but this which had come upon him now was unspeakably base, unmentionably vile. No denial was possible: no excuse was possible. He would stand before the world a convicted thief.

Weedon's mind went back to that eventful morning when Bradfield had come into the common room, and compared his stamp with the one in Smith's cabinet. He heard again Bradfield's comment as he made the discovery of its value, and he remembered how those few words of joyful surprise had sown an evil thought in his own heart. He remembered, with a kind of wondering surprise, how easy it had been to force the cabinet that evening and steal the stamp, and he remembered that the stamp he had placed there in its stead seemed to fill its position beautifully. The casual glance revealed nothing wrong. And

he recalled Levenstein's eager letter when he had offered it him.

But more than all, his conscience kept him transfixed to the most villainous part of the crime. He had allowed Bradfield to take the whole share of his own crime upon his innocent shoulders. Weedon, of course, couldn't understand why Bradfield didn't explain; he remembered rather how providential he had thought it that Oakman had that half-sheet of paper, and that Bradfield for some reason—pride, perhaps—was afflicted with a dumb devil. And this was the providence! Weedon wished himself dead.

He must pay the money. How? Could he write home? Weedon—and here he made no mistake—could not entertain the idea for a moment. At his wits' end again he gasped: "What can I do?"

He walked his room in a perfect agony of fear, until at last, utterly run down, he fell back into his chair. His mind whirled with ideas, impossible plans, hare-brained schemes. He felt that he was like a rat in a trap, running madly up and down the floor of his prison. If he couldn't settle with Levenstein there was the exposure—the black shame. Weedon always came back to this terrible point, and, though his feelings weren't quick where honour was concerned, he would almost rather have taken a king cobra in his hand than face Smith's House—Eliza's. He felt that the fellows would lynch him.

Then what was to be done? There was only one thing he could think of—to clear out. If he ran away he'd cut the knot of all his difficulties—the school, home, and Levenstein. He tried again, running over his hare-brained plans at lightning speed as though there was not time to think, but, just as though he followed scent laid in a circle, he always arrived at the same starting point. He must leave school to-night. The whole vile, unmentionable baseness of which he had been guilty would be humming in the astounded ears of the fellows, perhaps to-morrow. He must go to-night. Where? From Hornby he remembered that the London express ran out at eight. He'd go by that, and London would swallow him up in her millions as she swallows up so many hundred other criminals. Ever afterwards his name would only be a memory of all that was mean, horrible, and unspeakable to Elizabethans. Like a flash he saw that Ricketts was the starting point of his disasters, and if he could have met the squinting landlord of that little inn there would have been a bad five minutes for mine host.

He hastily pulled out the remainder of his ill-gotten money—the surplusage left after he had cleared out his friends and paid Ricketts. There was enough to take him to town.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and Weedon was hastily putting a few things into a bag, and taking out his felt from the hat-box, when young Gale came in to clear.

"Whatever is the matter, Weedon?" said Gale, looking in amaze at the ghastly face of the senior. Weedon, indeed, was hardly recognisable as the gay and fleering youth of a week or so ago. His face was absolutely haggard, except that here and there Glyn's thrashing marks showed up angry and burning. Gale might well stare.

So absorbed had Weedon been in his own thoughts and plans that at the sound of Gale's voice he dropped his hat in a flurried panic.

"Nothing," he stammered, trying to speak naturally. "Clear and then cut, Gale."

Gale slowly and wonderingly began to move the tea-cups, shook the cloth into the hearth, and then glanced round casually to see if there was anything else that claimed a model fag's services. This last look told him that Weedon had been dropping his note-paper behind his chairs, and, stooping, he picked up Levenstein's letter.

"Do you want this paper, Weedon?" asked Arthur, holding it up.

Weedon was busy rummaging in his drawers, with his mind far away; he asked the usual indifferent mechanical question—how many times had he not answered Gale in the same way of old?—"What is it about, youngster?"

Gale read through the letter to the bitter end, whilst Weedon was searching for collars, and when he had quite grasped the meaning of it he dropped it as though it were a red-hot coal. He stared at the unconscious senior with scorn and anger blazing from his eyes, and then he said:—

"It is about—it's from Moss Levenstein."

Weedon faced round as though he had been touched by an electric needle.

"You little beast——"

Arthur faced the maddened fellow before he could get out another word.

"You utter cad! Then you're the thief?"

Weedon seized his fag by the collar with a frenzied grip, and Arthur, hampered by his damaged arm, was at the mercy of his raging master. "Swear you won't say a word of this to a living soul. Swear," he cried, looking into Arthur's eyes, his own blazing with fury and fear. Arthur was choking under Weedon's grasp, and Weedon saw it. He loosened his hold for a moment, and Gale broke away.

"I won't swear. You villain! You thief! Think of Bradfield hounded about all these weeks. You aren't a man! You're a beast! I won't keep quiet! I'll call it out for everybody to hear. I——"

For reply, Weedon, now at his wits' end, clenched his fist and struck the youngster savagely in the face. Gale went down under the blow as inertly and senseless as a log. Weedon, half dazed, half horrified at what he had done, struggled into his top coat, took his bag, and opened the door.

He hesitated a moment on the threshold, then softly closed the door behind him and hurried out.

Weedon was well on the road to Hornby before Gale picked himself up from the floor. He felt as though his mouth belonged to some other person, and as if his head was a bee-hive. The sight of that fatal letter on the floor recalled him to his senses, and he hastily looked round for Weedon.

"He's bolted," thought Gale, picking himself up dizzily from the floor. "That was why he was filling his bag."

Next moment he staggered uncertainly towards Bradfield's den, with the letter grasped tight.

Bradfield and Glyn were seated before the fire, calmly discussing the crowded incidents of the day, when Gale's hesitating knock sounded on the door. Fred was damaged above a bit by Weedon's well-meant endeavours, but was very cheerful at the upshot of his mill, *and* the upshot of the Holden. There was reposing snugly on his clock an orange-tinted envelope, containing a salmon-coloured telegram from his father. The words were short but sweet, and would have charmed away more than the tingling of a swollen cheek and the twitching of a puffy lip.

"Best bit of work I ever did, Jack. I lay I'm a sight jollier than he is, old fellow."

"I wouldn't be in Weedon's shoes, Fred, to-night, for a king's ransom. Was that a knock? Come in!"

"Jove, Gale!" said Fred. "What scaffolding's fallen down now? You've a mouth like a promising turnip!"

Gale eyed the pair a moment, blinking like a young owl, and then said tremblingly:—

"SWEAR YOU WON'T SAY A WORD OF THIS TO A LIVING SOUL."

"I know, Bradfield, who stole that stamp that the fellows thought——"

"What?" said Jack, jumping up as though he had been stung.

"Weedon did, Bradfield. I can prove he did," said Gale, waggling Levenstein's letter. "And

when I said he was a thief he knocked me down."

The astonishment of the pair can be imagined at this thunderbolt from a blue sky.

"What!" echoed Fred, collaring Gale excitedly by the arm and pulling him up to the fire.

"Weedon stole Smith's stamp. Here is the letter which says so."

The two chums devoured Moss Levenstein's letter, and when they fully realised all it meant, Glyn, in a frenzy of delight, squeezed Jack's hand nearly out of joint.

"That chicken's come home to roost with a vengeance. Oh, that unapproachable cad! Away with you, old man, to Smith!"

"I want Weedon first," said Bradfield, grimly. "Remember, Fred, I've been looked upon as a thief all these weeks. I'll interview the cad now."

"Weedon's gone, Bradfield," said young Gale.

"Gone!" gasped Jack.

"Yes, he's cleared out."

"Best leg-up Eliza's had for many a day," said Glyn, fervently.

"Where's he gone?"

"Don't know, Bradfield."

"And he struck you, youngster," said Fred, his eyes gleaming with anger. "He saw your arm was in a sling."

"He knocked me silly," said Arthur, "whether he thought about it or not."

"Have you any idea where——?"

"He took his bag with him."

"I have it, Fred," said Bradfield, quickly. "He's going to travel—Hornby's the place, I'll swear. Do you think we could head him off?"

"Head him off, Jack! What do you want to head him off for? Let the beggar go with his virtues where we won't see 'em or him again."

"Fred, I loathe Weedon as much as I hate him, but I say, I've been called a thief. He's got to come back and face the music now. Will you come?"

Glyn looked with some surprise at the usually quiet Bradfield. Fred then realised how the iron had entered into his friend's soul.

"All right, Jack. *He's* made *you* dance long enough."

"Don't say a word, young 'un, until we come back," said Bradfield, throwing on his cap. "Ready, Fred?"

Heedless of bounds, lock-up, or lack of an *exeat*, the pair settled down into a long, steady stride, and ran for Hornby as though their lives depended on their being in time.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### EXIT WEEDON.

BRADFIELD'S idea of finding Weedon in Hornby, though a remarkably good shot on proof, was rather vague and nebulous even to himself. The most likely place in Hornby for Weedon to be looked for was, for obvious reasons, the railway station. Therefore, as, well blown with their five-mile run, they hurried over the bridge into the town, they anxiously inquired the way to the station. When they drew up at the entrance both felt that some plan of campaign would be necessary.

"Better stroll in very casually, Fred?" asked Bradfield.

"Casually! That isn't the word, Jack. We'll simply have to stalk the animal. If we flush him before we're in range there'll be our run for our trouble."

There was, however, not much need for any stalking, for as the pair strolled unobtrusively along the up platform, almost the first person the Elizabethans saw was Weedon. He was asking a few hurried questions of a porter, who in turn was looking rather curiously at him.

The Elizabethans contemplated their quarry, talking hurriedly under the gas light, with astonishment. Weedon was the picture of hopeless despair. His face was ghastly, grey with fear and anxiety, his eyes glittered as though he had a fever, and as he spoke the friends could see that his lips twitched convulsively. Weedon was metamorphosed indeed. This wasn't the fellow who had so gaily brazened out his boat-race achievement; this wasn't the ideal half-back at footer.

Glyn looked at his chum curiously, and Bradfield gaped at Weedon as at some interesting phenomenon.

"What do you make of it, Jack?"

"Jove!" whispered Bradfield. "I didn't expect to meet this sort of animal."

"The sawdust's run out here, Jack, and no mistake." Bradfield was still staring at the unconscious Weedon with undiluted astonishment, and for a couple of minutes he said nothing.

"Tell you what, Fred—he isn't worth powder and shot."

"No, old chap, that's plain. To tackle Weedon now would be like shooting a pet lamb. He hasn't got a kick left in him."

"What's to be done, though? We came here to bring him back—and I have no cause to love the brute," said Bradfield impatiently.

"That's true, enough, Jack, and it rests with you. He was game enough, though, to knock down young Gale." Glyn's voice simply palpitated with contempt.

"Well," said Jack, "I'm going to interview him, anyhow. I owe him that at least."

As Weedon turned wearily from the porter he staggered as though he were drunk, rather than walked. Before he quite realised what had happened he had lurched forward almost into the arms of his old foes. If it were possible for Weedon's face to take an added look of ghastliness, it was when he recognised them. His jaw dropped. but he managed to gasp out :—

"I'm not going with you," said Weedon, trying to shake off the grasp of Bradfield.

"Couldn't do without you, man, at the seniors' meeting to-morrow," said Glyn. "We're not going back without you."

"By what right——"

"Right!" said Jack very sternly. "Right! Haven't I been called a thief for your sake all these weeks?"

"I'm going to London. I've bought——"

HIS JAW DROPPED.

"What do you want?"

"You, Weedon. We've come to take you back to St. Elizabeth's."

"Never!" said Weedon, drawing away.

"Oh, yes!" said Bradfield, laying a heavy hand on Weedon's arm, and feeling all his wrongs come flooding back as he gripped the shrinking wretch. "It is your turn now."

"Perhaps it will cheer you up, Weedon, to hear that Gale isn't dead yet. You aren't a murderer quite. He'd be glad to see you."

"Don't screech like that, man!" said Glyn impatiently. "If you won't come with us we'll tell the station-master you're a runaway thief."

"I'm not going back——you know I'm a thief——"

"Yes, we know that, at last."

"How can I face the fellows at Smith's?" stammered Weedon, in utter despair.

"Yes, it would be an ordeal, no doubt."

"They'd lynch me," he said, in abject terror. "For Heaven's sake let me go!"

"Did you ever think of Jack being saddled with your crimes, Weedon? You don't deserve any pity."

Weedon felt that he had reached the uttermost limits of his despair; the grip of the two friends on his arm felt as unyielding, as unpitying as a vice, and, like the traitor with his back to the wall and the firing party bringing their rifles to the present in his face, he realised that he was to pay the inexorable penalty. He glanced round helplessly and hopelessly, trying to conjure up some way of escape. Glyn and Bradfield watched his face with unlimited contempt.

"Will you give me five minutes to explain?" he said at last. "I can't stand any more of this." And he collapsed on to a seat.

Glyn and Bradfield looked at each other uneasily, as much as to say: "Hadn't we better let the animal bolt to wheresoever it likes," but Weedon had already begun to pour out a hurried, frenzied appeal. It is useless to write what he said, he was so utterly unstrung, but the friends felt that Weedon must work out his own destiny in his own way. Weedon explained how he thieved, why, and the whole unsavoury story. He palliated nothing, excused nothing. He told them all his hare-brained schemes to rid himself of Levenstein, until their contempt was tinged with pity. "I was even coming to you, Bradfield, to beg for money. I might if that young Gale had not come in. You may believe me or not, but I'd rather lose my life than have to face my father a thief. That is the one thing I can't do, simply cannot. How would you, Bradfield, like——"

"I haven't got a father, Weedon," said Bradfield, gravely.

"I say, Weedon, shut up," said Glyn hurriedly. "I want to speak to you, Jack, a minute," he added.

The pair moved away, and left Weedon staring with haggard eyes across the station.

"Can't stand any more of this, Jack. Really didn't know I was to be let in for this when I left Eliza's. Let him go! I believe—although he is Weedon—that that about his pater is true."

"So do I, old man. I tell you what I mean to do——" Jack looked uneasily at the distant signal lights, nervously avoiding his chum's eyes. "I'm going to settle Levenstein's business myself. I've heaps of cash from *my* stamp."

Glyn shook his friend's hand feverishly.

"You're the best fellow I've ever known, old man. And the fools thought *you* were a thief!"

"Weedon," said Bradfield, quietly, "I'm going to lend you the money for Levenstein. I wouldn't have liked *my* father to have owned a thief."

Weedon stared at the speaker for a moment, hearing the words as in a dream, and then, realising that there was hope, broke down utterly.

"On your honour, Bradfield? You won't show me up?"

"Don't talk about honour, Weedon," said Glyn, impatiently.

Fred thought that even a villainous Elizabethan senior should be above tears.

The walk home to Eliza's was a weird performance indeed, and Jones, the janitor, was too astounded at Weedon's unkempt appearance to demand the party's *exeat*, which omission was distinctly lucky. In Bradfield's room that night a letter was written to Levenstein, which no doubt caused that gentleman lively satisfaction, especially since there could be no doubt of the genuineness of the notes enclosed therein.

When this was written, Weedon breathed a little more easily, and was able to discuss more or less calmly his future proceedings.

"I'm going home to-morrow, anyhow. I can't stay in Eliza's another day, but I don't want to be kicked out."

"Smith?" said Bradfield, perplexed.

"He'll have to believe I'm ill."

"He won't find that hard to swallow," said Glyn. "You don't look healthy, whatever you may feel."

"Look here, Weedon," said Bradfield. "We won't round upon you—even when you're gone—if it can be humanely managed without."

"You're surely going to put yourself right with the fellows?" said Weedon, with a gasp of astonishment.

"That is my own affair, Weedon. The stamp is replaced, of course."

A blush of shame tinged Weedon's haggard cheeks at this generosity. "I wish," he said quietly, "that I'd left you two alone. Though I can't expect you to believe me, I will not come back to Eliza's, in any case. And even if I've to break stones for a living, I'll pay you back what I owe you."

"If you've to break stones you won't," said Jack, with a ghost of a smile.

"There's something else I've got to say. *I did* shove the punt out to spoil your race, Glyn."

Fred looked hard at the speaker for a moment and whistled softly. "I hope you regret it as much as I do, that's all." Fred couldn't kick Weedon, but he felt he deserved that, at least.

"I ran you out in the last match before Lord's," went on Weedon steadily.

Glyn said quietly: "That was a horrible thing to do, man."

"And I nearly made Miller and Jenkins as big cads as myself."

"We were always a little prejudiced against

your family party, Weedon. You don't say anything about Isaacs, though."

"I can't throw stones at anyone," said Weedon.

"I think you might at Isaacs—if you'd only hit him," said Bradfield.

"I don't suppose I shall ever see either of you again," said Weedon, with his hand on the door-handle; "but I shall always remember you as the best pair of fellows in Eliza's."

Weedon went to his own den instanter. The fire was out, and his room looked cheerless and was indeed bitterly cold; but he got into bed with a more chastened, yet lighter, heart than he had bargained for a few hours earlier.

On the morrow Mr. Smith had no hesitation in giving Weedon his dismissal. Weedon looked as ill as he felt, and the house-master felt he had no choice in the matter. Weedon thus left Eliza's a week before the holidays. Mr. Smith put Weedon's sudden indisposition down to worry on the Holden, and Burke put it down to his unfortunate mill. Both were, as we know, wide of the mark, but they were never enlightened on the subject. And so Weedon passes out of this history, covered with the fairly satisfactory mantle of a genuine regret and repentance. He might—but for a touch of great good nature in one who had every cause to detest him—have made a more disgraceful exit.

Weedon kept his word about the remittance, and Glyn admits to Bradfield that he himself counts this to him for righteousness.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### CONCLUSION.

THE day after Weedon had gone the fellows of Smith's house found a notice upon the board: "The house-master would like to meet his seniors in their common room after dinner." The seniors strolled in aimlessly, wondering whatever Smith had got to say to them.

"Perhaps to tell us to have our best bib-an'-tucker on, if we should happen to pull off the 'Houser,'" opined Arlington lazily. "Mind you oblige, Mac"

But at the first word that fell from Smith's lips the listlessness of the seniors vanished like thin smoke in the breeze.

"I have this morning received two letters. They are both in reference to the lost stamp."

At these opening words the fellows' eyes glanced almost automatically at Bradfield, who was sitting near Glyn, cool and collected. He seemed, now, the most unconcerned fellow in the room.

"You will remember that Bradfield admitted having a stamp which corresponded identically with the one I lost. He entirely convinced me that the stamp he sold was his own. You, perhaps naturally, could not see quite eye-to-eye with me there, as until something definite was known on the matter you considered the house was, more or less, under a ban. You thought that Bradfield should lift off the suspicion from the body. For private reasons, and feeling a natural resentment that he should be suspected of theft, he refused, and you changed the captaincy of the house as a protest. His uncle's letter to me of this morning lifts Bradfield above suspicion. So much for that.

"The second letter I read to you *verbatim*:—

"*1,052a, Wardour Street,*
"*London, W.*

"*Dear Sir,—Some weeks ago I bought a South Australian stamp, 1842 issue, face value 2d., from a client who wishes me to withhold his name. I paid twenty pounds (£20) for this rare issue, having, of course, a guarantee as to its genuineness. Later, I learned on expert evidence that the stamp was a particularly clever forgery, and of no value whatever. I was at first inclined to regard the transaction seriously, but when the original holder knew of the mistake, he at once refunded me the full amount I had paid. He has requested me to forward it to you. Please find enclosed. In a genuine collection, such a stamp is utterly out of place.*

"*I am,*
"*Yours faithfully,*
"*Moss Levenstein.*

"That is the letter I received, and it should completely exonerate Bradfield in your eyes, for he sold *his* specimen elsewhere. I am, of course, no nearer finding out who did purloin the stamp. I suppose it is useless to ask again for information?"

The fellows all stared blankly at Smith, and then at one another. No one spoke; and Smith, after nervously fingering Levenstein's letter, and waiting for the answer which did not come, gathered his skirts angrily about him and went out.

Oakman stood up as soon as Smith had gone, and said: "I'm not going to touch this rotten stamp business again, except to say that, whoever may have prigged it, Bradfield comes out of the affair clean-handed, I think."

Here Bradfield slipped quietly out of the room.

"We'd better send him a formal apology for our suspicions, and suggest that he take up the captaincy again. He'll very probably give us a stinging refusal for our pleasant manners, but we owe the apology at the very least. A round-robin should meet the case."

Without delay the apology was drawn up, and

every senior signed hurriedly, as if to make up for lost time. Within the hour the late suspect was strolling into the High between Oakman and Burke. Bradfield had buried the hatchet when Oakman's apology had reached him.

The stamp mystery, to all but three Elizabethans, remained impenetrable, and by-and-by the memory of it drifted into deeper and deeper gloom. Then someone suggested that it was a kind of ghastly colossal joke played upon the house, and for want of a better explanation, and perhaps for fear of a worse, Smith's House were glad to let it go at that. They little imagined how near the "joke" came to tragedy.

A few days afterwards Smith's House met Bultitude's in the final of the Housers' competition. This was the wind-up of the Michaelmas term. On the morrow the holidays commenced, and if Smith's survived the day, Glyn felt his cup of joy would overflow. After dinner the school swarmed down to the field to witness the Homeric contest. The juniors of Smith's House, in serried ranks, took up the exact centre, clinging desperately to the rails for fear of a "move-on," and the rising hopes of Bultitude's were their *vis-à-vis* across the turf. On the eventful day all internecine enmities were forgotten—the lion, as it were, lay down with the lamb; even Ancients and Moderns coalesced. The school recognised only one clan rivalry on that day.

"SEATS ALL BAGGED, ISAACS!"

If you were not for the Smithers you were for Bults. Podmore addressed Gale as "old man," as though it did not cost him a pang, and Arthur rolled his tongue luxuriously round the sweet-

name of Algy. Jellicoe linked in with Arding in order to keep in the background enterprising juniors of Carver's; and Parkhouse, drawing off his sweater as the teams lined up, yelled out, "Catch, Ponk!" and Ponking, the Modern, caught.

Dick Glyn had come on the field fortified by a cup of Moon's coffee at Pilkington's expense, and, as though they were always sworn brothers in peace and war, had unobtrusively cannoned against a noisy Bult.

Never in the history of the Housers had there been a more even match. Not once, but many times, Bultitude's great forward, Higgins, sprinted beautifully along the touch line with Parkhouse hanging on to him like grim death, until Glyn at back nipped in before the forward could get in his centre. Times and times did McGlashan and Oakman work methodically towards Bultitude's captain, MacArthur, grimly waiting for the critical moment to launch himself upon them. The defence was as good as the attack. Fast and furious the ball ran from end to end, and as half-time drew near the yells of encouragement to the teams made the rooks uneasy on the leafless elms. At the interval, no score. Five minutes from the re-start Parkhouse took advantage of a comparatively uncrowded goal and sent in a rasping daisy-cutter. It was, indeed, a shot at a venture, and Bultitude's goal-keeper did not expect it. He had to save at full length, but Burke meeting the ball as it was fisted out drove it with a mighty kick into the rigging.

Smith's House became delirious.

Then Bultitude's pulled themselves together. Higgins was nursed assiduously, and again and again he spun along, finishing many a run with a beautiful swing across the goal mouth. MacArthur worked liked a Trojan, and Jenkins justified his captain's choice by effectually bottling up McGlashan and partner. Bultitude's had all the game in the second half, but, try as they would, Glyn and Arlington, standing at bay, staved off their desperate efforts. Despite the mighty Higgins' efforts, and MacArthur's attempts as a sixth forward, Smith's kept their goal intact; and when the whistle finally blew and the school swarmed over the turf, Smith's were cock house.

The next morning a jolly party of Elizabethans caught the early morning north express. Glyn Senior was beaming on MacArthur, and Bradfield was chatting serenely with Burke. Arthur Gale was helping Podmore with his parcels—Algernon always had parcels—and Glyn Junior superintended their bestowal. As jolly a party as could be.

"Seats all bagged, Isaacs!" said Dick, as that gentleman hovered near, his face beaming with an ingratiating smile.

"Keep that cad out, Dick, or I'll——" growled Fred.

Isaacs drifted cravenly away when he caught sight of Fred's face. Fred looked uncommonly unamiable.

"Got my remove into the Fourth, Glyn," said Gale, as the train rolled along.

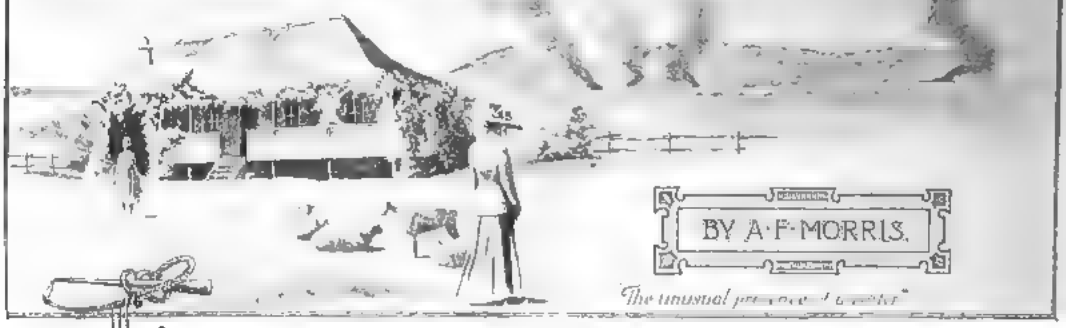
"Ditto," said Dick.

"Smith's won't take a back seat yet awhile then," said Fred, winking at Bradfield.

"Jove, no!" said Arthur. "*Floreat, florebit.*"

THE END. Fred Swanson

# A Siege of Fire



BY A. F. MORRIS.

The unusual presence of a visitor

The sun was broiling, the grass was everywhere parched to a dull whitey brown, and the trees hung their foliage at a limp angle under its fierce rays; all nature was crying aloud for water, and the workers on the station of which Clem Barker and his two brothers were joint owners were suffering from a like condition of thirst.

Clem himself, fresh from the luncheon-table presided over by his sister, and enlivened by the unusual presence of a visitor, sauntered over the grass plot in front of the house with cheerful countenance, which received its last touch of absolute contentment when he lit his pipe.

Lazily he proceeded in the direction of the paddocks lying to the left. There was no need for hurry; the men were all in their quarters at their mid-day meal; it was the leisure moment in the middle of the working day. That his thoughts were pleasant was evidenced by the occasional smile which broke over his face as he recalled the badinage and merriment introduced into the somewhat monotonous station existence by the aforesaid visitor.

A town maiden she, dainty and saucy, as expert in concealing the existence of her own heart as in discovering the whereabouts of those belonging to her male friends and admirers.

Clem, her cousin, was at present under process of such investigation, and lent himself to it with such affability that the saucy damsel was inclined to vote him but a poor thing.

Love dreams notwithstanding, something unusual in the distant view soon attracted his keen colonial eye. The house was situated on a small hill, and overlooked the narrow river flat, which was the only valley the district boasted for many a mile. On each side were ranges of mountains, whose dusky blueness was now broken by a thin line of white.

Clem immediately retraced his steps, an anxious look upon his dark, tanned, genial face.

"Pat!" he sung out.

"Here, misther," came the reply in a strong Irish brogue from a distance.

"Sling the saddle and bridle on Tobias, sharp! Looks suspiciously like a bush fire starting."

The word "fire" acted like magic; the place was alive in a moment, and John Barker came to the door with the honoured visitor, the pretty "coz."

"Good gracious, Clem, how weird you look!" quoth she, gaily. "What's wrong now?"

"Nothing—at least, I hope——"

"Looks remarkably like a bush fire," interrupted his brother, as he pushed his way through the murmuring group whose eyes were all turned towards that ever-increasing white line.

"A bush fire," cried Kitty with mingled terror and excitement. "Good heavens! what are you going to do, Clem? You can't stop it, can you? Oh! I should like to see one! What a thrilling experience to go home and talk about!"

"You'll get a thrill you won't appreciate by-and-by, you town-bred goose!" said a full, rich voice over her shoulder.

Kitty turned sharply, and, with a toss of her fair head, confronted Chris Barker.

Chris was station born and bred, capable of taking her share of man's work if need be, and her knowledge of her surroundings enabled her to appreciate the danger that threatened them in a manner impossible to the town-born girl.

Such derogatory appellation was, however, not to be borne. Kitty drew up her small person to tiptoe height, and prepared to annihilate the scoffer.

Clem's hand on her shoulder checked her repartee.

"Don't mind them, Kitty. It's a long way off, and the river may prevent it reaching us; you'll see quite enough, however, I'm afraid."

"Even to satisfy a town-bred goose?" she queried mischievously; "but I would have you know that geese are not bred in towns, and even"—with a vicious glance at Chris—"if I have not lived all my life on a station, I make no claim to such relationship."

The boys laughed. Clem, as he rode off, felt that he would give a good deal to keep her on that station for the remainder of *his* life.

All such dreams gave place, however, to stern realities, as he pressed towards that ever-nearing line of smoke, congratulating himself as he rode on the mountainous nature of the district which rendered the danger less immediate than it would be in a flat country. Scrambling up the almost perpendicular side of a ridge, he urged his horse to a point where he could see, far and wide.

It was a rough riding district, this part of Gippsland, but not without beauty. At a bend in the hills he could see the river, with its banks a mass of colour, from the blooming yellow wattles (mimosa); on the hills the undergrowth was thick, and all round was heavily timbered. Clem could see the fire now, blazing on another ridge, but how soon, and how far it would spread, depended on the wind, and that was rather strong. Still, the distance was great, and he did not feel so alarmed as otherwise he might, owing to the protective hills, but even as he turned his horse's head homewards, a gust of wind swept up the gorge, and the smoke it bore with it half-choked him.

"Deuce take the wind!" he growled, as he passed his hand across his smarting eyes, and, somewhat surprised at the suddenness of the gust, turned in his saddle to have another look. Astonishment caused him to pull his horse up sharply. The scorching north wind was fast developing into a hurricane, and in its sweeping and swirling had literally stripped the flaming bark off the trees, and was leaping it across the gorge, a distance of half a mile, on to the ridge next that upon which Clem was standing, stupefied with astonishment. Only for a moment however; he realised the danger. The fatal spark thus carried, it would be impossible to calculate the speed with which it would pass from one range to another.

It was "fly," and fly his hardest. His master's excitement communicated itself to Tobias, and he scrambled and stumbled down the precipitous side of the ridge into the dry water-course at the foot, with many a struggle and fight to make a way over the boulders, up the next ridge, Clem's head nearly touching that of the quivering beast; still on, without a pause, or mercy, or choice of track, it was go or die, and worse, for on Tobias' speed and endurance depended the safety of the unprepared household at the station.

Not a moment too soon did he reach the summit of the other ridge. The wind once more bore its terrible burden across and beat it against the sides of the mountain that obstructed its mad whirl, thus carrying the flame by leaps and bounds.

Herds of terrified cattle came thundering over the plain at the top, and as Clem took his headlong course they swept him into their midst. His progress was hopelessly impeded. There was nothing for it but to go with the seething mass, and seize the first opportunity to break away. It was an agonising delay; his personal danger, which was great, was driven from his mind by the thought of those at home. If the fire reached there before him! They would see it, certainly, but not in time to be of much avail. He was carried hither and thither by the maddened brutes around him, but at last, with frantic endeavour of lung and whip, he forced his way through them and was free! On, on he tore, his horse in such a state of quiver and lather that its footing became less sure, yet neither man nor beast would slacken, until one or the other was beaten.

Thicker grew the smoke behind them. Breathing was choked, and both grew mad with the awful smarting pain in their eyes, yet still they went!

"Tobias, old boy, if you do it, you shall go easy all your life,' and Tobias did his best. The hottest fumes were out-distanced, and the house hove in sight, enveloped, it is true, in smoke—still, they were in time!

Men were grouped anxiously in the nearest paddock, and, as Clem and Tobias staggered up to the door, all the rest rushed out of the house.

In a state of complete exhaustion, Clem half rolled off his horse.

"Quick! for your lives!" he gasped. "Wet sacks—lop some boughs! Go, Hal and John, left side, beyond paddocks!"

The two girls, Chris and Kitty, were at the door with the others. Chris now came forward.

"Kitty, get Clem some whiskey and beaten eggs. Never mind Tobias, Hal. I'll see to him, so that you can all go at once," and with the alertness of the Australian-bred girl Chris led the

tottering and spent horse to the stable, rubbed him down, and, giving him a restoring mash, returned to the house, to find Clem reviving under the ministrations of the "town-bred goose."

A hasty tub, and a quick change of clothes, completed the process, and in less than an hour Clem was at it with the others, beating out the ever-encroaching flames with wetted sacks and green boughs.

The smoke grew thicker as the fire advanced, and the battle waxed fierce and hot indeed. Fortunately, two sides of the house were protected by the river, which wound around the base of the hill upon which it stood. Had it not been for this, the defenders of this fire siege must have capitulated, and the fire fiend swept along, a blighting conqueror, sparing none.

Far into the night they worked, Kitty and Chris busy making "billies" full of tea to ease the strained, parched throats.

Clem was nearly done, and as he lifted his sack to bring it down with withering force he turned giddy, and fell forward into the flame. The old Irish factotum seized him by the belt and dragged him out.

"Shure, masther, if the devil *has* come so close, ye needn't reach to wilcome him in sich a hurry!"

Giddiness and exhaustion even were not proof against such a taunt, and with a feeble smile Clem scrambled to his perpendicular, and made his way to the house for an interval of rest and refreshment.

"What a plucky little girl it is!" he said to Kitty as she brought him the steaming fluid. Perhaps it was the steam that was responsible for the bright drops on her cheeks as she looked at Clem's worn, blackened face; but it was with a cheery voice she replied:—

"You bush people are awfully conceited! You think no one off a station has any qualities at all. Now *I* do not consider you have yet given me a chance to show pluck in any way."

"Don't you? I think you are behaving splendidly! You must be dead tired."

"Tired? I like that! Did ever a blacker pot accuse a cleaner kettle?"

Chris and Clem both laughed. Danger is never so near that the strain cannot be lightened by humour.

At three o'clock the men gave out. The heavy dew was by now acting as sufficiently powerful check for the moment, and it was deemed advisable to take advantage of it for a period of sleep. So for two or three hours the house was silent, save for the heavy breathings of the scorched and grimed sleepers.

Kitty looked from her window on to the weird scene, and thought how little she, in common with most Melbourne folk, realised what a bush fire was like. In the distance she could see blazing trees against the night-black sky; lurid smoke and shooting flames obscured the mountains completely. Round the house all was still, but the distant bellowings of affrighted cattle and the crackling and crashing of trees haunted her dreams all night.

When she awoke the sun was up, and so were Chris and the men, now working in relays to hold out against the siege. The fence had caught in several places, and large gaps had to be made to save the whole from destruction.

All that day the fight continued. It was a terrific strain on everyone, and the knowledge of the desolation which a fire left in its wake was not inspiriting, though it tended to goad the flagging energies.

The two girls were fearfully tired, yet they kept a brave front, and cheered the little army when they came up for food and rest all through the day. The shadows of evening had fallen before Clem reported the joyful tidings that the wind had shifted, carrying the fire to the west, all danger to the house being therefore over.

It was a worn but thankful household that lay down to their hard-earned sleep that night, even though they knew their labours were not ended, and that next morning would see them still at their wearisome task of beating out the embers. In fact, the morning's wakening made all realise the seriousness of the outlook from other points of view.

The damage to the fencing was a costly item, but the most appalling was the vision of starving stock driven from their usual pasturage, and unable to find other fields on which to appease their hunger.

Kitty, too, was getting anxious on her own account. She had an invalid mother, who would certainly be reduced to a state of frenzy if her already delayed departure was further postponed. She had come for a couple of weeks' visit to her cousins, and had been due at another friend's some days since. She felt sure they would write her mother to know the reason of her non-appearance, and the anxiety at home would then be terrible.

She discussed the matter with Clem.

"My dear girl, it's impossible for you to leave. No pack horse could go over the country in its present state, even if you could do so."

"Never mind the pack horse—I can leave my clothes," urged Kitty. "I *must* go. Mother will be frantic. You know I ought to have gone a couple of days before the fire, but I stopped for

HERDS OF TERRIFIED CATTLE CAME THUNDERING OVER THE PLAIN AT THE TOP, AND AS GLEN TOOK HIS HEADLONG COURSE THEY SWEPT HIM INTO THEIR MIDST.

*Drawn by A. F. Morris.*

Google

that picnic, and now the fire has prevented my even sending word."

"But, Kit," expostulated Chris, "you could never stand a thirty-mile ride to the railway after all this fatigue."

"I must stand it, if there is no other way," replied her cousin, with decision, "so now, Clem what can you suggest?"

Clem shrugged his shoulders, and refused to "suggest." It was Hal who came to the rescue at last.

"Why should she not ride to the Stocktons'? They would be only too pleased to drive her the rest of the way. That would ease matters by a third of the distance, anyhow."

So it was settled. Hal offered himself as escort, but before Kitty could accept Clem interfered.

"If you will go, I'll go with you," and his tone was such that all deemed it wise not to gainsay him.

Early to bed and early to rise was his prescription also, and, consequently, seven o'clock in the morning saw Kitty, with a neat package, containing a gown in which to travel, to be strapped on to Clem's saddle.

She had expressed a wish to ride Tobias, and that trusted steed was equipped for her ladyship; so, Clem mounted on another animal of mettle, the two started on their journey.

Not even Clem, and certainly not Kit, imagined the ride would be quite as awful as it proved. The sun was glaring through the smoke "quite like a London fog," as the latter said.

"Did you like London?" asked Clem, *apropos* of her remark.

"Oh, yes!" she replied with enthusiasm.

"Don't suppose you would care for 'station life?'" was his next abrupt query.

"Oh, I like it well enough," said Kitty in an evasive manner. "But I should not like too many bush fires."

Clem's heart sank as much as if bush fires were of weekly occurrence, and he remained silent as they picked their way among the still smouldering undergrowth. They were riding along the river valley, but soon they commenced to ascend. The mountains were blackened, and the tops devastated by the fire; a curious effect was produced by the charred summits, as against the comparatively untouched valleys over which the fire had flown in wind-driven haste.

The horses had as much as they could do to keep their footing, stumbling now and again into pitfalls of hot ashes. But worse met them when they descended the mountain, and came once more to the river. The fire had crossed the stream, and now was raging right in their course.

Kitty's heart stood still, the smoke and sulphurous fumes choked her, while her eyes streamed pitiably from the same distressful cause.

"Kit, we must turn back," said Clem's voice.

"How far have we to go?" she gasped.

"About ten miles."

"All like this?"

"Well, no," admitted Clem. "We reach the roads in about three miles; but Kitty, my darling, do as I ask—the danger is too great."

Kitty flushed at the pleading voice, and then paled as the necessity for taking the risk impressed itself upon her anew.

At such moments conventionalities make their bow, and bared of the cloak of coquetries induced by the mind, the heart stands confessed. She no longer thought him a poor thing. All Kitty's soul was in her eyes as she turned them to Clem, and with a sweet gesture of appeal, said:—

"Clem, dear, if it is possible to go through, don't dissuade me; I have such a nervous dread upon me; the doctor told us the last time mother was ill that any excitement or worry would be fatal."

Clem took the proffered hand, and kissed it with tender reverence.

"Very well, dear—I will lead; keep as close as possible."

In curiously subdued, repressed mood, yet with set expression of face, they forded the river and faced the fire. Not a word did they utter, but like two spectres in the smoke, guided their trembling horses the best they could. The undergrowth was a charred mass, but the trees were blazing and crashing on every side. A huge trunk fell right in front of Tobias's nose; he snorted and reared; it was a critical moment, requiring steady hand and nerves. Kitty's involuntary cry brought Clem to her side; he took Tobias by the bridle and led him away from the smoking timber, and soothed and quieted him back to her control. On they pressed, the smoke gradually becoming more intermittent, but danger by no means past; a spark settled on Kitty's habit and burnt a hole before she was aware, the edge of which was just quickening into a flame when she saw it, and, with a scream of abject terror, seized it between her hands. Clem was off his horse in a jiffy; in another minute the fire was crumpled out, and he was forcing his cousin to swallow some brandy. It restored her nerves sufficiently to allow her to proceed, but her hands were trembling as much as her horse.

"Poor Tobias, it's rough on him to have two such expeditions," she said to Clem.

"Good old horse!" said Clem. "There's not many would have kept within control! They get

so terrified at fire. But he shall have his reward; he sha'n't do any more work until you give it him."

It was not the fire that was entirely answerable for the rose tint on Kitty's face, for they were gradually parting company with that devastating element.

With indescribable feelings of relief she sighted her destination, and saw her host and hostess-to-be standing at their doorstep, all astonishment at the fire-scorched couple coming towards them.

"Clem Barker, as I'm living! and Miss Haynes, if I'm not mistaken. Heavens, man! You have never come through the fire?"

"We have, Jim, and my cousin's a bit done."

"I should think so," exclaimed Mrs. Stockton. "Here, my dear, come in with me, and lie down, and I will get you some tea, and you will soon feel better," and the good woman bustled poor overstrung Kitty to her room to be petted and coddled into a state of repose.

* * * * *

Late in the afternoon Clem said he must start back, and wanted to say good-bye to his cousin. She came out, a quaint figure, half lost in Mrs. Stockton's teagown.

"Going, Clem?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, I must," and they smiled at each other at the word. "Kitty!"

"Yes?" shyly.

"Kit," and Clem drew her towards him——

"Your horse is ready, Barker," called Jim Stockton.

"My darling, will you—may I?" queried Clem, with the incoherence of haste.

Kitty's reply was more explicit, if inarticulate, and if Clem's wooing was somewhat vague, yet assuredly he had brought his love through "the fire" and found her heart in the siege.

# OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

## FICTION.

*Captain Landon.* By Richard Henry Savage. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

*Tales of the Stumps.* By Horace Bleakley. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

*The Whirligig.* By Mayne Lindsay. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

*£19,000.* By Burford Delannoy. 2s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

*Oddland, and Other Fairy Tales.* By Harry A. James. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The "Chicot" Papers.* By Keble Howard ("Chicot" of the *Sketch*), illustrated by Tom Browne. 1s. (Arrowsmith.)

*First on the Antarctic Continent.* By C. E. Borchgrevink. 10s. 6d. net. (G. Newnes, Ltd.)

*The Wide World.* Vol. VI. 6s. 6d. (G. Newnes, Ltd.)

*The Compleat Angler.* By Izaak Walton. 1s. 6d. net. (Gay & Bird.)

*The Lighter Side of Cricket.* By Captain Philip Trevor. 6s. (Methuen.)

*Five Years of My Life.* By Alfred Dreyfus. 6s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

*The Sunday Strand.* Vol. III. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

*The Strand Magazine.* Vol. XXI. 6s. 6d. (Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

*The Story of Wild Flowers.* By Professor S. Henslow. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

*Our Country's Shells.* By W. J. Gordon. 6s (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.)

*The Sports Library: Football, Hockey, and Lacrosse.* By Messrs. Fegan, Lindley, Battersby, and Isard. 2s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

*The Sports Library: Riding, Driving, and Kindred Sports.* By T. F. Dale. 2s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

*Boring.* By Captain W. Edgeworth-Johnstone, R.I.R. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale & Polden.)

*The Great Public Schools: Harrow.* By J. Fischer Williams, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

*How to Take and Fake Photographs.* By Clive Holland. 1s. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

# THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD J. NANKIVELL, *Editor of the "Philatelic Record."*

## THE COMING KING'S HEAD STAMPS.

IN September we, one and all, begin to look up our albums, and make other preparations for the coming winter season. We inquire what has happened during the summer season? what new issues have been chronicled? and what is expected in the near future? This year we enter upon what may be termed great expectations; for probably before the year is out we shall have more than one sample of the long-talked-of King's head issue.

A month or so since we had definite information that a new series of stamps was being prepared for the Transvaal with the King's head. This series will most likely be the first of the King's head issues. But I have just received information of the preparation of a new penny English stamp which may be put into circulation very shortly. It will bear a profile portrait of the King's head by an Austrian artist named Fuchs. The head will turn to the left, as in the present stamps. This is held to be against precedent, as those who collect coins will know that the sovereigns' heads turn to right and left alternately. Therefore, the late Queen's head having been turned to the left, the King's head, it is contended, should turn to the right. All I can say is that I am told on excellent authority that the King's head on the new penny English stamp will turn to the left. The new stamp will be printed in purple on rose-red paper to conform to the Postal Union colours. That is to say, it will be in colour the same as the current 6d. The portrait of the King will be enclosed in an oval frame of laurel and oak leaves. The value will be in a tablet at the foot, and the words "Postage" and "Revenue" will be in tablets in the upper corners. The value and the words "Postage" and "Revenue," I understand, will be in black lettering.

This, then, will be the forerunner of a long series of changes. In fact, the coming season promises to be the liveliest and most interesting from a philatelic point of view that we have had since the first penny stamp was issued. Every boy will want to have the earliest possible sight of the new stamps, and most boys will want to start right away as stamp collectors. In fact, I don't see how any fellow with the collecting instinct is going to hold out this coming winter against the temptations that will beset him. Therefore, I should say, don't delay. Get the album ready, and secure the new stamps when they come out, and note them as the first printings, for subsequent supplies are sure to vary slightly.

## SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PROVISIONALS FOR THE BEGINNER.

For the last eighteen months we have had a continuous flood of war provisionals from South Africa. The specialist has simply revelled in the numberless varieties which have been discovered, and long lists have been compiled from month to month embodying every error or slip of the printer. But, so far as I know, the beginner, as usual, has been very much overlooked. The present, therefore, seems a very opportune time to reckon up what has been issued and is collectable from the beginner's point of view. The best form in which I can place the various issues before the readers of THE CAPTAIN is by taking each colony separately.

### MAFEKINGS.

First we must have a few words about Mafekings. I do not suppose that many boys will spare sufficient pocket money to go in heavily for what are known as the Mafeking siege stamps. But some may be inclined to buy the cheaper stamps of the series, and others may have some presented to them; and as all will probably have heard some mutterings of the controversies that have raged over these stamps, it may be well at the start to speak openly as to their real postal status. Some people contend that the stamps were never called for from a postal necessity point of view—that they were entirely a speculation on the part of some philatelically minded members of the gallant little band that stood so bravely to their guns through the long months of the ever-memorable siege. Others, on the contrary, affirm that they were needed, that they were properly issued, and that they franked letters to this country. All this has been debated hotly by both sides, and as a result the sober and impartial philatelist is

inclined to believe that the stamps were most probably issued for philatelic purposes, but as they did postal duty, openly franking letters to this country, and as no abuse can rob them of the fact that they are interesting souvenirs of a gallant stand by a small band of Englishmen and women, we shall all have a soft side for them, and be inclined to let them pass muster into our catalogues and albums. The prices have run up and down wonderfully in the auctions. At first collectors "went for" them madly, and it was anticipated by Mafekingites that they would reach £100 a set, but they dropped to below £20, and many single stamps that were catalogued at pounds brought only a few shillings. It is expected that prices will rise again, and that they will eventually settle down to something above the lowest prices reached. My advice to readers of THE CAPTAIN is to open their arms widely for any presents of Mafekings, but to be very chary about buying more than a single copy or so for souvenir purposes. They are much better left severely alone by the young collector, especially as there are numbers of very clever forgeries in circulation.

### ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

When the Orange Free State was annexed by the British in March last the stock of Free State stamps captured with the capital in the Bloemfontein post office was forthwith over-printed with the initials "V.R.I.," and as the value in the Free State stamps was expressed in Dutch only, figures of English values were also printed below the initials.

The first lot of stamps so over-printed was full of all sorts of interesting little so-called printers' errors. There were omitted stops, and omitted letters, etc., but there were many philatelists, or shall we say philatelically minded people, about who quickly gobbled up these little trifles, and hid them up their sleeves, to be brought out later on at such modest prices as £5, £10, £20, and even £25 for a simple 6d. stamp. The authorities and all officially concerned were shocked—or professed to be. Orders were at once promulgated that more care was to be exercised. Henceforward few notable, or what some would call glaring, errors were perpetrated by "a careless printer," but little differences crept in somehow, and varieties dear to the heart of the specialist cropped up with sufficient regularity, till to-day a full list of all that a specialist considered worth noting and collecting would cover many pages of THE CAPTAIN. It is that list which I now propose to cut down to manageable proportions for the beginner.

I am, I must admit, a great stickler for advising the beginner to confine his collecting to the simplest varieties. But I do so only on the safe principle that it is most unwise to venture beyond your depth till you can swim well and safely. In glancing at the collectable varieties of the South African war provisionals from the beginner's point of view, I shall indicate other varieties which he may include if he feels inclined.

The V.R.I. overprints are divisible into two classes or printings. The first lot printed had all the stops on a level with the bottoms of the letters. In the second printing the stops were all re-arranged and raised to the middle space between the letters. They are distinguished as "Level Stops" and "Raised Stops." The Level Stops printing includes one stamp not to be found in the Raised Stops, namely, the 2½d., the stock of which, being small, was exhausted in the first printing.

The stamps captured and afterwards over-printed were as follows:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| "½d" on Half penny | ... | orange, | of 1897 |
| "1d" on Een penny | ... | purple, | of 1894 |
| "2d" on Twee pence | ... | bright lilac, | of 1883 |
| "2½" on Drie pence | ... | blue, | of 1896 |
| "3d" on Drie pence | ... | blue, | of 1883 |
| "4d" on Vier pence | ... | blue, | of 1898 |
| "6d" on Zes pence | ... | carmine, | of 1897 |
| "6d" on Zes pence | ... | blue, | of 1900 |
| "1s" on Een shilling | ... | brown, | of 1900 |
| "5s" on Vyf shilgs | ... | green, | of 1879 |

As most boys will want to know the value of these stamps, I append the latest catalogue prices to the list:—

### LEVEL STOPS.

| | | Unused. s. | d. | Used. s | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| V.R.I. | ½d., orange ... ... | 2 | 6 | — | |
| | 1d., purple .. .. | 2 | 6 | — | |
| | 2d., bright lilac ... | 0 | 9 | — | |
| | 2½d. on 3d., blue, var. | 15 | 0 | 16 | 6 |
| | 3d., blue .. . | 1 | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| 2d | 4d., blue ... . | 3 | ■ | 4 | 0 |
| | 6d., bright carmine .. | 30 | 0 | 32 | 6 |
| | 6d., blue ... ... | 3 | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| | 1s., brown .. ... | 2 | 0 | — | |
| | 5s., green .. . | 25 | ■ | — | |

These prices are for what are termed the normal stamps without varieties. But as so many nice things tumble unasked into the collector's net, I append a list in brief of the varieties that the specialist looks for, in the hope that my readers may know what to look for in any lots that come into their hands. Some of these varieties are highly valued. I do not advise the beginner to open out into such advanced lines of collecting, but it is no harm to make yourself acquainted with this list of valuable varieties that may turn up at any time.

For lack of knowledge of this list a boy may unwittingly swop away a stamp worth pounds for a stamp worth only a few pence to a sharper youth in possession of this list.

The Level Stops setting comprises the following varieties :—

1. Level stops, normal.
2. No stop after "V" of "V.R.I."
3. No stop after "R" of "V.R.I."
4. No stop after "I" of "V.R.I."
5. Figures of value omitted.
6. Letter "d" omitted from the value.
7. Figure and letter of value omitted.
8. Letter "V" of "V.R.I." omitted.
9. Letter "I" of "V.R.I." omitted.
10. Double surcharge.
11. Large square stop.
12. Raised stop after "s."
13. Slanting or shifted "d" in value.
14. Wider spacing between "r" and "d."
15. Wider spacing between "r" and "s"
16. Wider "3" in "3d."

RAISED STOPS.

| | Unused. s. | d. | Used. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ½d., orange ... ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| 1d., purple ... ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| 2d., bright lilac ... | 0 | 4 | — | |
| 3d., blue ... ... | 0 | 6 | 0 | 9 |
| 4d., ,, ... ... | 2 | 6 | — | |
| 6d., bright carmine ... | 30 | 0 | — | |
| 6d., blue ... ... | 0 | 10 | — | |
| 1s., brown ... ... | 1 | 9 | — | |
| 5s., green ... ... | 7 | 6 | — | |

The Raised Stops setting comprises the following varieties :—

1. Misplaced stops : some level, some raised.
2. All stops raised.
3. Thick "V" in "V.R.I."
4. No stop after "V" of "V.R.I."
5. No stop after "R" of "V.R.I."
6. No stop after "I" of "V.R.I."
7. Shorter figure and dropped "d" : "1d".
8. Dropped "d" in value.
9. Wider spacing between "V" and "R."

THE TRANSVAAL.

When Lord Roberts, at the head of the British Army, reached Pretoria, the stamps of the Transvaal, or South African Republic as it was styled by the Boers, were also treated in a similar manner, but as the Transvaal stamps had their values expressed upon the stamps in figures as well as in Dutch, it was not necessary to add figures of value under the initials V.R.I.

The full list, with the latest catalogue values, is as follows :—

| | Unused. s. | d. | Used. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ½d., green ... ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 3 |
| 1d., carmine ... ... | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 |
| 2d., dark brown ... | 0 | 4 | — | |
| 2½d., blue ... ... | 0 | 5 | — | |
| 3d., reddish purple ... | 0 | 6 | — | |
| 4d., sage-green ... | 0 | 8 | — | |
| 6d., lilac ... ... | 1 | 0 | — | |
| 1s., ochre ... ... | 1 | 9 | — | |
| 2s. 6d., purple ... | 4 | 6 | — | |
| 5s., slate ... ... | 30 | 0 | 30 | 0 |
| 10s., pale brown .. | 20 | 0 | 24 | 0 |
| £5, green ... .. | 160 | 0 | — | |

In March of this year the Transvaal postal authorities, needing a further printing of the 1d. value, substituted an "E." in the overprint in place of "V." for our late Queen, and this E.R.I. surcharged stamp was therefore the first postage stamp recognition of the new sovereign, and just as we go to press I have received the ½d. from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., overprinted E.R.I., and it is probable that we shall have other values with the E.R.I. overprint, for the new King's head issue cannot be ready for some time.

| | Unused. s. | d. | Used. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ½d., green ... ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| 1d., carmine ... ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 |

## SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

There is still a paucity of new issues, still a calm before the storm. But there is no need to deplore this paucity, for in all probability we shall have floods of all sorts before the year is out. The King's head issues all over the Empire loom up in perspective, and must soon be here. At first I believed the King's head stamps and coins would be held back till the coronation. It may still be so, but there are signs that we shall have some Colonial, if not English, King's head stamps before that. Already we are promised an early issue of King's head Transvaal, and Orange River Colony has been wanting new stamps for several months.

ITALY.—The long promised new King's portrait stamps have come to hand at last. The lower values are of the arms type, and higher

ITALIAN NEW ISSUES.

5 kroner, myrtle green.
BOSNIA.

values have the portrait. They were issued on July 1st last. Other higher values will follow shortly. We illustrate those received.

BOSNIA.—A high value 5 kroner of a pleasing design, as illustrated, has been issued here.

3 dinar, carmine.
SERVIA

SERVIA.—From this country we have two high values, 3 dinar and 5 dinar, slightly larger than the ordinary stamps, and of new design, as illustrated.

## REVIEWS.

### HINTON'S ALBUMS.

Mr. T. H. Hinton has sent me a copy of his "Empire Postage Stamp Album" for collectors of the stamps of Great Britain and her colonies. Its size is large quarto, 11¼ins. by 9½ins. There are 448 pages. On the top of each page is the name of the colony, with clear full-size illustrations of types of the various issues, and underneath the page is ruled into squares for the orderly reception of the stamps. The paper used is good, and a series of excellent maps of the various groups of the Empire will be found very useful to the collector. The publisher is Mr. E. Nister, 28, Paternoster Row, London.

### DEALERS' PRICE LISTS.

I have Gibbons' South African addenda to their catalogue, bringing the issues for Mafeking, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal up to date, with all the chronicled varieties of the V.R.I. surcharges in great profusion. The lists are carefully done in specialist style. They are, of course, too puzzling for the beginner, but for those who are emerging from the philatelic chrysalis state the lists will be a most interesting study.

Mr. A. H. Dingwall, Ambawalla, Weston-super-Mare, sends me a neatly got-up price list of cheap sets, etc., of some eighty pages. Mr. Dingwall announces that he has "one of the finest stocks of old Europeans in England." A feature of the catalogue is the cataloguing and pricing of old stamps on envelopes and on pieces of the original envelopes.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**F. J. P.**—Sky-blue English current ½d. is only chemical changeling of current ½d. green. **Ultramar.**—Cuba will give you plenty for your money, but it has been "boomed," and therefore any values that could be advanced have been put up. It is not a country I should select. Better go in for an English colony. Ewen, 32, Palace Road, Norwood, makes a speciality of English, and should be able to supply the English plate numbers cheaply. **Stamps.**—Yes, by all means stick to Great Britain. You can do a lot, even with small judicious expenditure, if you confine yourself to *used* copies. **G. H. L.** (NATAL).—Thanks for your post-card. You will be interested in our South African article this month. Last month we chronicled the new German colonies. **J. H. F.** (CALCUTTA).—Yes, we note the paler shade in the new ½d. in India, but we were correct in saying there is no change in colour. **H. D. Schloss.**—Head of Germania set comprises 2, 3, 5, 20, 25, 30 40, 50, and 80 pfennig = nine values. **R. A. Eddy.**—Many thanks for set of American. You will see that we illustrated the set in the July CAPTAIN. **I. B. S.**—Can't say value of Transvaal without seeing it. **Bobs.**—Don't know your Johannesburg label Should say it is a bogey made to sell to bogies. **Opal.**—The 1d. English current in 1876 is catalogued at 3d. unused. Some of the plate numbers are valuable. **R. R. B.**—The English 1d. black used is worth from 2d. to 1s., according to condition. Your red 1d. is of no special value.

# THE FIELD OF FAIR RENOWN.

SOME ESSAYS BY "CAPTAIN" READERS.

Illustrated by George Morrow.

## "KATE BARLASS."

By Elsie Long.

ALL lovers of Scottish history will remember with a thrill of admiration the day on which Kate Douglas performed her brave deed in saving her Sovereign's life.

It was February 20th, 1438, a gala-day in Perth, and King James I. of Scotland and his court had spent it in feasting and hunting. During their absence the King's enemies managed to gain access to the royal chambers, where they destroyed the bars and locks on the doors.

That night, all unconscious of the danger awaiting him, James was chatting gaily with his wife and her women, just before retiring to rest, when suddenly from without the room was lit up with a lurid glare of torches. The King, springing to the window, saw that the garden below was full of armed men. He at once recognised his peril and looked round for means of escape, but there was none available. The windows were barred; the doors only led him to the enemy.

As he stood thus, cut off from all ways of flight, one of the women remembered that there was an old disused vault under the chamber floor. The King seized the fire-tongs, and by dint of superhuman efforts succeeded in wrenching up some of the planks in the flooring. He disappeared just as the footsteps of armed men were heard approaching, and at any cost the planks had to be in their place again before the men entered. The Queen hammered at them with all her strength, but every minute the men were drawing nearer and nearer. They would discover the monarch's hiding-place, and then all efforts would be in vain. "Bar the door!" cried the Queen, and her women sprang to do her bidding, but alas! the bar had been wrenched off. What could be done?

Then it was that Kate Douglas, the Queen's favourite maid, thrust her arm through the staples, and so made a living bolt—a bar of flesh and blood. The enemy tried the door, but were checked for the time being. The Queen, with the energy of love and despair, worked on, while Kate, with teeth clenched, but determined at any price to save her King, clung to her post.

KATE THRUST HER ARM THROUGH THE STAPLES, AND SO MADE A LIVING BOLT.

The planks were at last driven down, the conspirators rushed into the chamber, and Kate, with her arm broken, fell fainting to the floor.

Kate's devotion to her King has been the theme of many poets and historians, and the people's pride in their brave young heroine was so great that they gave her a name of honour, and she was thenceforth known as "Kate Barlass."

---

## THE LAST PLACE IN THE BOAT.

By Erica Oliver.

I think the bravest deed I have ever heard or read of was that of Alexander Cumine Russell, who was on board the ill-fated *Birkenhead*. He was educated at Trinity College, or "Glenalmond," as it is generally called, Perthshire.

A grander deed could not have been done by mortal soldier, let alone by a boy just out of school, a mere lad of seventeen, in the 74th Highlanders, now the Highland Light Infantry.

Russell was ordered to command one of the

boats carrying the women and children. He sat with dimmed eyes in the stern, some way off the doomed ship, watching the forms of his beloved comrades standing there. He saw the ship go down, carrying with it hundreds of gallant hearts. He saw those fearful creatures of the deep seizing their prey, and heard the screams of scores of human beings as they were torn to pieces by sharks. Then, when all for him was safe, when to him was given (with honour) life, ambition, and glory, he saw a sailor's form rise close to the side of the boat, and a hand strive to grasp an oar. There was not room in the boat for a single person more without great risk of its upsetting, but as the sailor's face rose clear at the boat's side, a woman in the craft called out in agony, "Save him! Save him! He is my husband!"

Russell looked at that woman, then at her children, then at that sailor struggling in the waves, with his eyes beseeching help; then at the dreaded sharks. He rose in the stern of the boat, with a bold plunge jumped clear of it, and helped that sailor into what had been his place—and safety. Then, amidst a chorus of "God bless you!" from every soul in the boat, the young officer—a lad of seventeen—turned round to meet his death.

---

**THE COLENSO GUNNER.**

By William Mellor.

Among the many brave deeds I have read about, I have no need to turn back the pages of our glorious history, but briefly to write of an act of splendid devotion and courage in the present Boer War.

We are told that long before daybreak our infantry began to prepare, and that the battle of Colenso (embarked upon with cheerfulness and great hope of victory) was to commence. The field battery, under Colonel Long, soon took up the bombardment, and scouts sent out by him brought in the news that none of the enemy could be seen. Then the colonel resolved to push rapidly forward; but, on doing so, a shot rang out from the hidden Boers, and soon their whole force was pouring in a terrible fire. The situation was hopeless, and it became plain that the guns must be abandoned, but the colonel refused to give in, and sent for help. But none was forthcoming. Our men were cut down like ripened corn under the reaper's sickle, and what ammunition was left was quickly used up by the few brave fellows who had not fallen. At last two only were left. One was soon struck, and joined his brave comrades in death. The last walked slowly before his gun, as calmly as if on parade, and, saluting with his face to the foe, died as a Briton should die, at his post of duty. There was no earthly glory to be gained, no Victoria Cross to receive from the hands of his Sovereign, amid the cheers of the multitude; there would be no proud welcome for him to his dear homeland. But the memory of his fearlessness will never fade, and Englishmen will ever treasure in their hearts the story of the man who, to the last, stood to his guns on Colenso battle-field.

---

**HIS DUTY.**

By Charles J. B. Maxfield.

There was a boy once who was an orphan. He had but two relations in the world, one an uncle, and the other an aunt, who had quarrelled bitterly, and had not seen each other for years. The uncle was a rich man, and treated the boy handsomely. He sent him to a great public school and the university, and gave him all his heart desired; but the aunt had for long lived in the most abject poverty. Then the uncle died, leaving the whole of his vast fortune to the boy, on one condition only—that he should never in any way give the slightest assistance to his aunt. If he did so, all the money was to go to another.

The boy had seen very little of the aunt, and what he had seen did not particularly attract him, but he rejected the fortune, threw aside his ambitions, procured a post as bank clerk, and, by dint of incessant hard work, managed to support himself and make some sort of home for the aunt's declining years.

* * * *

That, I think, is "the bravest deed I ever heard of." And shall I tell you why? It was not done in the heat of some great battle, or in some great cause which appeals to the world, where decorations and lifelong honour and glory await the successful hero. The boy's action was a calm and deliberate one; he knew that what he was going to do would bring him nothing but bitter toil and struggle.

Again, a man may do great things and make great sacrifices for the sake of one whom he loves, perhaps, almost better than himself, but the boy had no such motive to prompt him. He was just beginning to taste the joys of life; with a fortune like his uncle's, with health, ability, and ambition, it seemed as if he might make a name in the world. But he gave it all up; all the luxury and comfort he had known as long as he could remember anything; all the friendships he had made at school and college; and all the possibilities of the wealth that would have been his if he had decided otherwise.

The world laughed at him, of course, and told

him he had "no right" to thus throw himself away; that he was too good to live; that the troubles of his aunt were no business of his; but they could not move the boy one inch. He believed it was his duty to take the pill, bitter though it was, and he swallowed it bravely.

Reader, do you not agree with me that this boy won for himself a foremost place in the "Field of Fair Renown"?

---

## THE BOY WHO TOOK THE MESSAGE.

By Inga. S. Bell.

More than two hundred years ago, in the reign of Charles II., there lived an admiral called Sir John Narbourgh. One day he was standing on the quarter-deck of the flagship, looking about him, when suddenly he sighted in the distance a row of tall masts, with the Dutch flag floating over them

THE BOY, THRUSTING THE DESPATCH INTO HIS MOUTH, PLUNGED INTO THE SEA.

His stern eyes sparkled joyfully, for, next to an old friend, a British sailor loves an old enemy.

A gale was blowing, and the waves were tremendous. They could not lower a boat because of the great seas, and a message had to be sent for help.

"Lads," cried Sir John, going forward, a scrap of paper in hand, "this must go at once to Captain Hardy, and the only way is for someone to swim with it. Fifty guineas to anyone that volunteers."

Such a request was little better than a proposal of death, yet half the crew stepped forward. Before anyone could speak, a shrill voice cried:—

"Let me go, sir!" There stood a ragged little cabin boy, touching his forelock to Sir John.

"You, my boy! You could never swim so far in this sea," said the admiral.

Answered the boy: "I'm not going to sit still and see everyone fighting the Dutch. Flog me to-morrow if you will, but let me go to-day."

The admiral grasped the thin hand. "You're a chip of the old block; off with you then, and may God keep you safe!" The boy, thrusting the despatch into his mouth, plunged into the sea, which, owing to a lull in the storm, was a little calmer now.

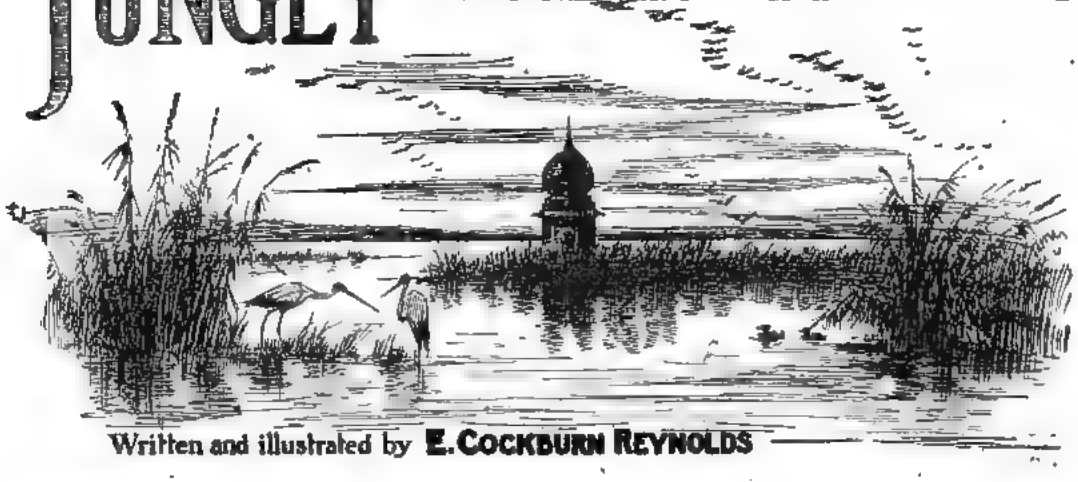
Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the English colours breaking through the smoke. Suddenly there came a fresh thunder of guns, and the English flag appeared, sweeping all before it. The battle was won, and the Dutch vessels that escaped disappeared. The admiral stood on the deck to do honour to the cabin boy. Sir John held out fifty guineas. The boy refused them.

"If you say you are pleased, it's all I want."

The whole crew gave one deafening cheer. When it died away, the admiral said: "God bless you, brave lad! I'll live to see you on a quarter-deck of your own yet."

This prophecy was fulfilled. When Queen Anne's greatest admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, sailed up the Thames in triumph, the first to greet him was a white-haired man, who met him with, "I said I'd see you on a quarter-deck of your own, and I have!"

# JUNGLY ACHIEVES THE IMPOSSIBLE



Written and illustrated by **E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS**

WHILST out shooting we see a strange fakir. Jungly declares him to be an Englishman disguised. Having made his way through an almost impassable morass to an island in the centre, the fakir is unable to find his way out, and is dying of hunger when Jungly and myself rescue him. He is still with us, and convalescent, when two sergeants come into our camp on the look-out for a deserter. The fakir hides on the island, and the sergeants proceed on their way to act as escort to a Government loan. The supposed fakir then explains that, being imprisoned on a trumped-up charge of trying to murder a sergeant, he escapes from prison and joins a gang of dacoits. To his horror he discovers that their leader is the notorious Ghazee Khan. His story continues:—

## PART III.

"I HAD to disguise my disgust and hatred of such a murderer as Ghazee Khan if I intended to escape, so I went through the ceremony of mixing blood with him, though it fairly made me sick. But he was a brave man, I will say that of him. The tales his comrades told me about their leader's pluck and daring would fill a volume. There was one, that the Rajah of Lal Kunder bought a splendid Arab for 25,000 rupees. Ghazee Khan sent him word that he would possess himself of the horse within the month. The horse was in the royal stables, which contained two hundred horses; a high wall enclosed the stables, and the only gate was strictly guarded by Sepoys. The Rajah increased the guard at the gate, and placed six grooms in the animal's stable.

"Ghazee Khan, disguised as a grass-cutter, gained admission to the stable, jumped on the back of the Arab, and rode him off in broad daylight before the eyes of the guard and other witnesses. A dozen bullets whistled after him, and mounted men gave chase, but the horse was so fleet that none could come up with it, and Ghazee Khan had often since then owed his life to the swiftness of this costly creature.

"I went on several expeditions with them, and was always on the look-out for some way of escape, but for some time I did not get the chance. One day, however, Ghazee and I were alone on the road, the couple of followers we had with us having been despatched to the nearest village to procure tobacco and milk. A solitary traveller came along the road, and Ghazee Khan, saying he had the appearance of a monied man, held him up, but he willingly let us search him, and beyond a few copper coins he had nothing with him. Ghazee Khan was furious, and said he was sure he had notes or jewels concealed about him somewhere, and proceeded to torture him into confessing it. This I tried to stop him doing, and we nearly came to blows over the matter. The poor chap, finding I sided with him, resisted, and struck Ghazee Khan across the face; the next moment something flashed in the moonlight, and the dacoit's knife was buried in the heart of his wretched victim. This sight simply maddened me, and I gave Ghazee Khan a blow that dropped him, stunned or dazed, across the body of the murdered man. He recovered himself, however, in a moment or two, and, drawing his sword, came at me with set teeth and eyes glaring like a tiger's. We had both sent our horses to the village to be watered, and I had left rifle and revolver on my saddle, so I

was practically unarmed. Snatching up the bamboo staff the traveller had carried, I parried a blow with it, and found, to my surprise, that it weighed as much as a bar of lead. Seizing my opportunity, I brought it down with all my might upon the head of the dacoit, breaking through his guard easily, and beating down his sword as if it had been a wisp of straw; next moment he lay stretched upon the road, to all appearance as lifeless as the corpse beside him.

"Taking the clothes of the dead Hindoo, and his bamboo, which I afterwards found was filled with gold mohurs, I made off down the road. Eventually I disguised myself as a fakir and came to this place, and you know the rest."

"HE CAME AT ME WITH SET TEETH, AND EYES GLARING LIKE A TIGER'S."

Leonard, having finished his narrative, asked what I would advise him to do.

I counselled that he should return to cantonments, give himself up, and face his trial. As Topman had no witnesses, his charge would drop through.

"Ah, you don't know Topman! He would be sure to bribe some syce or punkha coolie to say he had seen me point my gun at him," replied Leonard dejectedly.

Jungly, who had taken a great interest in Leonard's tale, which I translated a bit at a time to him, now said:—

"Sahib, to me it seems Topman Sahib is of the kind who will promise anything to be got out of a great difficulty. Now, supposing the dacoits were to capture him and the men conveying the treasure from the Rajah of Lal Kunder, and if Leonard Sahib was to set him free on condition that he told the truth, and said Leonard Sahib was innocent, then I think all would be well."

We both laughed at the simplicity of Jungly, and the impossible scheme he would suggest in the event of anything so remote as the capture of Sergeant Topman.

Next day we moved our camp about twenty miles to the east, which Leonard informed me was only another twenty miles from Ghazee Khan's stronghold. Jungly asked for ten days' leave, saying he had some small matters of his own to attend to, so, though loth to part with him, I let him go. Leonard continued to stay with me, but I took the precaution of making him dress in some of my clothes. On the tenth day Jungly returned.

"Have you accomplished your business to your satisfaction?" I asked him.

"Yes, sahib," he replied quietly. "Sergeant Topman and ten soldiers have been taken prisoners by Ghazee Khan, with all the treasure."

Leonard and I were struck dumb with amazement, and could not even find breath for an exclamation of surprise.

"Also," proceeded Jungly, "I have made all things ready, and it will be an easy matter to set the soldiers free, and take the dacoits prisoners."

At last I recovered from my surprise sufficiently to say:—

"But surely you have not done this thing, Jungly—betrayed the English soldiers and the treasure to Ghazee Khan!"

"Why not?" he asked quite simply. "It will do great good. The sergeant will be humbled in his pride, Leonard Sahib's life will be saved, and the dacoits will be captured."

"You don't mean to say you have been into Ghazee Khan's fortress and come out alive?" exclaimed Leonard. "Only once, I was told, did a stranger enter the place; Ghazee Khan had him tortured to death, believing he was a spy."

"All things are possible to the man who will take thought," said Jungly.

"Except your plan for three of us to capture a band of sixty dacoits," I said with a laugh. "Come, Jungly, if you want us to listen to this mad scheme of yours, you must tell us exactly what you have seen and done at Ghazee Khan's."

"It was an easy matter, sahib," replied he. "Once before I saw the rock Leonard Sahib described, although I did not know it was Ghazee Khan's stronghold, so I soon found the place. I hid in the bushes and watched it all day, and saw nothing except an old wood-cutter, who, thinking he was unobserved, carried firewood into the fortress by the secret entrance at the base. The next day I saw him come out and go into the jungle again. So I came upon him while he was felling wood, and we commenced a conversation. I knew people of his caste and trade in the city whom he knew, and he became confidential, and told me he wanted to go to the city for a few days very much, but that his master was a hard man, and wanted a lot of wood stored up before the rains commenced again. I suggested that I would be glad to earn a few annas by doing his work while he was away, but he said that was impossible, for certain reasons.

"'And yet,' I said, 'I could tell Ghazee Khan that which would make him welcome me with open arms.'

"The old man was astonished when he saw I knew who his master was, and pricked up his ears.

"'What, my son, hast thou to tell?' he asked me. 'Any treasure? for in truth their coffers are nearly empty, and they have had bad luck of late.'

"'Treasure, aye, such as he has never taken before—lacs of it to his very hand,' I answered.

"The old man dropped his axe. 'Where is it to be had?' he asked.

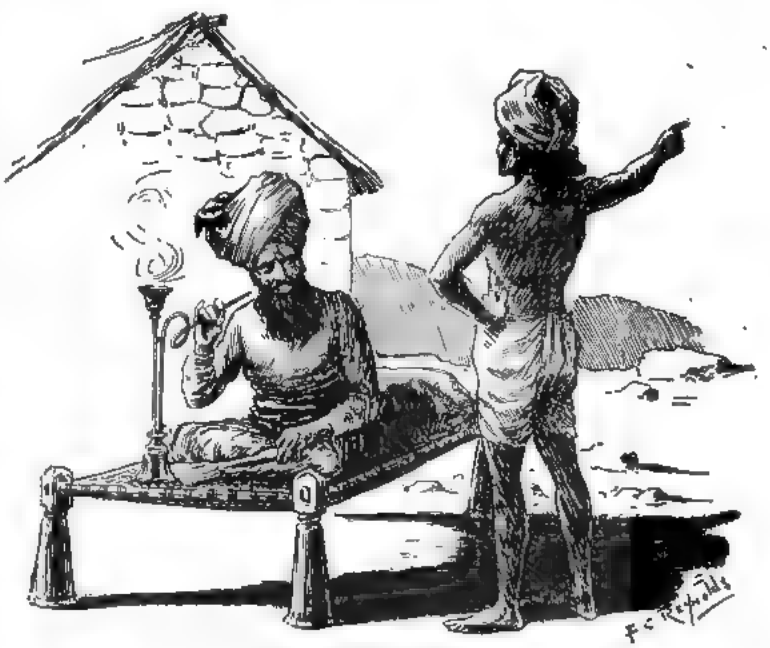
"'I will not tell a word to any but Ghazee Khan himself,' I replied.

"'Then come, my son; I will take thee to him, but do me this service—say thou art my sister's son, so that I even may reap a little of this great harvest, for my wages are dry, and Ghazee Khan can be generous on occasion.'

"So I was taken before Ghazee Khan, and told him that my brother, who was the colonel's bearer, had heard his master say that the Rajah of Lal Kunder was lending the Government 10 lacs of rupees, which were to be brought quietly in grain carts, accompanied by a handful of English soldiers. Ghazee Khan's eyes glistened, and he laughed aloud in his joy.

"'Shere Khan, my brother!' cried he to his lieutenant, 'there are fat days in store for us all. Bring forth the best wine and tobacco, and see this poor wood-cutter has a feast such as he never enjoyed in his life before; and do thou send Mahadeo to Lal Kunder, disguised as a horse dealer, and let him bring me word with all speed when this convoy starts; which will be an easy matter, for these fools of English do everything in the broad daylight. What an idiot's plan for soldiers to escort grain carts! It would awaken the suspicion of a dhobey's donkey!'

"For the next three or four days I was feasted and made a great deal of. The old wood-cutter, seeing I was so much in favour, now asked for a fortnight's leave, which Ghazee Khan gave him. That night he and I were left alone in the stronghold, as the whole band of sixty went to ambush the soldiers and the treasure. As I was to take up the wood-cutter's work the next day, he showed me the secrets of the place. Taking me to the *jemadar's* house, he opened a trap-door in the floor, and led me



"GHAZEE KHAN'S EYES GLISTENED."

through the passage in the rock to a large, roomy cave, where he told me the dacoits hid when, on two occasions, the Rajah's army, together with English soldiers, came against them; but they only found the empty huts on the rock, and went away believing the place deserted, while sixty men and horses were hiding in the heart of the rock.

"'Do they always hide, then, when they are attacked?' I asked, in surprise, 'for it would be an easy matter for sixty men to keep an army at bay in this wonderful natural fort.'

"'Yes,' answered he, 'when large numbers come against them, for what use is it to fight when they would be starved out in the end? It is much better to let the enemy think that the band have left the place and are miles away!'

"From this room there was a passage into the stable, where also the wood for the rains is stacked, and there is a side room which is used as a prison, the mouth of this cave being closed with a large stone fixed from outside.

"Next morning, before the sun was up, the dacoits returned with Sergeant Topman and ten other soldiers, and I had to help in taking the bags of rupees into the stronghold. Of course, I kept out of sight of Topman Sahib. The next few days I spent in piling up the fuel, which is kept just where the stable narrows into the passage to the upper cave. Then I craved a couple of days' leave to bring a few of my things from the city, and here I am."

Jungly now unfolded the plan by which we three were to capture a band of sixty dacoits. It was daring in the extreme, but ingenious in its great simplicity. Lack of success would mean death to all concerned, but Jungly seemed to be surprised at my thinking that the plan could possibly fail. Yet what had appeared to be a mad scheme a short time ago, now seemed quite feasible, and it spoke volumes for our faith in this strange creature of nature that we should so implicitly trust our lives in his hands.

The next night found us outside the stronghold of Ghazee Khan. There was a sentry on guard outside the secret passage at the base of the rocks. We crept up to him through the bushes, while Jungly came round another way and commenced talking to him. He then offered him a smoke of choice tobacco and produced his chillum. The dacoit laid his rifle on the grass, and squatted on his hams to smoke, while Jungly, with assumed carelessness, sat upon the rifle. The next moment we two rushed upon the man, and he was gagged and tied without making a sound. We left him under the bushes, and entered the stable cavern, at one side of which lay the cell where the prisoners were confined. Jungly undid the fastening, we rolled away the rock, and the next moment we were in the midst of the soldiers.

It was a miserable black hole in which they were confined, with only one aperture pierced through the rock, high up, for ventilating purposes. The arms of the prisoners were tied behind them, and fastened by a short rope to a ring in the wall, giving them very little freedom, and scarcely allowing them to lie down even.

Topman's surprise to see us can scarcely be expressed in words. He was in a state of abject terror. After an oath or two, he cried:—

"Oh, save me, sir, from them murderin' niggers! They're goin' to shoot the lot of us in a day or two! Save me! Save me!"

"You're in as bad a fix as Private Leonard," I replied. "He also expects he will be shot for no fault of his."

Jungly's estimation of the man's character was quite correct. If his appeal to me had been somewhat abject, he now fairly grovelled at Leonard's feet in his supplications.

"Save me, Leonard!" he whined. "I swear I'll put you straight before the whole regiment."

The other fellows looked on with a quiet contempt at Topman grovelling in the dirt. Their bad luck didn't seem to have affected them much, and the dogged pluck of the Briton showed calmly in every eye.

"How is it, Sergeant Topman," I asked, "that you told me, less than a fortnight ago, that Leonard deliberately tried to shoot you, when you now say you will 'put him straight'! Do you admit you told a lie when you said he pointed his gun at you?"

"It was a lie, sir. Only save me, and I'll repeat it before the whole regiment," urged Topman, as the drops of sweat poured from his face.

"You hear that, boys?" I asked the men, and they replied, shortly:—

"We hear."

"And so we thought all along," added one.

The men were soon liberated, and Jungly appeared with their rifles and ammunition.

Seeing the stuff Sergeant Topman was made of, I thought it would not be the best thing to let him know our plans; the daring nature of the thing we were going to attempt would have terrified him, and he would be for creeping away quietly and leaving the Government to get its treasure back as best it could.

"Sergeant Topman," I said, "if you desire your freedom, and to come out of this affair in a creditable manner, you must place yourself and your men entirely under my command for the time, and not ask any questions whatever."

Of course he readily consented to any terms.

"First of all I want one of your men to stay here at the mouth of the secret passage till he hears a jackal cry twice, followed by the hooting of an owl; that will be in half an hour's time. He is then to set fire to this stacked-up firewood, to lead these horses to the other end of the stable, and wait for us."

We then climbed the rocks. Jungly, going in advance, encountered the sentry, and told him an army of five hundred English soldiers were coming upon them. He then pointed to where our helmets were just visible above the rocks, and said we were the scouts coming in advance. The sentry immediately ran with the news to the dacoit leader. In ten minutes' time every trace of the village being inhabited had been cleared away, and Ghazee Khan and his band had retreated to the underground passage.

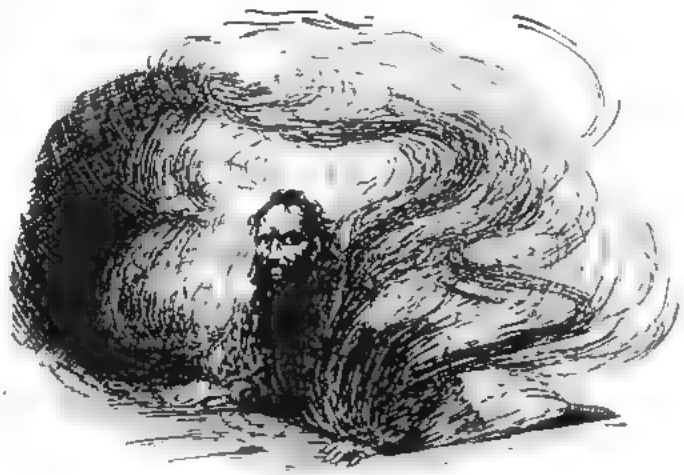
They wanted Jungly to accompany them, but he said it would be a better thing if he pretended to be a sick man left behind by the dacoits; then, as he knew a little English, he could report to Ghazee Khan what the soldiers said.

Ghazee was pleased at Jungly's daring and readiness of resource, and agreed to this.

As soon as we were on the rock, Jungly hung over the side and gave the jackal's cry and owl's hoot. Then out of one of the huts, which was quite a ruin, he produced about a hundred short lengths of rope. He then lit up the largest hut with a torch, and, motioning the soldiers to be ready, he raised a trap-door in the floor. There was nothing to be seen for a moment, but in a short time a thin curl of smoke came up, another, and another; then the volume got quite thick, and we could hear men stumbling along the underground passage, swearing, shouting, coughing. Suddenly the head and shoulders of a dacoit appeared above the floor. He was promptly seized and tied. Another, and he was Ghazee Khan, soon flung himself through the smoke, struck down one of the soldiers in a second, and was grappling with another, but it was an unequal fight, and he was soon overpowered and tied like the others, and so the whole band were treated. The last arrivals fell unconscious at our feet, the smoke having proved too much for them.

When they were all thus bound we set out immediately on the road to Lal Kunder, which was but a day's journey. But previously I despatched Leonard on the fleetest horse in the dacoits' stable, leading another to change on the way, to the Rajah, telling him we were bringing sixty dacoit prisoners, and asking him to send an escort to meet us.

Profiting by the darkness of the night, I had all the dacoits bound without their seeing who their captors were, and with their eyes watering and smarting from the smoke it was easy to keep the identity of the soldiers hidden. Besides, I wanted to conceal from them the smallness of our numbers, for it would have been impossible to prevent any combined movement on their part had they made a dash for freedom. We made them march in a column two deep, so that each of us twelve Englishmen had five men under his charge. They presently began to talk in undertones amongst themselves, and I was pleased to find they were still under the impression that an army of five hundred English had captured them, and were somewhere in their vicinity.



AND HE WAS GHAZEE KHAN.

The first question Ghazee Khan asked was, where was Kariem, the sentinel who had guarded the secret passage? but no one had seen him, and he was not with the captives. I had taken care he should be left behind, in the cave so lately occupied by the soldiers. Then Ghazee asked for Jungly, but Jungly had kept out of sight, although he was only a little way ahead.

Then Ghazee Khan's quick brain saw the treachery at the bottom; someone who knew the secret passage must have overpowered the sentry and then set fire to the brushwood stored inside. Who could it be but Jungly, and yet he was the man that delivered the soldiers and treasure into his hands!

Ghazee next noticed the smallness of the guard, and wondered where the army could be, and why they had caught no sight of it.

I thought it would now be the wisest thing to enforce silence amongst our prisoners, but when the day dawned and Ghazee Khan saw that it was his late prisoners, now mounted on his own horses, who had captured his whole band, and that Jungly, whom he had trusted so much, was acting as our pioneer, the whole plan was clear to him, and his rage was terrible; and he gave vent to it in curses deep and loud. Then I perceived he had quickly formed a plan of escape, and muttered orders were passing from mouth to mouth, but before they were ready fifty horsemen of Lal Kunder's regiment came suddenly upon the scene and nipped the scheme in the bud, and the responsibility of looking after the dacoits grew much lighter.

Arrived at Lal Kunder, Topman sent a telegram to Colonel Branscombe, which he showed me. He was under the impression that Leonard's acquaintance with the dacoits' stronghold had been the chief reason of our successful capture of the band, and I did not undeceive him, for poor Leonard would need every good word that could be said for him to mitigate his crimes in the eyes of his colonel.

Of course he was put into guard-room directly he returned to the cantonments to await his trial.

We expected, however, that Topman's confession would liberate him in a day or two.

I went to see Colonel Branscombe, and he was full of generous praise for the plucky way in which we few had captured the large number of dacoits and the notorious Ghazee Khan. In consideration of the great part Leonard took in the affair he would forgive his desertion and theft of a horse, and if he was acquitted on the charge of trying to shoot Topman he should have the largest share of the reward money.

"But," I interrupted, "Topman has declared before us all that Leonard did not point his gun at him, and he intended confessing to you that he had told a falsehood in a fit of rage."

"That is a very curious statement, for, though I have spoken to Topman, he never said a word about that business," answered the colonel.

He then sent for Topman, who coolly admitted what he had said, but added that I had forced him to say Leonard was innocent, and made it a condition of freeing him.

I was staggered at the coolness of the liar, but nothing I could say made him alter his statement.

So Leonard had to await his trial. I was allowed to see him occasionally, and tried to cheer him up, but he was always very dejected, and seemed to think it was impossible to escape from Topman's hate and lies.

"If there is any man who could find a way out of this hole for me it is that native of yours, Jungly. I believe he has got more brains in him than a whole regiment of barristers."

I told Jungly this, but he did not answer, only seeming profoundly grieved about poor Leonard.

The trial came on.

Topman swore that Leonard had pointed his rifle at him when he fired. When he was asked how the bullet could have passed through the front peak of his helmet, he said, in throwing his head back, the helmet was falling off when the bullet passed horizontally through it. He called a grass-cutter, who declared he had witnessed the scene just as Topman described it.

Topman's confession, while a prisoner of Ghazee Khan's, was apparently looked upon as the result of terror, and very little was thought of it.

Then worse followed; for the armoury sergeant said Leonard's Martini stood the regulation test—a pull of 12lbs. on the trigger before the striker would fall—and he had tried to set it off by banging it against the ground, and had not succeeded.

The counsel for the defence then suggested that the over-heated state of the powder may have caused it to explode with the jar.

The sergeant admitted such a thing was possible, but could not have occurred in this case, as the striker had perforated the percussion cap of the cartridge.

Topman's blackened tunic was brought into court, but the mark did not suggest the position of Leonard's rifle.

Topman also called witnesses to prove Leonard had often had angry words with him, and had used obscure threats more than once.

Leonard's counsel did his best to put matters in a more favourable light for him, and suggested Topman's fright at the sudden discharge of the piece made him fancy the accident was an attempt at murder, and used other arguments to the same effect, but it was apparent to all that poor Leonard's fate was sealed.

The judge, who had travelled a hundred miles to preside at the court-martial, now began his summing up with great deliberation and fairness, yet somehow Leonard's case only seemed the blacker for his impartiality.

Sentence was about to be passed when Jungly burst into the room, struggled up through the crowd to the witness-box, and cried aloud, in a voice that startled the whole court, that Leonard

Sahib was guiltless, adding that he had unquestionable proof of it.

The *chubbadar*, or native usher of the court, was for flinging out the low caste man who had dared to create this disturbance.

But the judge stopped him.

"Were you a witness of the shooting?" he asked.

"No, sahib," answered Jungly, "but I have found a witness that cannot lie, and he can prove Leonard Sahib's innocence."

"Where is he?"

"Outside," replied Jungly.

"Bring him in," said the judge.

"He cannot come, but it is not far to go to him."

"Why cannot he come?" demanded the general, angrily.

"Because, great sir, he is a mango tree."

At this the court laughed, and the judge thundered: "Take that madman away!"

Then I was obliged to speak, and tell the general I knew Jungly, and that he was not mad, though he had his own peculiar way of describing things. Then, addressing Jungly, I told him to give his information more clearly.

"I cannot explain this of myself," said Jungly, "but only fifty yards away, there on the ground and mango tree is written the whole history of that shooting. Let the judge sahib come with me and see with his own eyes."

Then, much against its will, for it seemed some folly of a madman, the court emptied itself into the plain and went towards the mango tree outside the guard-room. Then Jungly went down on his hands and knees and blew away the dust from a certain part of the ground.

"See, general sahib, where the heel-plate of Leonard Sahib's rifle bit into the kunkur as he dashed it against the ground!"

The general bent his portly figure over the spot.

"Well," said he, "that looks like the mark of a heel-plate, but I don't see what that proves."

JUNGLY POINTED TO A MANGO LEAF OVERHEAD.

"Now see this also," and Jungly pointed to a mango-leaf overhead; "that is the way the bullet went; see where it has torn through. Here is another higher up with a hole through it. Now, if the sahib will imagine a line from the dent in the kunkur through these two leaves, where will it lead to?"

"To that dead branch yonder," said the general, who now began to see the drift of Jungly's argument.

"The sahib is right. If he will now look at that branch, 3ins. above that big knot, he will see a hole—the hole of the bullet."

I could just see the spot Jungly meant on a piece of dead wood some 3ft. long, but it was too much for the eyes of the others. I handed the general my field-glass, and he, too, saw the spot.

"Humph!" exclaimed he. "I shall want better proof than that."

"The sahib shall have the proof he wants," said Jungly.

In a twinkling he was up the tree and sawing away at the branch. The dead wood gave him little trouble, and in five minutes he was down with the stump in his hands, and there, embedded in the wood some 4ins. deep, was the Martin bullet found.

Topman suggested Jungly had put it there, but it was patent to all that the wound in the tree was months old.

"And what do you prove by this?" asked the general, who, it seemed, had not grasped the value of this discovery entirely.

"It proves this, great sir," said Jungly, "that if the bullet travelled straight up from the mark on the kunkur as Leonard Sahib dashed his rifle on the ground, he could not have been pointing it at the sergeant when he fired."

This was now clear to everybody, and the general ordered the arrest of Topman. He was tried for perjury and for bribing the grass-cutter to give false evidence, and was sent to gaol for five years.

Ghazee Khan ended a long career of robbery and murder on the scaffold. The reward for his capture was made over to Leonard, who in his gratitude to Jungly wanted the latter to accept it all, but he could not persuade the man of the woods to take any of it. So Leonard generously shared it with the other soldiers who assisted in taking Ghazee Khan captive, and with his new-gotten wealth (for his bamboo contained a hundred gold mohurs also) and his strange adventures, he was the most popular man in the army till he left India one day for a rose-covered cottage in Essex, where, among the simple village folk, his tales of India, Ghazee Khan, and Jungly, are as wonderful as "The Arabian Nights." And the villagers are never tired of "Jungly."

*THE END.*

## THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CAMP.

I EXPECT a good many CAPTAIN readers have been to the Public School Camp, which takes place annually at Aldershot, about the beginning of August, and remains in existence for the space of a week. For the benefit of those who have never tasted the delights of open-air camp life, I will endeavour to describe the daily routine and all the many and various methods in vogue of passing away one's spare time, of which one has a lot on one's hands.

Upon our arrival in camp we are shown to our "lines," the name given to the row of tents which are to form our roof and shelter for the next week. We have each been told the number of the tent we are to occupy, so we at once set about making ourselves comfortable. We first of all go to a heap of beds and bedding, and have assigned to each man a mattress, pillow, and two rough brown blankets. The mattress and pillow are mere canvas bags stuffed with a small quantity of straw, just sufficient to take the hardness from the boarded floor of the tent. We are then initiated—each tent by the sergeant or corporal in charge of it—into the correct manner of folding both bed and bedding. We are then free to busy ourselves with our own concerns.

And now a word as to the filling of the kit-bag with which every fellow is provided. Some fellows put all sorts of things in their bags, so as to be prepared for the remotest contingency, and the consequence is that they never find a use for half of them. The best things to put in are:—Soap, towel, two suits of pyjamas, cricket shirt, flannel trousers, hair-brush, tooth-brush, tooth-powder, small looking-glass, knife, fork, and spoon. These are the most important things, besides the extra kit, etc., provided by the corps. It is also advisable to have at least three pairs of clean socks, and to soap the insides well before starting on a long march, as this prevents the formation of blisters.

We are summoned to parade at four o'clock, and after about two hours' drill our work is over for the first day. For the rest of the day we stroll about the camp, accustoming ourselves to our surroundings. A "sing-song" is also organised, about which I shall have something to say later.

The "last post" sounds at half-past nine, and "lights out" half an hour later. The camp is wrapped in darkness, slumber falls upon the lines, the quiet is broken only by the cries of the sentries, and so ends our first day in camp.

We are awakened next morning by the sound of the "reveille" (this is pronounced "revalley" in camp), which is being played upon the bugles of the Public School Band. This call sounds extremely pretty when heard for the first time, though it loses its charm after the second morning. We are vigorously aroused by the corporal in charge of our tent, though this is needless, as the beauty of the "reveille" is its length, which effectually prevents any further attempt to sleep, all weariness having departed by the time it is finished.

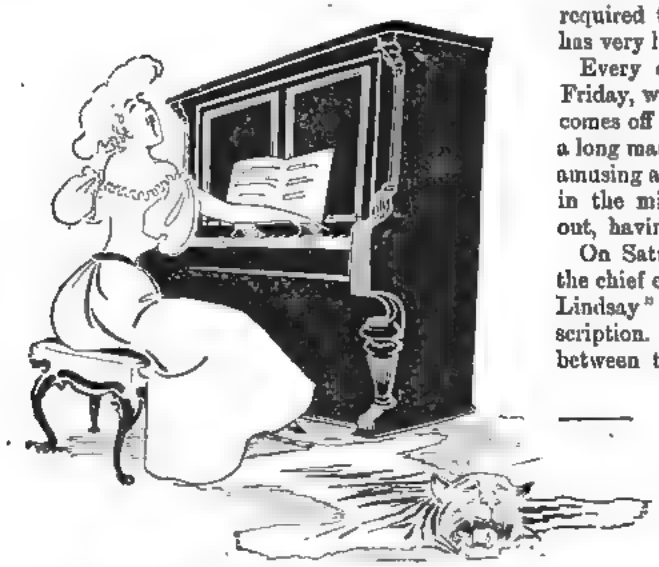
Then we have to fold our beds in the prescribed manner, these afterwards being arranged in front of our tents in one long line and "dressed." We arrange amongst ourselves who are to be "tent orderlies" and the days of our duty. The duty of a tent orderly is to wash up, fetch and carry water for the use of the tent, and to fag for the tent generally. Non-commissioned officers are exempt from this duty. The tent orderly is on duty for one day only, and as there are usually only seven boys to a tent this works out just right. The "reveille" sounds at half past five, and half an hour later the bugle for tent orderlies sounds. This is a well-known call, to which the words: "Come to the cook-house door, boys, come to the cook-house door!" have been put. This call eventually becomes very dear to many a void and aching stomach. When this is sounded the tent orderlies fall in to fetch breakfast. This usually consists of very good bacon and about fifty eggs, all fried together in one tin, which are excellent. There is always plenty to eat, and, considering the rough-and-ready methods employed, the cooking is always most creditable. The cooks are all Tommies, who are under the charge of a sergeant, and they are first-rate cooks. Meals are usually eaten outside the tents on the grass, as they make rather a mess inside. After a day or two one gets accustomed to the various weird animals which, with grass, straw, etc., get blown on to the meal.

At about a quarter to seven the "dress for parade" sounds, which is a sort of preliminary call to the "fall in," which sounds a quarter of an hour later. By this time breakfast is over, the tent orderlies have washed up, taken back the empty tins, and, with the assistance of the rest, tidied up the tents and lines. Boots, belts, straps, and leggings have been cleaned and polished, and, with the exception of the few lazy ones, who breakfasted in their pyjamas, all are awaiting the "fall in." As this sounds, the officers, who have tents of their own in the "officers' lines," appear on the scene. They inspect the persons of their respective companies, and woe betide the unfortunate youth who has forgotten his cartridge pouch or left a button undone. Twenty rounds of ammunition are then served out to each man, and water bottles are inspected to see that they are all filled. It is then impressed upon us that we must not drink until the first part of the march is over. This is good advice, as when once a fellow begins taking sips he gets more thirsty than ever, and finally finishes his bottleful before the field-day has properly begun.

We are then marched to a large plain at the rear of the camp, and the battalion having formed up in close order, prayers are said by the Chaplain. The "orderly sergeants" are then called up and given the orders for the day, and, together with the officers, are told the plan of campaign. We have now before us a march of about four miles to the scene of action. It would occupy too much space to give a detailed account of the fight which takes place. Suffice it to say that after some exciting skirmishing, much expenditure of ammunition, a charge, and the capture of a hill, we are declared to have won the battle—and the field-day is over.

We reach camp again about half past eleven, and are left to our own devices until one o'clock. The majority of us go to the large reservoir, which is about ten minutes' walk from the camp. This reservoir is nowhere over 5ft. in depth, but is over a quarter of a mile wide, and the water is quite warm. To us weary and travel-stained youths this sight is hailed with a shout of joy, and throwing off the flannels into which we had got on our return to camp, we spring into the cool and refreshing water. The bottom, to the depth of about six inches, is covered with soft mud. This is rather unpleasant at first, but as it is very soothing to blisters and strengthening to the feet we get quite to like it after a time. We feel we could remain here until further orders, when suddenly, "Come to the cook-house door, boys, come to the cook-house door!" rings out the bugle in the distance, and the unfortunate tent orderlies who have remained oblivious to the flight of time shove on their flannels without drying and race back to camp as if they were possessed. We, in the meantime, dry ourselves and walk back in time to find that each tent has been provided with a large plate of hot potatoes and a huge piece of roast beef, from which we cut ourselves apparently enough to last all day, but which soon disappears, such is the state of our appetites by now. After this usually comes a substantial rice pudding, or sometimes "plum-duff," which, in a very short space of time, has joined the great majority. After dinner the "officer of the day" comes round, and as he passes each tent its occupants are called to attention by the one in charge, or, if he be absent, by the senior private. The officer then asks if there are any complaints about the food or accommodation, and if there are, they are soon remedied. Last year there were complaints about the ginger-beer bottles bursting, until it was ascertained that this was caused by the heat of the sun, and afterwards one had to wrap a towel round one's hands before opening them. Each man, by the way, is allowed about a pint of beer a day and a bottle of ginger-beer. For quenching the thirst there is nothing better than a bottle of lime juice from the canteen. I purchased one, and it lasted me all the week.

There is another parade at four o'clock, when we have battalion and company drill for about two hours. Then we come into tea, which consists of two loaves, half a pound of butter, and a pot of jam to each tent, and sometimes half a tin of beef to each man, besides, of course, a large tin of tea. This amply satisfies all cravings of hunger. After tea we have to amuse ourselves until ten o'clock. We accordingly repair to the marquee, in which there is a "sing-song" to be held. The "sing-



YE FAIR SONGSTER: "Oh, come ma lo—o—ve, I ah—r r wa—it for ah th—ee, ah——!"

song," as its name implies, is a concert which takes place every night for our amusement. It is organised by the Chaplain, and the performers are members of the battalion who feel that they would like to exercise their vocal and instrumental powers for the delectation of their comrades in arms. When there is a hitch in the proceedings, caused by a fellow's courage failing him at the eleventh hour, there are urgent calls for volunteers from all the schools in turn. This is productive of much amusement, but some very good concerts are the result. At about nine o'clock the proceedings are interrupted by the band outside, which is tuning up merrily. Then they practise marching until half-past nine, when they play the "last post." All these long bugle calls are very pretty, and calculated to arouse martial feelings in the most apathetic nature. We then repair to our lines and light our lanterns preparatory to making beds and turning in for the night. Just before ten, the orderly sergeant comes round and reads out the orders for the next day. Then the bugle plays the long G, which means "Lights out!" and instantly, as if by magic, the camp is plunged into obscurity.

The sentries are provided by a different school each night. They go on duty about nine o'clock and remain until twelve. Different corps are also required to provide a picket each night; but this has very little to do.

Every day is pretty much the same, except Friday, when the big field-day takes place. This comes off over a large stretch of country, and it is a long march to the scene of action. It is full of amusing and exciting incidents, and we come back in the middle of the afternoon thoroughly tired out, having marched over thirty miles

On Saturday afternoon the sports take place, the chief events being the tug-of-war and "Lloyd Lindsay" competitions. The tug needs no description. The "Lloyd Lindsay" is a competition between teams of eight, each commanded by a non-commissioned officer. These advance over hurdles, firing as they go, and then retire in the same way, firing from behind the hurdles. After these the drum and bugle competitions come off.

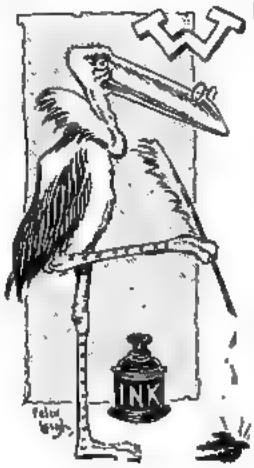
LESLIE HOWE.

YE ERIN RUG: "Shoot my whiskers, if I've had such a punishing since I was tanned! I'm off!"

# THE CYCLING CORNER

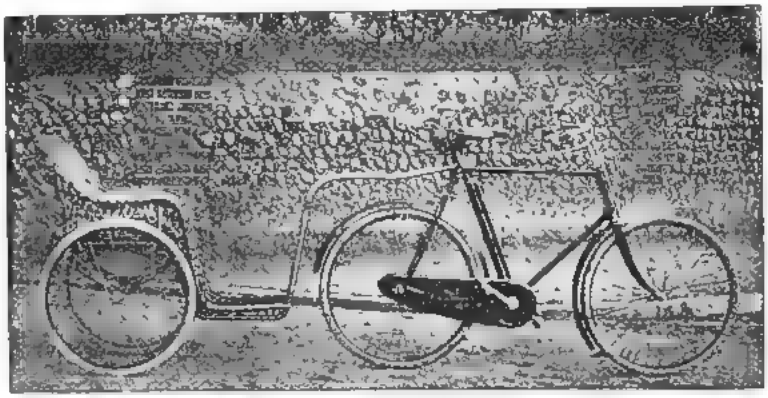
By HAYDON PERRY.

## TOURING EQUIPTENT.

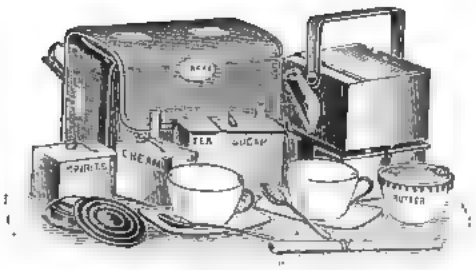



WE have now come to that season of the year when cycle touring, provided only that the weather be propitious, offers greater delights than at any other period. It is an old saying among members of the Cyclists' Touring Club—to which, by the way, every cyclist ought to belong—that touring is the back-bone of cycling. This is true in a very special sense; for in touring we use the cycle to its very best advantage, to carry us from one beautiful region to another, to bridge over and shorten distances, and, in effect, to lengthen time by crowding our hours of life with pleasant memories. No cyclist realises all the joys of his pastime until he has toured. Therefore, it is my advice to every reader to spend at least a portion of the school vacation, the "Long," or the business holiday, as the case may be, in making a cycling tour. But there is, of course, a good method of touring, as well as several ways of doing it that cannot be recommended, and I propose to give a few hints that may serve for the guidance alike of such as have never toured and of any others whose touring has hitherto failed to give them the maximum of enjoyment.

The subject could not be exhaustively treated in one short article, but it naturally falls under a few main heads, and I will treat of a few of the more important ones. First, then, as regards the equipment for touring. In this there have been many advances made since the pioneer days. We used to carry luggage in our pockets, or strapped to our backs, or tied to various parts of the machine. Now, there are all sorts of refinements in the shape of carrying receptacles, and the majority of them are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are designed. Take, for example, the contrivances to facilitate picnicking. Picnicking is an admirable first school for touring, and the two may be successfully combined so that the wanderer is in a large measure independent of the way-side inn.



THE CYCLE-RIKSHA, MADE BY THE "SUNBEAM" CYCLE AGENCY.

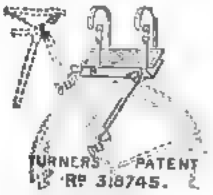


MARRIS'S CYCLIST'S TEA BASKET.

Messrs. G. Marris & Son, of Browning Street, Birmingham, have made a speciality of this line. Our illustrations show some of their cyclists' tea and luncheon baskets. They can be carried either on the handle-bar or behind the saddle, and they are marvellously compact and light, considering how extremely well furnished they are. These can now be hired at many places, but they are not expensive to buy out-and-out, ranging as they do in price from 12s. 6d. to 16s. 6d. All the "crockery" is of the material known as unbreakable, and with decent care a set should do service for years. The contents can be replenished at almost any village shop. I once knew a party of five who determined to dispense with the inn altogether; and they managed between them to carry the parts of a tent for sleeping accommodation. They found the expedition very laborious, on account of the great weight of the materials and cooking apparatus, etc., but under modern conditions the adventure would have been a comparatively easy one. It would, however, be advisable to call in the aid of some form of wheeled carrier. The "cycle-riksha," made by the "Sunbeam" Cycle Agency, of 95, Western Road, Hove, Sussex, would prove very useful. It is, as may be seen at a glance, a sort of cross between a bath-chair and a Japanese jinriksha, runs on pneumatic tyres, and is quite easily drawn along level ground.

TURNER'S FRONT CARRIER.

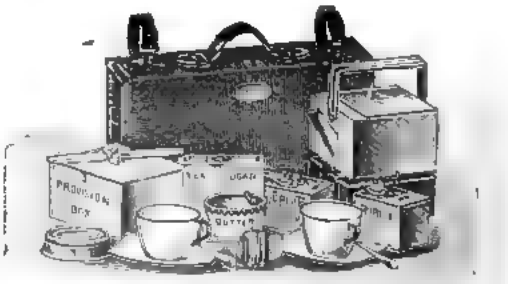
As a rule, however, the tourist does not require to take more than a few pounds of impedimenta. My own kit frequently weighs as little as 7lbs., and even with a book or two and some writing materials, it has often been as low as 10lbs. Of what the luggage should consist will vary somewhat, no two riders being suited with precisely the same outfit. Mine is chiefly made up of changes of woollen things, and more particularly of stockings. The "life" of the latter may be prolonged by once or twice a day taking a foot-bath, for the proper ankling of pedals works in a large amount of dust through the openings of the texture. Then, as for other things, there are many of the brush and-comb class that one who tours for the first time is apt to forget. It is a good plan to keep this matter in mind a few days before starting out, thinking particularly what things are used while dressing. As the opening day of the tour approaches, set aside a drawer or a chair as a collecting ground, and there assemble together all the things you can think of as being indispensable. If this be done, the final act of packing up will be found to be a matter of a few minutes only.



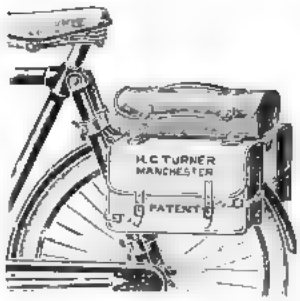

SPRING CAMERA CARRIER.

GAMAGE'S CYCLE CARRIER.

Every well-selected kit is a compromise. On the one hand you want to take as many as possible of the things you would like to have with you, and on the other you hesitate to burden yourself more than is reasonably necessary. Hence there are certain things which, for touring purposes, must be classed as luxuries. I would name, as an example, a pair of slippers. You can do without them, but it is a great comfort to have them for the evenings. Every tourist must strike the com-



MARRIS'S CYCLIST'S LUNCHEON BASKET.

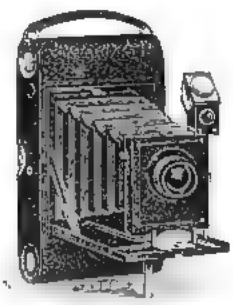



TURNER'S PANNIER BAG ON CARRIER.

compromise that seems best in the particular case. It will generally be found that girls want to carry more than fellows do, and in mixed touring parties it should be a point of chivalry to share their burdens. Yet a girl can bring her requirements within singularly narrow compass if she uses forethought in the way I have suggested, and if she is prepared, as all true tourists should be, to "rough" it a bit. I once took my sister on a Continental tour, which was about the most successful I remember. She had with her quite a number of things which I should class as "luxuries," yet her total burden balanced the scale at 14lbs. At home one can always do with fewer things than abroad, for it is easy to disburden the kit of soiled things and send them home by parcels post, while an arrangement can be made whereby supplies of fresh ones can be sent to meet you at prearranged points.

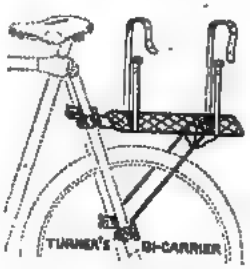
Having arranged what to take, the question remains—how best to carry it? On a man's machine the carrier that goes inside the frame possesses many advantages, and as now made it economises space, and is little, if at all, in the way. The one shown is by that universal cyclists' provider, Gamage—or rather A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, of which Mr. Gamage was the founder, and of which he is now the managing director. Carriers of this type may be had at all sorts of prices, ranging from two or three shillings up to about a pound, according to their quality of material and the relative elaborateness of their fittings. But there is another class of carrier that is no less admirable, and that is just the thing for girls who do not ride in "rationals." I refer to the excellent contrivances invented by Mr. Turner, of Manchester. The skirted girl, of course, cannot ride a man's frame; and formerly her only good plan of carrying luggage was to have it heaped up on top of the handle-bar, where it greatly hampered the steerage. Now it can be neatly placed over the rear wheel.

A useful modification of this carrier is designed to hold a camera in safety. Photographers soon found out that the jolting of a machine over rough places was very apt to injure photographic films. Some riders still burden themselves with their cameras slung over their shoulders, in order to present an additional buffer between the road and the precious plates, in the hope of avoiding all injurious friction. Mr. Turner's invention obviates this, for he makes a carrier with a sort of false bottom as well as the real one, and between the two he places suitable springs to absorb the jolting. This carrier can, of course, be used for ordinary luggage also. There are cases in which we must class the camera and plates as necessaries, simply because photography is the principal object of the tour. In such a case, one's kodak must be carried at all costs.



THE CYCLIST'S FOLDING KODAK.

As for the clothing suitable for touring, it is the same as that suitable for cycling generally. In my article about hill-climbing I spoke of the importance of having no pressure over the great breathing muscle. I would go further, and say that there should be no pressure upon any part of the body. Such a thing as a garter should on no account be worn. If you cannot buy suspenders to suit you—and I never could—it is easy to get satisfactory ones made at home. All that is required is some ⅜in. drab elastic, some tape-buttons about ⅝in. in diameter, and some narrow tape. The suspender is made of the elastic doubled, with a 1in. tape loop sewn firmly to one end. This loop is designed to go round a tape-button inside the waistband of the knickers, and, in the case of boys, preferably just below the side brace-button. Near the other end of the suspender, and on the side away from the leg, another tape-button is strongly sewn in such a way that there shall be no big knot or other roughness to chafe the thigh. This button engages with a 1in. tape loop sewn to the stocking. Have loops sewn on both sides of the stockings, so that it is a matter of indifference which is right and left. The total length of the suspender should be three-quarters of the distance to be bridged over. It is just as well to take a spare pair when touring, just as the provident person lays in a spare pair of shoe-laces.




TURNER'S BI-CARRIER, AS USED BY THE C.I.V.

I may deal with the question of clothing more fully another time, but for the present will be content to emphasise the advisability of wearing things made of all-wool. I won't leave the subject without telling you something funny that recurs to me in connection with touring equipment. A correspondent once wrote to me, telling of his intention to tour on the Continent. His ambitions were extensive, for his route included visits to half the capitals of Western Europe. He proposed to go entirely without luggage, and with as naked a machine as possible. His object in writing to me was to ask whether the laws of the different countries passed through required the carrying of a light, for if not he would take his off, as he had already done with the brake, bell, and so forth. He was even going without a repairing outfit, as, in case of breakdowns, he "could rely upon the shops." He asked me to confirm his belief that he could always get his shirt washed while he slept, and concluded by saying that he had not forgotten to provide himself with firearms! The Norwegians have an excellent proverb, "When you travel you learn." I hope my correspondent has travelled a great deal since then. My reply to him was, that the roads of Western Europe were neither flanked with continuous rows of repairing shops, nor infested by brigands; that a blunderbus weighed more than a clean shirt; that hotels equipped with laundries did not make a practice of running them all night; and that if he persisted in his idiotic programme he would deserve to have to spend an occasional sunny day in bed.

---

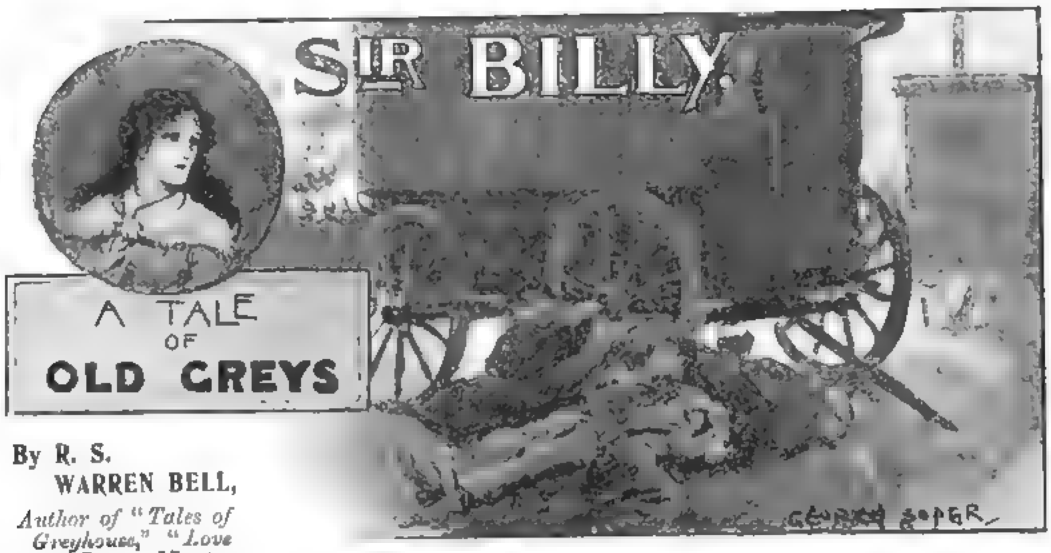
## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**"Aldon"** (Great Longstone).—Certainly, you can buy a machine without tyres, and put the pair that have been given you on to it. I dare say there are many firms that will deal with you in this way, but Cook's Athletic Co., of Barbican Court, London, E.C., make a speciality of it. Their machines are very cheap. **H. J. W.** (London, W.C.).—In giving initials only, and so vague an address as this, you fail to comply with the ordinary conditions of correspondence, and really make your letter anonymous; but as you are a member of The Captain Club, and evidently wish it well, I'll overlook the slip. Your suggestion is a good one. It has been made by others besides yourself, and I have had it in mind from the outset. How soon I shall be able to get on to that part of the subject, however, is another matter. If I consulted my own inclinations, I should fall upon it at once, but there are other considerations to be borne in mind. **"Young Fag"** (Shrewsbury).—There is no finer chain obtainable than the one you name by Hans Renold. **Louis M.** (Cheltenham).—Yes, either Perry's or the B.S.A. may be relied upon. You have been well advised. No, I have nothing to do with the firm in the remotest way, nor would it make any difference if I had. The machine I use most is furnished with an Eadie chain, which has behaved itself admirably for all sorts of work, extending to about nine thousand miles. **Centaur** (Bushey).—You cannot go wrong with either the Centaur or the Bradbury. Either will fit you a Bowden brake, than which there is no more trustworthy article of its kind on the market. **Eva** (Huddersfield High School).—Either the Longford Iron and Wire Company, of Warrington, or the Metallic Saddle Company, of 18, Ludgate Hill, Birmingham. The last named have lately introduced several valuable improvements. **F. L.** (Manchester).—(1) The width at the back is of importance. Be sure that it is large enough there. (2) Go to people who are well accustomed to making the things you want. Take, for example, "Our Boys" Clothing Company, Ltd., 363, Oxford Street, and 96, Holborn Viaduct, London, W. (3) It is about 170 miles. **A. W. B.** (Blackrock).—The "Perfect" cycle chain cleaner can be had from J. Bennet van der Heyde, of 6, Brown Street, Manchester for 2s. 3d., or by post for 2s. 5d.—You will find the Humber Company's book very useful. **A. McG.** (Dunfermline).—(1) An average of 5s. a day is a very small one indeed, but it can be done if you are prepared to rough it. As a school-boy I once had an hotel bill of 2s., which included a plain supper, a good bed, and a plain breakfast. But this kind of thing is exceedingly unusual. If you want to find an inexpensive lodging in a strange place, a friendly policeman is a good resource. When the police travel on business they are only allowed very small expenses and they are therefore accustomed to giving this kind of information to each other. (2) Roads good. (3) It is altogether immaterial. **J. E. I.** (Dartford).—You apply to the manager at 51, Fountain Street, Manchester, who will either oblige you or refer you to a local agent. Replies cannot be sent through the post. **"Cyclist."**—You do not give a proper address, or even your own name, so that you do not deserve a reply, even though you may be a member of The Captain Club. Clubs of cyclists generally arise spontaneously, from the fact of a number of friends habitually riding together, having common interests, and feeling the desirability of some sort of organisation. I shouldn't set about making a club unless that is your particular case. Let me hear from you in proper form if it is, and I will gladly tell you the simple procedure which should be followed in the process of formation. **G. L.** (Leeds).—The Springvale Oil Company, Cowlairs, Glasgow. Write to Joseph Lucas, Ltd., Birmingham, and tell them which of their lamps you use, and they will, for a few pence, post you a box containing a dozen wicks to fit. **L. L.** (Hove).—You may safely order Norris's "Pedes-cyclo" shoe. It is a good thing, light—comfortable, nice-looking, and with a good deal of wear in it. **N. T.** (Northampton).—The advantage of a candle lamp is chiefly in its cleanliness, and the fact that you can so easily and conveniently carry—when touring, for example—a supply of your favourite illuminant. The address is Joseph Lucas, Ltd., Birmingham. **"Enticed"** (Retford).—I'm glad you have been. The "New Premier" is one of the best makes on the market, and you can hardly do wrong in investing.

Norris's "Pedes-cyclo" shoe.

H. P.

*A number of answers are held over.*




By R. S.
WARREN BELL,
*Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc., etc.*

Illustrated by George Soper.

SIR CLAUDE TRAVERS, an impoverished baronet, dying in Egypt, Mr. Soames, his solicitor, takes charge of his only child, William. "Sir Billy"—as he was nicknamed at Greyhouse School—on arriving at man's estate, continues to regard Mr Soames's house at Petershall as his home, though he spends the greater part of the year in London, where he practises as a barrister. Sir Billy and his friend Carew (otherwise "Parsnip"), whilst staying at Petershall one October, are instrumental in stopping a fight between a tramp and a showman. On the following day the showman is found dead, the tramp having disappeared in the night. Mrs. Soames having taken a strong fancy to Josie, the tramp's daughter, the girl becomes her "companion." At Christmas time Sir Billy and Carew, going down to Petershall for a short holiday, observe that Josie has "improved" out of all recognition—in fact, they find it hard to believe that she and the tramp girl of the previous October are one and the same person. Meanwhile O'Malley—Josie's father—has obtained employment at Noahbury in Kent, under an adventurer named Dipper, a previous admirer of Josie's. Whitsuntide arrives, and, just as everything is going on smoothly at Petershall, Josie's father suddenly appears, and takes his daughter away to Noahbury. After several weeks have elapsed, Josie reappears in the Temple, calls at Parsnip's chambers, and explains to Parsnip that has left her home to escape Dipper's unwelcome attentions. Dipper, however, follows Josie up to London and shadows her down to the Earl's Court Exhibition, whither she goes that evening with Parsnip and Sir Billy. Whilst engaged in watching the trio Dipper is recognised and collared by an Egyptian attendant at the Exhibition, who, having a charge of theft to bring against the adventurer, holds Dipper while Sir Billy fetches assistance.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### IN AND OUT.

BILLY had to travel some distance before he succeeded in finding a policeman. This doughty preserver of the peace was addressing some remarks—apparently of a jocular nature—to one of the stall girls, and he did not look pleased when Billy touched his elbow.

"Well?" he demanded, only half looking round.

"You're wanted over there," said Billy, indicating the "Street in Cairo."

"What's up?" asked the policeman; and then, supposing it to be some trifling dispute (it should be mentioned in extenuation that the stall-girl had a fascinating way with her!) he added: "'Aint there no exhibition attendants there? They'll see to it."

The man's deliberate attitude nettled Billy. The resourceful Dipper was slippery enough to get away from even the brawny Abouan, given anything in the shape of a chance. And doubtless a white man, in the grasp of an Arab, would find many sympathisers among the crowd, especially if he appealed eloquently for assistance, as Dipper would be pretty sure to do.

Sir Billy promptly pulled out his card and handed it to the policeman.

"I must ask you to come at once," he added, and something in his tone arrested the officer's wayward attention. A glance at the card created an immediate alteration in the man's demeanour.

He touched his helmet respectfully.

"Very good, sir."

Billy went with him, and they did not arrive any too soon, for various useful-looking gentlemen were endeavouring to get near the Arab, who was holding on to the loudly remonstrating Dipper like grim death, and they would, no doubt, have proceeded to more forcible measures had not Parsnip used his big elbows in a manner that earned him many hostile glances. As for the

smattering of cads whom the row had drawn to the spot, these worthies kept their distance. True, they said a good deal, but they did not appear inclined to show any kind of fight, though they had previously displayed great gallantry in dashing up and down steps and annoying peaceable visitors with their boisterous movements and observations.

The constable pushed his way through the crowd without ceremony.

"What's all this about?" was his gruff demand as he reached Abouan's side.

"He robber," thundered the Arab. "You take in charge, and I will prove."

"He wishes to give the man in charge for a serious theft committed some years ago," said Billy to the officer. "I will go with you, as I know something about the matter."

"Very good, sir," again quoth the policeman. "Now then," he added, seizing Dipper by his coat collar, "I advise you to come along quiet. If you've done nothing you'll be let go, so what's the good of trying to get away?"

The Arab had released his hold when the law stepped in, and Mr. Dipper consequently made another desperate effort to escape; but Abouan, suspecting his intentions, pounced upon him ere he had gone half a dozen yards, shaking him as a terrier would a rat.

"You no get away now—you many years prison," observed Abouan. "I will 'old 'im as well as you," he added obligingly as the policeman approached.

"As 'e won't go quiet I'll put the cuffs on 'im," retorted the constable, suiting action to word.

Billy turned to Parsnip.

"Look here, old man, I'm going to see this through, so will you take Miss O'Malley back? Good-night, Miss Josie—I don't think Master Dipper will trouble you any more."

He shook hands with the other two and then accompanied Dipper and party to the nearest police station.

The inspector was sitting at his high desk. One or two "drunk and disorderlies" had been consigned to the cells; otherwise it had been a dull evening. The inspector brightened up when he saw the fresh arrivals, though he feared it would hardly prove to be more than a case of pocket-picking. But he was soon undeceived on that point.

After names and other particulars had been booked, the Arab told his story. Years before (he was not certain how many) he had acted as servant to Sir Claude Travers, at Cairo. His chief duty had been to look after Sir Claude's little boy—who, a grown man now, was present in that police station. Abouan then went on to describe what an invalid Sir Claude was, and what a constant companion of the invalid's the man Dipper had been; how these two used to gamble all day long; how, at last, Sir Claude died, and how, when he came to collect his late master's belongings, he found that all his jewellery and money had been stolen, and that Dipper—the baronet's supposed friend, who had been with him at the time of his death—could not be found anywhere.

"You have no proof, then," said the inspector, "that this man robbed your master. You only suspect him of doing it?"

"Proof—I 'ave proof," cried the Arab. "I not find Dipper, though I look everywhere. But I go to—what you call?—ah! I go to pawnshop, and there I find Sir Claude his watch, and Sir Claude his chain, and Sir Claude his walking-stick with gold top—yes, and I tell the police, and the police go to pawnshop and write description in book of man who pawned these tings, and say: 'Ah, we will look out for him,' but pah! they too lazy, too idle—and so Dipper disappear, and years pass, and he enjoy the money until he meet me—then I 'ave 'im!"

And the Arab threw a glance of revengeful satisfaction at the man in the dock.

"It's all a lie," said Dipper boldly; "I have never seen either of them before—it's a trumped up story without an atom of truth in it."

"Did this man seem astonished when you took him in charge?" the inspector asked the officer.

"He was very violent, sir, and broke away once," replied the officer.

The inspector entered this damaging statement on the charge sheet, and then proceeded to put a number of searching questions to Dipper, who strenuously repeated his statement to the effect that he was innocent, adding that he had never known Sir Claude Travers—that, indeed, he had never been in Egypt in his life. He was an independent gentleman, living at Noahbury, in Kent, where he hoped shortly to set up in business as a market-gardener. Happening to be in town for a few days, on matters connected with his prospective business, he had gone to the Exhibition, where he had been assaulted and held by the Arab until a policeman came and arrested him.

The inspector gravely put down these facts on the sheet, and then questioned Sir Billy. What Sir Billy said made the case look still blacker against the adventurer, and so the inspector decided to detain Mr. Dipper until further inquiries had been made about him.

When Dipper, instead of doing the large thing at a big hotel that night, as he had quite intended to do, found himself confined to the narrow limits of a police-cell, he felt particularly annoyed—not

only annoyed, but savage; all the blackness in his nature rose to the surface. It would have given him great pleasure to have emptied a revolver into Sir Billy, Parsnip, Abouan the Arab, and the policeman who had arrested him—if he had only had the chance. As, of course, a man is counted innocent until he is proved to be guilty, Dipper was treated with rough politeness and to a modest supper. After this, the policeman on duty bade him good-night, and left him to his own reflections until the morning.

Dipper thought out the situation very carefully, and it seemed to him that he was in a bit of a hole—in fact, a very big bit of a hole. This confounded Arab fellow seemed to have a good deal up his sleeve; if he could produce the pawnbroker who could show that Dipper had pawned Sir Claude Travers' jewellery at his shop on the night of Sir Claude's death, then Dipper knew it was improbable that he would be let loose again on an unsuspecting public for at least five years.

Dipper ran over his past life as he sat in his solitary cell, and the retrospect was not a pleasant one. He had committed several crimes of a very serious nature, but so far he had escaped the iron grip of the law; now it looked as if the tables were to be turned upon him.

He was a master of disguise. If only he could get out of his cell and obtain a few hours' start, he did not think it possible that any member of the British constabulary would be likely to recognise him in his new war-paint. Once out of the country and he would be all right, but it was important that he should visit Noahbury again, for in the little cottage there were papers and valuables of which it was highly necessary that he should possess himself.

Dipper's eyes ran round his narrow prison. His heart gave a little jump as he observed that the bricks round the ventilator which conveyed air to the small apartment were green and rotten-looking; evidently outside there was some leaky waterspout which had had this effect. Without

"PROOF—I 'AVE PROOF," CRIED THE ARAB.

any delay, Dipper pulled the mattress off his narrow bed, set it up on end on the bed, and climbed to the top of it, thus enabling himself to peer through the ventilator. He gave the ventilator a violent pull, and a few bits of mortar dropped down on to the bed. He gave it another pull, and more mortar fell. Then he looked round for a tool of some sort, and it seemed to him that the thick white basin with which his small wash-handstand was supplied would provide him with something which would at least scrape away rotten mortar.

Dipper broke the basin as quietly as possible, and with a sharply pointed fragment started work.

The mortar was indeed poor stuff, and gave way rapidly under the scratching he submitted it to. Soon he was able to wrench the ventilator out.

After that, the mortar being so rotten, to remove a few bricks was comparatively easy. At last he had made a space large enough for a man's body to pass through. Dipper had done a good deal of crawling in the course of his life, and so it did not take him long to get through the hole he had made and drop into the yard below.

As he stood there quietly listening, footsteps approached. He shrank back into a dark angle. The footsteps came nearer. Glancing desperately round, Dipper caught sight of the shed in which the ambulance was kept. Diving into the shed, Dipper got behind the ambulance and so remained screened while a policeman in mufti took his bicycle from the shed, wheeled it out into the road, and departed. The yard door by which he made his exit was not shut immediately, and so, as soon as the coast was clear, Dipper quietly walked into the street and strolled down the dark side of the road, keeping his eyes well on the alert.

Presently, looking down the gravel path of a private house, he observed the glint of bicycle handles. Cautiously the card-sharper made his way down the path, possessed himself of the bicycle, wheeled it out, mounted, and rode off. He had not traversed more than five hundred yards when he was hailed by a stentorian voice, and quick feet came clattering after him. Dipper went cold all over—his escape was discovered, and he was pursued! Just as he was wondering how best he might bluff his way out of the situation, his heart beat freely again, for a voice from behind inquired where his light was. Dipper immediately dismounted and explained politely to the policeman that his lamp had gone out; at the same time he requested the loan of a match. With this he lit the lamp, and was soon pedalling briskly along the road which would take him through the south eastern suburbs, and so on to Noahbury.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A LAST DASH.

MEANWHILE O'Malley, left by himself in the cottage, waited patiently for Dipper's return from the station. The evening drew on, and presently it became quite dark. At last he came to the conclusion that he had better be getting his supper, deeming it quite possible that Dipper had followed Josie up to London.

The three in the cottage had not lived extravagantly. Dipper kept the place going, and Dipper did not care about spending money on anybody except himself. Josie, during her stay there, had devised certain little dainties in the pastry way that she knew her father liked, and had even conciliated Mr. Dipper so far as to prepare salads for him with her own fair hands. She had shown herself, indeed, to be a thorough little housewife, and had thus enhanced her value in Mr. Dipper's eyes; for Dipper, rogue as he was, admired the girl with an admiration which was, in its way, as genuine as Sir Billy's or Parsnip's.

But, in spite of Mr. Dipper's infatuation, he was careful that O'Malley and his daughter did not cost him more than he could help. O'Malley's supper, on this summer night, consisted of what he could pick off a mutton bone, a hunch of bread and a jug of beer completing his meal.

This over, O'Malley lit his pipe and went into the little garden. It was a perfect summer night—warm, but not too warm, for the tenderest little breeze you can imagine was soothing the roses while they slumbered.

O'Malley sat smoking on the green garden seat, ever and anon, as a slight noise fell on his ear, looking to see if it was Dipper. Noahbury Church clock boomed out ten o'clock, the deep notes humming and vibrating strangely through the still air. Not far away, sounds of music came through an open window, and presently a glee party raised their voices in a drowsy plantation ditty—a song that rose and fell ever so soothingly and at length died away into a murmur of "Good-night."

The simple tune brought back to the solitary man memories of days when he held his head high in the air, when he set his feet firmly on the ground, and looked the world proudly in the face. That was when he had plenty of money, plenty of friends, a charming wife, and a baby girl with a face so fair that strangers would turn round to look upon her, sometimes even stopping her nurse to ask questions about her.

And so thus happily had things gone on until the pretty young wife died, when the bereaved man sought to solace himself at the card table. As a consequence money became more scarce; and so matters went from bad to worse until that disastrous day when he learned from his colonel's lips that he must leave his regiment and put away for ever the sword which in more than one hard campaign he had wielded so fearlessly.

Well did he recollect the little song, with the hushed "Good-night" at the end of it. His wife had played it scores of times—he himself had taken part in the singing of it. And now he heard it yet again!

He thought on. The church clock tolled twelve. The singing had come to an end—the piano was closed—the village was asleep.

The clock struck one. The light breeze was chilly now, but he heeded it not. What, he was

asking himself, what was to be the end of it all? His daughter had gone; and he, her father, had allowed that villain to follow her!

The clock struck two. O'Malley groaned aloud, such was the bitterness of his soul. The mask he had worn all these years had fallen off; the face of the real man was revealed. This was no waggoner or tramp. This was a man of gentle blood borne to the ground by a charge of which he was innocent.

The clock struck the half after two. Miserably O'Malley raised his head and gazed at the cottage. There was a light there, and this caused him to start slightly. So Dipper had returned.

Josie's father arose and walked up to the house. He entered in his usual way.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice that was harsh, and husky, and strained.

"I," said O'Malley.

"Then stay where you are—do you hear? Stay where you are."

"Why should I stay where I am?"

"Because I tell you to—because you are in my power."

"I am not in your power, Dipper. I never touched that man at Petershall, but it's my strong belief that you did."

"What?"

Dipper appeared in the doorway of the sitting-room. He was covered with dust, and bore other signs of his frantic ride from London. O'Malley could see that there were bank-notes and valuables on the table of the little sitting-room; everything pointed to Dipper's intention of taking a hasty departure.

"Now," said Dipper, confronting the other, "what did you say?"

"I said," replied O'Malley, "that it's my strong belief you were concerned in the death of the showman."

"Go on," said Dipper, his right hand sidling into his coat pocket, "anything else?"

"Only that the police at Petershall know me to be an innocent man. I think I had you there. You thought you had only to say the word, and that I should be arrested."

"That was my idea," said Dipper, "but don't let me interrupt you. Pray proceed."

"I don't think I have anything else to say, returned O'Malley, "except to thank you for your kind hospitality, and for the interest you were good enough to display in my daughter."

"Don't mention it," said Dipper, drawing a step nearer. "Anything else?"

"I have now merely to wish you good-bye," said O'Malley, "and to take my departure."

"One moment," said Dipper, still keeping his hand in his pocket; "I, too, have a word to say."

"I shall be most happy to listen to you," replied O'Malley, politely.

"I was once an officer's servant in Egypt," said Dipper, "and had occasion to help myself to a little money that I was not entitled to. But I managed to screen myself by fixing the guilt on to a brother officer of my master's. Do you recollect his name?"

O'Malley could not speak. He knew Dipper to be a rogue of parts, but he had never suspected him of this. They eyed each other like two dogs, and then they closed. As they fell Dipper dragged something from his pocket. O'Malley grabbed at it and missed it; a report rang out, and O'Malley, with a groan, rolled over and lay motionless.

"So much for him," said Dipper. "I didn't mean to hurt him, but he asked for it. Now for the docks and South America."

But as he left the house he was promptly collared by the Noahbury policeman, who had been attracted to the spot by the revolver shot. Dipper shook the man off and darted away. He was speedier of foot than the heavily booted constable, and easily left the latter far behind. As he ran he heard the constable shouting for assistance, and soon Dipper knew that others were on his track. On he flew like the wind. To the station! That must be his goal.

Now the station was in sight. He raced on, panting and exhausted, but still he kept up, for when a man runs for his life he runs fast.

The station—at last.

The coal-yard was the place—here he could lie in concealment. He was not held in view by his pursuers—he could easily elude them.

Arrived at the entrance to the coal-yard he quickly clambered over the gate and made his way through the lessening gloom to the siding where it was customary for engines to fill their water-tanks. He was pursuing this strange route with the intention of concealing himself in a goods waggon, but as he approached the siding his eye fell on an object that put a new and desperate idea into his inflamed brain. A light engine, bearing the name "Diamond Jubilee" on the side of its cab, was standing in the siding. From the hissing which was proceeding from its safety valve, it was evidently in full steam. As a matter of fact, the "Diamond Jubilee" was waiting for an express to pass before hooking on to a train of thirty trucks containing fruit and vegetables intended for that morning's market at Covent Garden. While the fireman was shifting the coal into position, the driver was taking his walk round with the oil-can.

Already shouts could be heard in the vicinity of the station. The pursuit was close up; in a moment Dipper had made up his mind.

Darting forward, he sprang on to the step of the engine, and next moment was on the foot-plate. The driver, hidden by the smoke-box, did not see him, but the fireman looked round from his occupation to find the barrel of a revolver staring him in the face.

"Not a word," said Dipper, "or I'll shoot you! Now," he continued, in the intervals of his hurried breathing, "set your engine going—quick!"

The fireman, who was hardly more than a big boy, gazed in a petrified way at the gleaming weapon.

"D'you hear?" gasped the fugitive. "Quick, start her!"

And he fingered his trigger.

Hypnotised as much by the gleam of the strange man's eyes as by the proximity of the weapon he carried, the fireman slipped off the coals and pulled the regulator right over, the result of this agitated action being that the wheels of the engine spun round several times ere they took a good grip of the rails, when the engine, her speed increasing at every stroke of her pistons, shot up the siding towards the main line.

HIS REMONSTRANCE ENDED IN A CRY OF PAIN.

There came a loud cry from the direction of the smoke-box.

"What in the thunder have yer done, Jim?" demanded the driver, who, hanging on to the engine rail, came clambering round to the cab at full speed. "Don't you know the points is fixed——?"

But his remonstrance ended in a cry of pain, for at that moment a revolver bullet took his cap off, while another, lodging in his shoulder, caused him to sway heavily and then drop off into the thick bushes which bordered the siding.

Those in pursuit of Dipper had come up in time to see the light engine go off at a gallop, and they heard Dipper's revolver talk to the driver. But, alas! they were helpless—spell-bound by the catastrophe which must take place in a few moments. The express was due to thunder through Noahbury at this precise time. The points were fixed; the light engine was dashing to its own destruction as well as that of the express.

Already the roar of the express could be heard in the distance, and still the signals at Noahbury

told her that the line was clear. So she came rushing on to her doom, for the Noahbury signalman, although he had observed some unusual manœuvring on the part of the light engine, was confident that the driver knew what he was about. Then came the pistol shots, and the signalman, peering through the misty morn, saw a bulky figure topple off the engine. At the same time he noticed that the engine was close on the points. And now was presented to the signalman one of those terrible problems which the man in the box is not infrequently called upon to solve. A wrench, and he had set the signals against the express. Now for the engine. If he opened the points and let her through on to the main line, being, as he now felt sure she must be, not under proper control, he would be letting her loose to destroy, or be destroyed by, anything that came in her path. On the other hand, if he kept the points locked, it would mean that the engine would be derailed under the very nose of the express, and that in her fall she would rip up the permanent way that the express was to pass over.

This problem, however, was never solved, for as the signalman turned his head to watch the express, the light engine dashed into the points and turned over, tearing up the line as she fell. Those watching saw the fireman leap for his life, two pistol shots following his flight.

Fifteen seconds later, as the "Diamond Jubilee" lay groaning in her death-throes, the express drew up, with wheels drawing fireworks from the metals as they fought with the brakes; the driver had pulled her up a bare dozen yards from the prostrate runaway.

And, far across the line, lying quite still where he had been flung, they found a dead man whom some Noahbury villagers presently recognised as Mr. Dipper, of Rose Cottage.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MRS. PIX MAKES IT UP.

It was a week later, and a glorious mid-July morning. Nowhere in the world is a really fine day appreciated more than it is in this country of varying barometers, and so on this particular forenoon everybody seemed the brighter for the shining sun and the blue sky.

Just as chambers in the Temple, snugly fashioned out of solid material, are warm in the winter, for a like reason they are very cool in the summer. So the Temple affords excellent shelter on a hot day, for it is quiet and shady; and the grass of the gardens is wondrous green for such a smoke-girt quarter.

Our friend Mrs. Pix, with an easy, contemplative expression on her expansive countenance, was sitting by the fountain. She was ostensibly resting after her labours in Sir Billy's rooms, but she had paused here for yet another reason. She knew that Mrs. Vavasour would take this route on her way home, and Mrs. Pix was perfectly aware that Mrs. Vavasour was on pins and needles to know all about a certain strange matter of recent occurrence, in which "Sir William" had been concerned. Mrs. Vavasour had not extracted any information from Parsnip, although she had been most attentive to the young lady to whom he had given up his rooms for a day or two; then an elderly gentleman had arrived from the country, and the young lady had gone away with him; but even then Parsnip had not vouchsafed to his housekeeper any information as to the young lady's connection with the "Noahbury Tragedy," of which all the newspapers were publishing highly coloured accounts. Mrs. Vavasour had read of the fight in the cottage, which ended in one of the combatants being left very nearly dead, with a bullet in his neck, while the other man was killed on the railway whilst trying to run off with an engine! Mrs. Vavasour had devoured all the lurid details—served up piping hot by her favourite halfpenny evening paper, the *Moon*—but, although the *Moon* threw out hints that there was a young lady in the case, and even went so far as to couple her name with that of Sir William Percival Travers, Bart., and had even dragged in poor Parsnip, Mrs. Vavasour could see for herself that the *Moon* didn't know very much about the matter. Perhaps even she, Martha Vavasour, could have told the *Moon* a little something about the young lady that they'd have been glad to know!

But it was different with Mrs. Pix—the once despised Pix! There had been various callers at Sir William's chambers, and Mrs. Pix had opened the door to them all, as Mrs. Vavasour knew—policemen, detectives, and so forth, and, strangest of all, a great fellow that was said to be a *H*arab, and come out of an exhibition. There was something about him in the paper, too.

So Mrs. Pix sat in the sunshine smiling benevolently. Only a week before Vavasour had cut her dead—hadn't stooped to reckernise 'er! Ho! Now it was her—Pix's—turn! *She'd* show Vavasour 'oo was 'oo, and presently Mrs. Vavasour gave her the opportunity she was lying in wait for.

"Good morning, Harriet, my dear," said Mrs. Vavasour affably, coming up to the seat with her marketing net over her arm.

Mrs. Pix stared stonily at the dancing shower flung up by the fountain.

"Harriet," in a hurt voice, "I feel I owe you a 'pology, Harriet."

And now Pix spoke.

"I am not," she said haughtily, "in the 'abit of bein' addressed as 'Harriet' by folks 'oo are not my friends. To you," she added vindictively, "I am Pix—Mrs. Pix."

Mrs. Vavasour dropped humbly on to the seat and uttered a sob. Seeing that one had no effect on Pix, she uttered several, and then poured out a volley of them. But still Pix's lip remained *curled*.

"Oh, Harriet!" exclaimed Mrs. V. at length. "To think it should come to this—and we such old friends! All this just on account of a few sharp words."

"Sharp words!" exclaimed Mrs. Pix. "Ho! You think callin' a person a *thief* is on'y 'sharp words,' eh! Sharp words! Why, it's libel and slander, Martha Vavasour, and a wicked story besides, as sure as the Law Courts is a-standin' over yonder."

Mrs. V.—the fierce and satirical Mrs. V. of but a week since—was now weeping bitterly. Yes, she admitted, she had cert'n'ly spoke very strong—but it was in a hasty moment. She didn't mean not a word of it! She'd been lyin' awake and thinking of it for nights past, and wot with 'er husband bein' out of work, and 'er little boy laid up with 'ooping-corf, and the worryin' about the words she'd 'ad with 'er best and dearest friend, Harriet Pix, why, she was nothin' but a skelington of what she had used to be!

Mrs. Pix sat in sullen silence for some moments after this pathetic outburst, and then she decided to relent.

"I won't say," she observed in a gradually softening voice, "as 'ow them unworthy suspicions of yours, Martha, won't remain in my mind for a long time, but I'll look over of them. I'm not one to be 'ard on a friend 'oo's in trouble. You did vex me more'n I can say, Martha—but we'll call it done with, and there's my 'and on it."

"Pix!" exclaimed Mrs. Vavasour, her sobs stopping as suddenly as they had commenced (for she was burning to hear all about the strange business Sir William was mixed up in, and had an idea that Pix was burning to tell her). "Pix, you has the instinct of a lady and the 'eart of a angel."

"And I've got in my pocket," rejoined Mrs. Pix, who knew perfectly well what all this talk was leading up to, "the price of a pint o' stout, so come along, my dear, and I will tell you the noos!"

Having adjourned to the usual public-house in Devereux Court, Mrs. Pix ordered the stout, and, whilst discussing it, gave Mrs. V. some information which fairly made Mrs. V. gape. Yes, there'd been a lot of 'em up and down Sir William's staircase, but the most curious caller of all was the Arab gentleman, Mr. Abouan, with whom Sir William seemed very friendly.

"And Mr. Abouan, 'e simply follows Sir William with 'is eyes, 'e seems that glad to see 'im. And—just to think, my dear!—when Sir William was a little boy this Mr. Abouan was a great friend of his, an' reckernised 'im after all these years at the Earl's Court Exhibition. You see, my dear, once or twice when Mr. Abouan has called and Sir William's been out, I've insisted on Mr. Abouan having a bit o' chicken and some coffee—'e wouldn't touch beer or wine, or spirits, that bein' agen his religion—and then we got that friendly, and *torked*, and—oh, 'e do think a lot of Sir William, an' not surprisin', seein' 'ow Sir William's the nicest young gentleman *hi* ever 'ad to do for——"

"And the murder, my dear?" put in Mrs. V., impatient for gory details.

"Oh, it wasn't a murder! That bad man—you've read of him, haven't you?—didn't quite kill either the engine-driver or the gentleman in the cottage. They'll get well, the doctor says. And what do you think, my dear? The gentleman in the cottage was living under a shadder, wrongfully accused of a crime. He was advertised for not long ago by the colonel wot used to command his regiment, and who'd found out it wasn't him as did the business, and this Dipper feller, 'e found the advertisement in the paper they took at the cottage, and cut it out, *and never told the other* about it. But *'e kep' it*, and it was found among 'is things, and the old colonel has gone down to the cottage to see the poor gentleman and tell 'im 'e's cleared, and can go back and be a soldier again if he likes when he gets well."

"He was a bad one, that Dipper," said Mrs. V., taking a pull at the stout.

"There was no end to 'is williny!" cried Mrs. Pix, "for listen. He left other things be'ind him which gave reason to suppose he was mixed up in the death of a pore showman what was stunned and drownded in a flood. Yes, left the showman's pocket-book, which had held all his savin's. Aye, and tried to put that on the poor gentleman 'e lived with in the cottage. Oh, 'e was a bad one, as you says, Martha."

"An' died a terrible death," added Martha, solemnly, "so, 'owever bad 'e was, 'e paid for it with 'is life."

And so the two ladies felt obliged, after this, to order some more stout, and Mrs. Vavasour gleaned other details, chief among which was the fact that the young lady she had looked after was the daughter of the gentleman now lying wounded in the cottage.

It was an hour or two before the ladies finished their talk.

"There," said Mrs. Pix, picking up her big basket, "I've told you everything I knows, Martha. Now we're friends once more, and never again let me 'ear you 'int as I takes food from Sir William's rooms wot I 'adn't ought to."

"I never will," said Mrs. V., earnestly, not even so much as glancing at the big basket the other lady carried. "You've done me so much good, Pix, by your kindness, that I feel as 'appy as a little 'umming bird!"

---

## CHAPTER XX.

### "TO LOVE ONE MAIDEN ONLY——"

MANY months have elapsed since that night of adventure and tragedy. Josie's father, cheered and strengthened by the knowledge that his character had been cleared of the stain which had so wrongfully rested upon it for such a length of time, made a rapid recovery. Soon he was well enough to leave Rose Cottage; and as he shook the dust of Noahbury village from his feet, it seemed to him that he shook off with it the misery and shame of his term of dishonour. He was not likely to forget the depth to which he had fallen, nor did he seek to excuse himself for the manner in which he had played up to Dipper, but thenceforth he intended, come good or bad luck, to run a straight course, and endeavour to redeem the past by what he would do in the future.

The war in South Africa had been waging now for some time; O'Malley, so soon as he was fit and sound again, placed his services at the disposal of the War Office. Helped by his old colonel, who possessed considerable influence, and backed up by a millionaire who had been greatly interested in the ex officer's vicissitudes (for of course the papers got hold of his story), Captain O'Malley raised a regiment of horse among huntsmen and young bucks about town, and prepared to set forth against the foe.

"You know, O'Malley," said the old colonel, as the two were dining together at the latter's club a few days before the regiment was due to sail, "I found it terribly hard to believe you took that money. I only knew the truth when a confederate of Dipper's, finding himself dying in a London hospital, made a clean breast of the matter to a nurse, who wrote down his confession and at his direction sent it on to me. I advertised for you, and you know why you never saw my advertisement. But it has come right at last—and no man is gladder than I am to see you on your feet again."

And the two grasped hands, for O'Malley's full heart would not let him speak.

It was a time, this, when young Britain was bursting with military ardour. What more natural, then, than that Sir Billy and Parsnip should enlist under O'Malley's banner? They both entered the corps as troopers, and nobody at Petershall disapproved of their action, though there were sore hearts and wet eyelashes there as the time drew near for their departure.

The day before "O'Malley's Horse" was to leave London, Captain O'Malley and his two recruits ran down to Petershall. It was a very short visit, for they could only spend that one night there, and it meant being up and off again very early next morning.

But it is wonderful what a lot you can cram into a few hours when you're put to it. Parsnip, his big body looking still bigger in his close-fitting khaki, paid a call at the vicarage, and found there a certain young lady who, whatever may have been her attitude on a former occasion, was now all gentleness and anxiety for Mr. Carew's welfare. Parsnip took tea with the vicar and his family, and was gazed at with much awe and admiration by the vicar's boys (it was holiday time), one of whom told him that he was going to Greyhouse in September. And Parsnip told him that Greyhouse was the finest place in the world, it being capable of licking a fellow into shape rather quicker than any other school in existence.

And when Parsnip took his leave he took with it a little photograph, and that photograph he carried faithfully through all the stress and turmoil, the hunger and thirst, the drenchings and scorchings that he was fated to endure whilst fighting as a plain private soldier for the glory and honour of the old country.

Captain O'Malley, with Mr. and Mrs. Soames, was pacing up and down the old lawn when Billy and Josie sauntered out into the garden. Mr. Soames was telling Josie's father that he was going to look after faithful Abouan; "set him up in a bazaar of his own over at Cairo, or something of that sort, you know, captain."

Billy and Josie passed by, and wandered on until they came to that old, disused stable which played an important part early in this story.

"I am going to get into the loft and wish it good-bye, too," said Billy. "Mr. Soames intends to have all this pulled down, so I shall never see it again."

He got the ladder and ascended.

"May I come up, too?" asked Josie.

Somehow or other she gained permission, and then they stood side by side, gazing upon that very bundle of hay on which Josie had made Billy sleep on the night of the flood.

"And this," said Josie, "is where I sat."

And she seated herself by the trap-door, and it

seemed quite natural to Billy that he should take his place by her side. And Josie did not offer the very slightest objection, which showed that she regarded Billy in the light of at least a *brother*.

But, strange as it may seem, Billy had no wish to be regarded in such a light, and so, as the afternoon wore into evening, he began to tell Josie a story of so very ordinary and commonplace a type that I would not dare to trouble the reader with it, although it was a story which, though so ordinary and commonplace, interests all sorts of people—more especially young ones—all the world over, and has been interesting them since the world was first made, and will continue to interest them until the end of all things..

But it is morning. The commanding officer of "O'Malley's Horse" and his two young recruits are up betimes. The carriage is there to take them to the station. All sorts of folk have got out of their beds to see them start upon their long journey. There are many who have known Sir Billy ever since he was a boy at Greyhouse; but there is one who has known him for a much shorter period.

There is a poor little white handkerchief waving at a window of "The Yews." The little handkerchief floats mournfully in the breeze, for it is so very sorry to say good-bye to Billy. And as the carriage starts, the little handkerchief flutters to the ground, and Billy, leaping from the carriage, snatches it up.

And so the little handkerchief went away to the wars with Sir Billy, for he was a true knight who had sworn to keep troth with his lady, and this little handkerchief was his lady's favour.

THE END.

R. S. Warren Bell

---

# HOW GIRLS MAY BE MADE USEFUL.

***"The Decent Ones."***

GIRLS may be made useful in many and various ways, bless their hearts! Why! they can sew your trouser-buttons on, mend the rents in your football gear, help you with your photography, and kiss you, etc., etc., provided that in every case they will. They will bowl to you in summer time on the lawn, but they naturally want an innings, too; they are a necessary (I was going to say) evil, but I like them too well to say that. Well, they are a necessary companion to fellows, for if a chap never mixed among his female friends, what an ape he would be when he grew up and thought of marrying, etc. They are very useful, bless their heads (this time), when a fellow is in difficulties over his home lessons, Latin, Greek, arithmetic, or whatever they chance to be. Mr. Editor, THE CAPTAIN staff, and those connected therewith, sirs! I imagine you all have more than a small liking and respect for the girls and women of our land commonly called the fair sex, and, therefore, such being the case, let us toast them (not like chestnuts) right heartily (I leave you to choose the toast, both experience and majority being on your side). Oh, what should we do without the girls? Do they not plead with the governor to let off their erring brothers, thus doing us one of the many good turns which are in their power? Again, do they not introduce us to their many girl friends—generally the decent ones—thus ensuring bliss for a period? Oh, are they not angels in disguise?—but sometimes the disguise is very, very dense and thick.

Yes, a sister is a great blessing, generally: a great blessing when there is a baby in the house and the mater and domestics are busy, for then, if no sister were at hand, it would be, "Oh, Harry, do see to Archibald Augustus for a minute—he is swallowing the rolling-pin." Never allow a girl to gain the upper hand, my fellow laddies, but be civil, agreeable, and courteous always to your host of girl friends, and they will then usually try to be useful and agreeable to you.

So now let my blessing be with all girls, present and future.

A LADDIE.

By George G. Farquhar.

**Illustrated by Stewart Browne.**

SEVERAL of the passengers were hanging over the port-rail, and every man who owned anything in the shape of a telescope, marine, or even opera-glass, had it levelled at the approaching steamship. We were nearly in mid-Atlantic at the time, the *Volta* being three days out from New York Bay, homeward bound. The other boat, churning along in the opposite direction, slid past us so closely that I could read the name on her bows, *La Manche*, with my naked eye.

"French liner, I guess," a Yankee passenger remarked. "Havre to Noo York. Yep, thet's so!"

Standing just by young Mr. Norby's elbow, I waited hopefully for him to offer me the loan of his binoculars. As a rule, he was most ready and obliging that way, but on this occasion he kept them glued tightly to his own eyes, staring hard, with an ugly frown settling over his brows. He seemed to have forgotten me entirely. Presently, too, his lips began to twitch, and a sullen growl came from them.

"The reckless old idiot!" muttered he, angrily. "He can have no idea of the fearful risk he's running there!"

Just then somebody touched me on the arm. I turned round to see my father close behind me, his cheeks gone the colour of wood-ashes. He thrust a pair of field-glasses into my hand.

"Look, Gilbert!" he stammered, in tones I hardly recognised as his. "The man leaning over the taff-rail yonder! Your eyes are younger and keener than mine. I may have been mistaken. Quick, now!"

The gap between the vessels was rapidly lengthening, and my glance was therefore one of the briefest. Yet it was enough.

"Why, dad," I exclaimed in surprise, "it's Mr. Wasden—your partner!"

"Eh, what's that?" interposed Norby, swinging round. "Oh, nonsense! He's busy looking after the firm's interests in London at this very moment. How could it be he? A slight resemblance, that's all. I noticed it myself."

But I felt positive I wasn't mistaken; and, what's more, from his manner I was pretty certain he knew I wasn't, too. Although my father said nothing further, a hard, stern look had come into his face, and the lines about his mouth grew deeper. He walked quickly across the deck to the foot of the bridge-ladder, which Captain Blaine was then descending.

"The steamer there—the *Manche*," father asked. "Can you tell me, Captain Blaine, when she's likely to arrive at New York?"

"Let me see. We're about half-way across now. Yes; she'll probably pass through the Narrows some time on Monday, I should say."

"That's the very day we're due off Queenstown, isn't it?"

"Exactly. We shall be at Queenstown about the same hour she reaches the other side."

"I suppose you can't state definitely which will be in first?" father added, anxiously. "I—I've a particular reason for wishing to know."

"'Mph!" replied the captain, stroking his beard thoughtfully. "It will be a race—a close race. But the *Volta's* a somewhat speedier boat, and—yes, I fancy we shall have a little in hand. Still, it'll be a question of hours—perhaps even of minutes. And that, of course, is barring accidents or dirty weather. But I thought you were going on to Liverpool, Mr. Royd. Surely you don't mean to desert us at Queenstown, eh?"

"I'm afraid I may have occasion to do so, unfortunately, owing to the——"

Father pulled up short just there, thanked the captain, and walked away. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that Mr. Norby had quietly sauntered up to leeward of us, where he could not but have overheard every syllable that had been spoken.

Now I must confess I never had any great liking for Horace Norby, pleasant and chummy though he'd always been ever since we chanced to drop across him in Philadelphia. At least we thought it was quite a chance meeting at the time, but we knew differently afterwards—when it was too late to take warning.

A mining engineer by profession, he was distantly related to Mr. Wasden, the junior partner who had been left in sole control of the firm's affairs during father's visit to the States.

This visit, on which he took me with him, was to have extended over a couple of months. As a matter of fact, however, it came to an end in the middle of the fourth week. One day, in Buffalo, father received a letter which he said compelled him to start back at once for London. Something in it, I could see, had hit him hard. Naturally I was a trifle disappointed at the sudden termination of our trip, yet there was no help for it. Back we had to go.

Mr. Norby had accompanied us in our travels from Philadelphia, having just finished his own business there, and being in no great haste to return to England. After trying his level best to persuade father to stay a while longer he declared he'd no fancy for touring round the States by himself, and so he'd decide to voyage back with us. At New York we engaged a passage and a three berth state-room on the *Volta* for the homeward journey.

On the first day out, rummaging among the things in his cabin trunk, Mr. Norby had casually taken out a pair of stumpy brass cylinders and laid them aside on the floor. Wondering, I asked him what they were.

"These?" he had said, with a laugh. "Oh, dynamite cartridges. Used for blasting out obstructions in tunnelling and rock-driving operations, you know."

"Rather dangerous customers to carry about loose, aren't they?"

"Well, under certain circumstances they might be," he replied. "But I don't reckon those circumstances are likely to arise on board ship. Fact is, I stowed them away here temporarily, and in the hurry of our departure I hadn't time to repack the trunk. Yet you're right, Gilbert—perhaps it would be safer to pitch them overboard at once."

I left the cabin to rejoin my father on deck, thinking no more about the matter. Later on, however, I had bitter cause to remember those cartridges.

On the third day, as I have already explained, we sighted and passed the *Manche*. The weather had been simply glorious from Sandy Hook onward, the sea smooth as a duck-pond, almost. So it was, also, on the day following.

"If this weather continues, Mr. Royd," said Captain Blaine, about five o'clock in the afternoon, "we shall be abreast of Cork Harbour within forty-eight hours from now."

"So long as we're there before the *Manche* reaches New York I'm well content," was father's grave reply.

"I think I may safely promise you that," the captain went on, "with a few hours to spare, even."

This assurance seemed to lift a great weight from the pater's mind, and he sat down to dinner that night wearing a brighter face than I'd seen on him for many a day.

About ten o'clock, feeling a bit tired and sleepy, I left the chattering crowd in the saloon and made my way to our state-room, intending to turn in for the night. I'd got partly undressed, and was struggling in front of the mirror with a stiff collar that wouldn't unbutton, when the cabin door noiselessly opened, and Mr. Norby entered.

"Oh—ah!" he said, hesitating on the threshold. "Not asleep yet, I see!"

"No," I answered, without turning round. "Can't get this wretched collar off."

Although I had my back to him, his every movement was clearly reflected in the glass before me. After looking sideways at me, he nipped softly over to his trunk, threw up the lid, and took out one of the dynamite shells. Under the light of the electric lamp I saw the yellow glitter of the metal as he transferred it hastily to his pocket.

"Forgot my smokes," said he, lighting a cigarette as a kind of "blind." "All serene now. Good-night, young 'un!"

Now what need had he to tell a downright whopper like that? Recollecting the incident of the *Manche*, I knew it was not the first be

had told, either. Besides, why hadn't he dropped the cartridges overboard long ago, as he said he meant to do? And why, if that's what he was going to do now—why had he walked off with only one of them, leaving the other still at the bottom of his box?

To these puzzling questions there seemed but one way of gaining an answer.

Scrambling into my jacket, I skipped outside the door in time to see him vanish up the companion-way. I followed cautiously in his wake, myself unseen. At that hour of the night the upper deck was deserted, everybody being either in the saloon or in the smoking-room on the bridge-deck. Past the stewards' and officers' quarters he glided, swift and silent, and then I suddenly lost sight of him as he turned into an alley-way between the chief engineer's cabin and the engine-room. Waiting a little while to give him a chance of clearing out again, I pushed forward on his trail. The narrow alley-way, lit only by a smoky oil-lamp, was empty; but that Mr. Norby had recently gone through it was evident from the glowing tip of the cigarette, which he'd tossed aside in a dark corner under the engine-room partition.

I craned my neck round the further corner of the cabins to see him calmly strolling aft again towards the saloon. Just as I stepped out of the shadow he happened to look round. Instantly I darted back into the shelter of the passage, trusting to luck that he had caught no glimpse of me.

Close to my feet as I stood there the cigarette-butt still lay red and smouldering. I watched it idly, carelessly, scarcely knowing I was watching it at all, till, all at once, its feeble spark flashed white hot, and the thing began to sputter and crackle as I'd never seen cigarette do before. Peering at it intently, my heart came up into my throat; alarm and intense terror stifled the cry I would have uttered. For the thing at which I gazed was the burning end of a short-time fuse attached to the dynamite cartridge.

With some vague idea of flinging the bomb into the sea, I bent over and picked it up, only to be immediately tackled myself by someone behind me.

HE CLAPPED ONE HAND OVER MY MOUTH, AND WITH THE OTHER MADE FRANTIC EFFORTS TO SNATCH THE CASE OUT OF MY GRASP.

"You prying young imp!" hissed the voice of Horace Norby. "Here, give it to me! Hand it over, or I'll squeeze the senses out of you!"

"No! You sha'n't have it! I'll shout——"

He clapped one hand over my mouth, and with the other made frantic efforts to snatch the metal case out of my grasp.

"It may explode at any moment!" he gurgled, breathing hard. "Don't be a young

fool, now! We shall both be blown to atoms. Sharp!—let me throw it overboard."

I yielded then. With the cylinder in his possession, he rushed to the side of the vessel and slung it from him towards one of the open port-holes. It struck against the upper edge of the opening and dropped back on the iron plates beneath amid a shower of sparklets. Simultaneously there came a thunderous roar, a vivid burst of flame—and, for me, total darkness.

On recovering my senses, I was lying in my bunk with an aching head and a bandage over my right eye. In falling, it seems, I'd knocked my forehead violently against a corner of the adjacent cabin and sustained a slight scalp wound; otherwise there was not much the matter with me. My father stood close at hand when I opened my eyes.

"Mr. Norby!" was my first eager question. "Did they stop him? Where is he, father?"

"In the doctor's hands at present, Gilbert. He has been badly—terribly maimed. Even if he gets over it he'll have to go through the rest of his life on crutches. Poor fellow! I'm sincerely sorry for him, little though he deserves any pity from me."

"But why did he do it? Does anybody know?"

"His aim was undoubtedly to wreck the engine-room, and so cripple the ship. From letters found upon him, and shown to me by the captain, it appears that he and Mr. Wasden have been scheming together to enrich themselves at my expense. While pretending to be my friend he has secretly kept his precious relative posted up in all my movements; and I've no doubt it was a cablegram from him, announcing my sudden return, which led my partner to seek safety in a hurried flight from Europe. Probably he hoped to reach America before I could possibly come to learn anything of his dishonest acts."

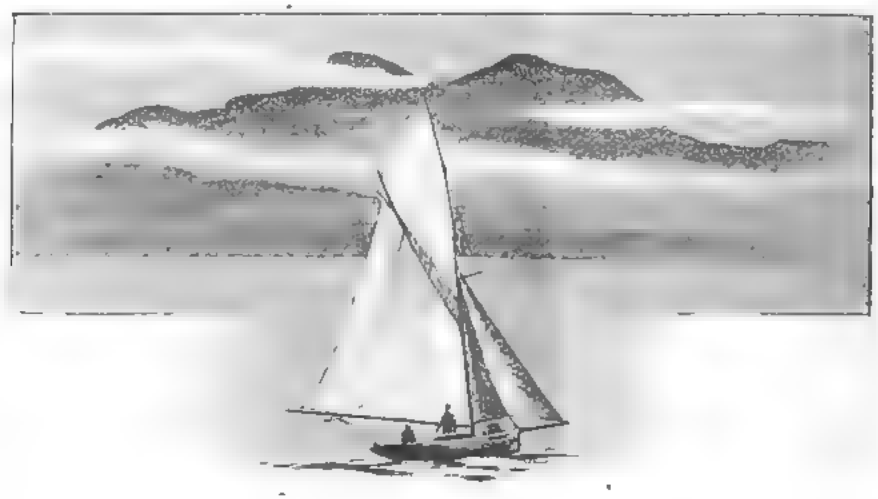
I could only stare in bewilderment.

"The letter I received in Buffalo, Gilbert, was from John Dixon—the firm's oldest and most trusted servant. In it he informed me of certain irregularities on the part of Mr. Wasden which he could not understand, and which he thought were being done without my sanction and contrary to my best interests. That first roused my suspicions and induced me to sail for England to investigate matters personally. Yet I was loth to credit my partner with any criminal wrong-doing. But now, I'm afraid, I can no longer shut my eyes to the evidence of his guilt."

"Then Mr. Norby's dodge was intended to delay the *Volta* until Mr. Wasden had had time to scuttle into hiding in America?"

"Thanks to you, Gilbert, his vile plot miscarried," rejoined my father. "The explosion has torn a hole a yard square in the ship's deck, but without in any way damaging the delicate machinery in the engine-room. We shall arrive at Queenstown, as Captain Blaine says, on schedule time all the same."

And so we did. Going ashore in the harbour tug-boat, father at once cabled instructions to a New York agency to have his rascally partner shadowed from the moment the *Manche* drew alongside the Hudson River Wharf. It was owing to this precaution that—when proofs of his frauds and embezzlements were afterwards obtained—he was so easily run to earth in Nebraska, and brought back in custody to England to stand his trial.



# VINTAGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

By José G. de Ybarrondo.

(The photographs by J. Y. de Ybarrondo.)

A GRAPE CART WAITING TO BE FILLED BEFORE GOING TO THE "CUVIER."

IN the south of France, where most people live on the produce of the vines, October is a month of particular interest, for it brings with it happiness and plenty for all.

The proprietor is rejoiced at the sight of the fine grapes, and the peasant at the prospect of better fare and a change from the monotony of every-day work.

It will be my object in this article to lay out a day's work in the season of the vintage, believing that it will be of some interest to readers of The Captain. When the vineyard is near a village, the people who are employed in picking the grapes return there for the night, but in most cases they are lodged—that is to say, a hay-loft is put at their disposal.

Anyhow, by six in the morning all are at work, each man, woman, and child provided with a basket, scissors, and a big apron. Starting at one end of a long line of vines, they work their way upwards, and then pass on to another.

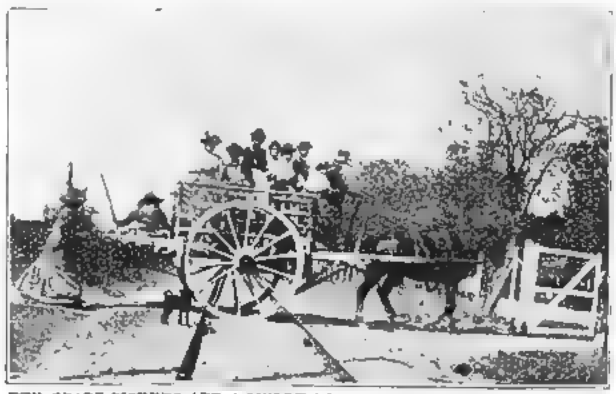
When their baskets are full (which is often the case after the very first vine) they empty them into big tin receptacles, called "baches," which are fixed on men's backs. These men carry them to and fro from the gatherers to the carts that are waiting. These carts carry big barrels in the form of tubs, which, when filled, are taken to the place called "cuvier," where the actual making of the wine is progressing.

The grape-pickers are very merry people, and look upon everything as a holiday outing, as the work is not very heavy. Meanwhile, in the cuvier all are hard at work. The cuvier is a big building devoted to the manufacture of wine. As you enter you see, towering above you on all sides, enormous casks, called "cuves," which are to contain the wine as soon as it is made, and in which for many months it will ferment.

One end is taken up by the "pressoir," which is a sort of elevated table with a high border running around, so that neither grapes nor juice can be lost. On this, in the good old days, could be seen (and can still, to my knowledge, in some small places) a dozen or so of men hard at work in their bare feet, dancing on the grapes, to the lively strains of a fiddle, but hélas! nowadays machinery has done away with a good deal of the romance of vintaging.

When the grapes are well beaten, a tap on one side of the pressoir is set running, and the wine that comes forth is put into the casks, or cuves. The cuves vary in size, all depending on the importance of the place.

At half-past seven everyone has a quarter of an hour's rest, and bread and cheese is served out. But the men employed in the fatiguing work at the cuvier have a more substantial meal; then



THE GRAPE-PICKERS ARE A MERRY LOT, AND LOOK UPON EVERYTHING AS A HOLIDAY OUTING.

work proceeds till one, when a bell rings, calling everyone in for breakfast.

*Déjeuner* is *the* great meal of the day, and one that is greatly appreciated by all. It consists of a soup that has attained fame under the name of "Soupe de vendange." It contains every sort of vegetable, besides large quantities of meat, well perfumed with the favourite garlic. Plenty of soup, bread, and "piquette," and everyone is satisfied. Piquette, by the way, is made of the grape-skins, compressed again after use, and forms a sort of weak wine, that is served out to the peasants like a second or third brew of tea.

A GROUP OF TYPICAL GRAPE-PICKERS.

For that meal they have an hour, and then work goes on again, with occasional rests, till the sun goes down, and then all troop home to dinner if they are to sleep on the place; to their cottages if they come from near by.

On the last day of the vintage a time honoured custom has it that at sundown all the girls form a procession, headed by the best-looking amongst them, with a nice bouquet, which is presented to the master (an amusing fact is that the flowers that form the bouquet are invariably cut in the proprietor's own garden, often much to his disgust); at the same time she announces that the "vendange" is over "la dernière charette étant rentrée." Then the proprietor gives a sum of money in aid of the evening's entertainment, and promises to open the ball that in all well-regulated places *must* terminate the proceedings.

Thus a happy season comes to a close, a season that in the sad life of the peasant forms a brilliant *epoque*, and which, whilst affording so much amusement, helps him to put by a little for the hard winter to come.

---

# OUR BOOK COLUMN.

*(From the "Doncaster Grammar School Magazine.")*

"EUCLID."—This is an excellent collection of short stories which must appeal to every lover of high-class fiction. The book is not by any means perfect. The reader is wearied by a constant repetition of certain set phrases, particularly some referring to duty, such as, "It is required to——," and a Latin quotation, "*Quod erat demonstrandum*," which means (for the benefit of the Modern side) "which was to be shown."

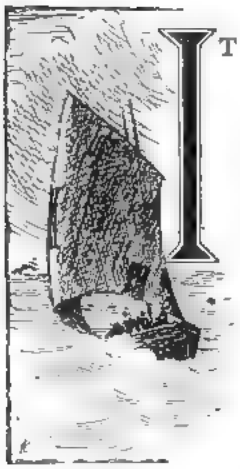
There are very few important characters, but these are drawn with a fidelity which impresses itself on the mind and memory of the reader. The illustrations are excellent, each story being accompanied by at least one spirited drawing (the copy I have—it belongs to Jones Minor—contains also a number of marginal illustrations representing a gentleman wearing a mortar-board, and a pair of spectacles, and bearing a superscription which, in deference to the feelings of the powers that be, I will not quote).

The name of the artist is not given, but the quality of his work leaves nothing to be desired.

As a book of short stories for the young, "Euclid" is unique; it is like cod liver oil (on the advertisement)—"Children like it." These stories possess such a fascination for the youthful mind that boys have been known to learn them by heart, and to write them out, even reproducing the illustrations.

Altogether it is a very handsome and interesting volume, and should be in the hands of every boy.

Illustrated by O. M. Dodshon.



IT had long been my ambition to possess a well-tattooed preserved head. Not a plaster cast, mind you, but a genuine once-flesh-and-blood specimen of the class of article which made it unwise, in the early 'thirties, for a native to absent-mindedly take rambles in lonely places after sundown, and in which such a highly remunerative business was built up by enterprising traders until prohibited by Government.

Lest anyone should credit me with more callousness than is my due, it may be explained that the age of the specimen, with certain reservations, mattered not at all, and that my desire first came into existence in the highly respectable and law-abiding 'eighties, when no one would suppose that its incautious utterance would endanger the life of any Maori, however well tattooed. And though such an eminently reasonable conclusion was in the main borne out, yet indirectly the expression of my desire did lead to most serious results.

The fact that I was hindered in the pursuit of my desire by the heavy penalty which proved such a thorn in the side of aforesaid enterprising traders, and some ridiculous—my friends call me prejudiced—sentimental-cum-superstitious objections on the part of the natives themselves, did not, unfortunately, exercise any restraining influence over me; and I never lost an opportunity, whenever I visited out-of-the-way districts, of attempting—for a long time unsuccessfully—to purchase one of the grim curiosities.

In the Christmas of 189—, I happened to be spending a fortnight at Waikanae. The district is to-day almost as wild as in the days of Captain Cook, the settlers are few, and the natives still as energetic in their prejudices against surveying parties, and indeed against all white intrusion, as before the war. Hardly an agreeable place for the average man to spend a holiday; yet to me almost fascinating, for no other reason than because the local tribe had the credit of possessing a large collection of preserved heads.

I was putting up at a settler's house, the owner of which did a quiet trade in such civilised articles as excited the cupidity of the more up-to-date natives, and I, two or three times, had opportunities afforded me of sounding such visitors on the subject which interested me. All of those I asked, with one exception, acted in the same way. They did not, as other Maories had done, pretend not to understand, or suddenly discover that they had pressing business elsewhere; they simply asked, with uncompromising directness, what business it was of mine to know about the *tapu* (sacred) things of the tribe. One man, seemingly more courteous than the rest, told me with a queer smile that if I wanted to know anything about the dead I had better ask Miro. He strode away before I could desire explanations. But Stockfield, the man I was boarding with, gave them.

"Tohunga, rebel, chief, and murderer, chief man of this *hapu*, that's who Miro is. Ever seen him? No, and never want to: Miro and sudden death still walk too closely together for my liking."

My courteous friend's answer, then, had a double meaning: it could be read as a threat—and had I been wise I should have left the matter of preserved heads, for a time at least, severely alone, but—I was not wise.

The exception was a man named Karna. After much hesitation, for he was in deadly fear of Miro's by witchcraft discovering his intention, he agreed to procure me one of the tribe's preserved heads in return for the sum

of £10. As his journey to and from the burial caves would occupy half the night—the only time that he could safely make the attempt—I should have to meet him in the early hours of the morning at a deserted hut half way to the settlement.

At this proviso I hesitated long before I accepted; the excursion, in its time, nature, and object, would be an eerie and dangerous one, but, with the lack of wisdom which characterised my behaviour throughout, I finally agreed. Nothing remained for me to do but to keep silence regarding the compact, even to Stockfield, and await the agreed time. The night arrived, cold, brilliantly clear, and moonlit. About twelve o'clock I set out, dressed in a warm suit of tweeds and grasping a heavy walking-stick—my sole weapon of defence. Fortune had favoured me, and I had managed to leave the house without attracting the attention of any of the inmates. For about a couple of miles my path led through Stockfield's paddocks, then it struck off into the ti-tree-covered no-man's land, which spread illimitably into the distance. It was a splendid night for walking, but the loneliness of the scene and the desolate absence of all sound, save the hooting of moreporks and the echo of my own footsteps, struck me uncomfortably. And neither of the exceptions were calculated to bring relief; the one has no equal for heightening depression, the other in the strange unearthly world of moonlight came to the ears like the footfalls of some hidden tracker.

Save for the inmates of that little white patch far behind, I was alone in the infinitely awesome bush—alone with all the thoughts and imaginative creations which the lights and shadows of the tangled undergrowth instinctively called up—alone to contemplate the mysteries, aye, and dangers, of the great tangled unknown which encompassed me on all sides.

I had always prided myself on my nerves, but for once my faith in them was sorely shaken. I thought of all the lonely murders of which I had ever heard, of the atrocities committed by the Maories, by Miro, possibly, in the war, of the tales of witchcraft—grim, unaccountable—with which the natives and many Europeans credited the *tohungas* (priests), and could divert my mind into no pleasanter channels.

Very suddenly, for the track turned constantly and abruptly, I came in sight of the hut which was our rendezvous. A prowling weka that scurried like a shadow across the moonlit space in which the building stood as I stepped out from the shadow of the encircling ti-tree, was the only living thing to be seen. Evidently the Maori had not arrived. Remembering that it would be wisest to make myself as inconspicuous as possible in case of chance passers-by—for my object there would hardly commend itself favourably to any of Miro's adherents—I took shelter in the whare. It was much delapidated. Broad shafts of moonbeams struck through the raupo roof in half a dozen places, and narrower shafts through the crevices in the walls in as many hundreds. A few potatoes, with great, lank, sickly runners struggling towards the light, littered the floor, with all the scraps and dust and dirt of a long-deserted native dwelling.

Karna came with startling suddenness, and so silently that I had not the faintest suspicion of his presence until his form darkened the doorway. With a satisfied exclamation, he placed a small flax basket in front of me.

"*Te moko*,"* he said in explanation.

With a penknife I quickly severed the flax bindings, the plaited mat-work fell apart, and there was revealed to my eyes the rounded object with shrivelled grinning face and scanty hair which I had been at such pains to secure. It was a good specimen, but I will not deny that there was then, even to me, something singularly repulsive in its appearance. Perhaps it was the moonlight, perhaps the unusual circumstances under which I examined it, and the knowledge of the danger and illegality of my bargain which contributed to this effect so strongly, but, be the reason what it may, I confess to feeling something very much akin to relief when the ghastly features were again hidden from sight.

"I had great danger," said the man simply. "The spirits of the dead are abroad, and I would begone ere they find me with the head," and he shuddered. "Miro would kill me if he knew."

"You are needlessly frightened," I replied confidently. "The dead harm no one, and as for Miro knowing ——"

"Miro! You know not Miro," he broke in impatiently. "He has the eyes of a bird, and the ears of a wild rat. He sees everything, hears everything even at night he knows all." His voice ended in a high pitched unearthly wail, and he sunk back paralysed with fear against the wall of the hut, one arm outstretched towards the darkness beyond. His voice continued to cry softly, unintelligibly, in breathless sobs, as a man horribly frightened,

* "The head."

and in the beam of moonlight I could see his arm shaking as if with palsy.

I followed with my eyes the direction of his hand, a sudden fear clutching at my heart. There was nothing to be seen save the deep shadows of the foliage.

"What is it?" I cried, seizing him roughly by the shoulder. "Speak."

"Miro!" he whispered at length with terrible intensity, "there, beneath the Karaka." Then his voice rippled on again unmeaningly, as if I had only for a moment broken the spell which lay over him. Suddenly he broke away from me, dashed outside across the open glade and into the ti-tree, when he disappeared. Where he had pointed I fancied I saw a grey shadow move—though I could not be certain. But the thought was a fearful one. If the shadow was a man, and was Miro, I hardly liked to guess what my danger was. However, though I continued to scan with feverish anxiety the shadows in the doubtful spot, I could discern nothing further of a suspicious nature. At any rate, it was not worth taking any chances; I must leave the hut by some other way than the door, and leave it, too, so that the keenest watcher would not note my departure. With my hands I quickly and silently tore away the raupo wall in the darkest corner, until there was a hole large enough to admit of my egress. Then I crept out, keeping a firm hold of my stick and the basket, which contained both the object of my expedition and the primary cause of my peril.

In the gloom of some stunted undergrowth, which grew close against the wall, and ran back unbrokenly to the encircling ti-tree, I crept across the open space, and in a few minutes was once more beneath the shelter of the tall bushes. Then, when through cautiously parted twigs I glanced back at the hut and its environs, my heart seemed to suddenly stop beating. Beneath a tall tawa tree, at the edge of the clearing, not more than 30yds. from me, and silhouetted against the sky—for the country behind swept steeply—there stood a whitish-grey figure. It was taller than an ordinary man and much broader, but instinctively I knew it to be a man.

In a second or two he moved. Then I saw he was looking towards the place of my concealment with intent interest. By the feathers in his hair I knew that he *was* Miro—Miro, the unforgiving, the merciless!—and not alone. There were other grey figures among the shrubs.

"WHAT IS IT?" I CRIED, SEIZING HIM ROUGHLY BY THE SHOULDER, "SPEAK!"

I counted five, and there may have been more. My chances of seeing the dawn were few. I had broken the most sacred of Maori laws—which I had unfortunately always thought never mattered—and I had been caught red-handed, which mattered a very great deal to all concerned. I was now about to pay the penalty—just, probably, but nevertheless terrible, and to be fought against to the very last.

I could not go forward. I must retire still further into the untrodden waste lands behind me, there to escape or—what was more probable—die. Striving to head always in one direction, I set off through the never-ending thickets, and did not pause for fully half an hour, during which no sound of pursuit reached my ears. Panting, torn, and bleeding, I at length waited in a grassy glade to rest and listen.

Not unsuccessfully, as I hoped. Close behind, seemingly in my very tracks, there sounded a subdued rustling, the occasional "crack" of a broken twig. There must be no pausing. A few yards further on, and I found the chase would end sooner than I had anticipated. The glade ended in a precipice, steep, shelving inwards, and utterly unclimbable. Far below, the bush showed hardly higher and larger than moss. I could not retrace my steps without meeting my pursuers face to face. Therefore it was here I must die—certainly allowed the choice of two deaths, both terrible, one more merciful than the other, but in any case—*die*.

I could hardly realise it. Possibly, in falling from such a height—for so my death must come—I would be dead before I reached the cruel branches. I shivered and hoped so.

The sound of the advance of the terrible grey men came heavily on the sweet, bush-scented air—never sweeter, never breathed, by the irony of fate, with keener appreciation than then. One of my pursuers appeared at the edge of the bush, and saw me. He cried out, and his voice echoed musically among the hills. In a sudden impulse of mad rage I kicked the basket with its grim contents into the abyss below, and then, swinging the heavy stick round my head, hurled it with all my strength at the nearest pursuer. At that moment, doubtless loosened by my sudden energy, the overhanging ground on which I stood bent outwards and slid slowly downwards.

It was strange that I, at such a time, should make an effort to save myself, but the fact remains that I did. Flinging myself on my face, impelled I suppose by the unreasoning instinct of self-preservation, I grasped the grass, the earth, the stones, anything as I glided downwards. One hand tenaciously caught a wet and slimy root, which gave but slowly, the other clutched wildly in the utter darkness for the larger root from which it sprang. Presently my fingers closed over it; for a second I hung thus, suspended between heaven and earth, while from below came the dust and dull roar of the now swiftly dropping mass. The fall of earth had altered the contour of the cliff, and there was foothold, which I found.

I looked upwards, trembling and bewildered with the reaction of the awful strain on my nerves and muscles. I had fallen fully 30ft., and, standing close against the face of the cliff, I hoped that I would escape observation.

For some time there was silence above. My hopes rose. Evidently, thought I, they fancy I fell with that bit of cliff. I will keep still; then, when daylight comes, I will climb up and get back to Stockfield's house. And, as I hung there, I actually pictured myself telling Stockfield all about my adventure, over a cheerful glass of whisky and a cigar.

Thus far had I got in my cogitations, when—what was that? *A face!* A hideous, awful face, with eyes like flaming coals, glaring down at me. *I was seen!*

The face disappeared, and I heard a murmur of voices. Then, looking up again, I saw the soles of two bare feet. They had improvised some sort of a rope out of their clothing, and were letting one of their number down.

I looked up again—and this time I saw the flash of steel. I saw the face again—yes, that must be Miro's face. The man coming down was huge; it was the terrible Miro, coming, as I hung there defenceless, to stab me to the heart, and send me thundering down the cliff after the "head" which I had flung away.

Oh! for a weapon—oh! for my revolver! I had mislaid it that evening, and had had no time to look for it. I had nothing save my bare hands to defend myself with—and what were they against that sharp blade and Miro's giant strength?

Slowly, slowly, the bare feet came slipping down. Evidently the hastily-made rope was none too strong, and those above were using great caution.

Nearer and nearer.

Then a sudden inspiration flashed through my brain. In my trousers pocket was my great jack-knife.

Miro did not see me—he was looking upwards. Exerting all the strength of my left arm, I left go of the roots I was clinging to with my right hand and dashed it into my pocket.

I dragged the knife out and opened the biggest blade with my teeth. Then I was ready for him.

Evidently this supposed wizard fancied he had an easy task before him. He came down to me very leisurely, talking to me gently of the nice soft bed that was awaiting me at the foot of the cliff.

I let him come. The strain on my left arm was terrific—but that was all I had to rely on for support now

"AH, WITH ALL THOSE EXCURSIONISTS DOWN HERE TO-DAY, MY SALES OUGHT TO GO UP WITH A BANG."

Nearer—nearer—now his feet brushed past my face—now his face was level with my face—now his fiendish eyes were glaring into mine.

S—s—lit!

I had severed the flimsy rope on which his body depended.

With a yell which I shall never forget, he lunged at me with his weapon, but missed me, and drove it hilt-deep into the cliff's bosom. He grabbed at me, but I slashed at his hands, and he fell—fell—fell—**to the soft bed awaiting *him* below.** I heard him bumping and bouncing down. Then the noises ceased.

My head swam. The incident past, my strength seemed to be fading away. Was I then, after all, to follow Miro to his death-couch?

What was that! A crack of a whip—a shout—again the whip—and a cheery voice:—

"All right, old chap—here I am! Clutch hold of the rope for your life!"

I seized the end that was dangling near me—seized it with a last despairing effort! I felt myself rising, rising—a last heave—and I fainted.

Of course it was Stockfield, my friendly settler. Karna had run plump into him about half a mile from the hut, and they two had hurried to my rescue. To disperse the cowardly Maoris above and haul me up was the work of barely a minute.

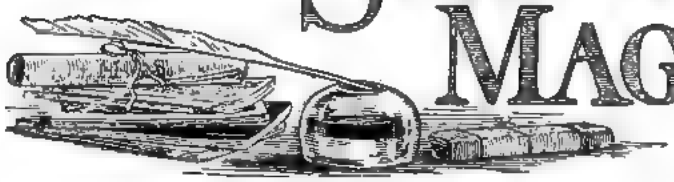
"Well, old man—you've done the tribe a good turn, Karna says."

"What's that?"

"You've rid them of Miro."

BUT THE ELEMENTS INTERFERED.

# SCHOOL MAGAZINES



*"Haec olim meminisse juvabit."*

WE receive such a large number of magazines that it is impossible to review all at once. It will be observed by those who keep their back numbers that the magazines noticed below were not included in our last set of reviews.

In future, we hope to print this feature more regularly, so that we may keep thoroughly in touch with school journalism, and at the same time give an early welcome to the numerous new magazines which these reviews have encouraged various schools, previously magazineless, to publish.

THE DIRECTORY.—We are gradually getting together a comprehensive list of school magazines. So far, considerably over a hundred different magazines have passed through our hands.

Will editors in Canada, Australia, India, and other parts of Greater Britain help us in our task by sending the periodicals which represent their schools? We also think that there are still a few magazines to come from Ireland and Wales, and we shall be very glad to include in our list magazines issued by schools on the Continent. American school and college magazines will likewise be welcome.

Thus, in time, we hope to compile a complete directory of all the school magazines at present being issued.

---

**Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine** (May).—Though not impressed by the decorations on the cover—which should show merely the title and coat of arms—we are much struck by the thorough editing and excellent "Notes." The retiring editor is to be warmly congratulated. His farewell words are manly and very well chosen; touching on the close of his school career, he quotes aptly from Barry Cornwall:—

> With what a gentle foot doth silent Time
> Steal on his everlasting journey!

**Acorn** (Oakfield Preparatory School, Rugby).—Would look better if it were cut down to half its present size, the six pages becoming twelve, and taking to themselves a smart cover, bearing title, acorn emblem, and its very suitable motto, "Umbras Faciam."

**Arvonian** (County School, Carnarvon).—Well printed on good paper. Where are the editorial announcements regarding the date of the next number's publication, with particulars as to price, when contributions should be sent, etc.? Quite a number of magazines seem to leave out these notices, by the way.

**Baeda** (St. Bede's College, Manchester).—The Epiphany Term Number contains, among other features, a full-page advertisement of wedding-rings, while a further half-page is devoted to announcements by a firm of undertakers. I advise the editor to sweep away these advertisements. Other collegiate magazines scrape along without such pecuniary help "from without," so why shouldn't *Baeda?* whose price, I may add, is sixpence. The writer of "Half-hours in Hades" (was this inspired by the lugubrious half-page referred to above?) asserts that Homer, whom he met down below, was "barely 5ft. in height and rather corpulent," a hastily donned wreath of bays giving him a "singularly rakish appearance." The accounts of the concerts are brightly written; as, too, are the editorial and football notes; and the magazine, as a whole, is very readable. Like the *Arvonian*, *Baeda* has forgotten its editorial announcements.

**Balgaywegian** (Balgay 'F. C., Lochee).—Can't you whip up enough money to print your mag.? If you *must* hektograph it, try a less bilious-looking paper—white, for example; while at the same time you might indulge in larger pages and less cramped penmanship.

**Bede Magazine** (Bede College, Whitley, Northumberland).—Your typewriting is excellent, but it is a pity you cannot print the paper. The literary matter is bright, but jokes should not be "explained."

**Cadet** (School Ship H.M.S. *Conway*, Liverpool).—Full of interesting matter and contributions of a marine description. The letters addressed by boys who have left to the captain of the *Conway* display much affectionate feeling for the old ship.

**Canadian Boy** (Empire Number).—Very up-to-date. On page 20 we find the following somewhat surprising information about the King of England: "King Edward the VII. has thirteen university degrees. He is colonel eight times over. His uniforms are worth 75,000 dollars. He has every order of knight-

hood in Europe. He owns the deepest mine in England. He is fifty-nine years old and has four grandchildren. He goes to church every Sunday morning. He is said to be one of the best shots in England. He is 5ft. 6ins. tall, and weighs 180lbs. His favourite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost 75,000 dollars a year. He has made more speeches than any other man in the world, but mostly short ones. When he was young he was very tender-hearted, and cried for days when a tutor left him."

**Cardiff Higher Grade School Magazine** (July).—The best contributions are the pages entitled, respectively, "On Training" and "Evans." The magazine is conducted with evident enthusiasm, and we are glad to see that the editor is exercising a wise discretion in the way he deals with the contributions submitted to him. No editor should ever accept anything to "oblige a friend;" he must consider his public first and his friends afterwards. Young authors are very vain, and their feelings are easily hurt by rejection; but the editor must stand his ground and accept only what he considers worthy of publication.

**Clavinian** (Weymouth College).—The cover is exactly what the cover of a school magazine should be. A very gentlemanly little paper, this. The Debating Society's reports make interesting reading, and the other contents mainly consist of sensible comments on school doings. The editor does not acknowledge receipt of "contemporaries," which is a pity—and, by the way, what price is the magazine, sir, and how often does it appear?

**County School Magazine** (Pembroke Dock).—The get-up does not seem to be particularly artistic. Of course the editor is not to blame for this, but he might do well to study and gather hints from such contemporaries as the *Clavinian*. We hope to observe a distinct improvement in future numbers.

**Cranleighan** (Cranleigh County School, Surrey).—Conscientiously conducted. We share the editor's regret over the disappearance of the old cover, which, with all respect to the designer of the latter, we prefer to the new.

**Day School Gazette** (South-Western Polytechnic).—Well done all through. The pick of the basket are the "Editorial," "Van Dusseldorf Dix," and "He Would be a Cricketer"—in fact, the *D.S.G.* seems to have a lively-witted poet on its staff. A passage translated from the French gives some useful advice to students: "Be always perfectly honest. You cannot work well otherwise. It seems to me one cannot work successfully, nor even play successfully, unless one be an honest man."

**Durban High School Magazine** (July).—It is a good idea to get Old Boys to write reminiscences of their school-days. The article before us makes capital reading. This infant—for the *D.H.S.M.* is only a few numbers old—seems to be going very strong.

**Esmeduna** (Liverpool College, Shaw Street).—Here we find an account of an "Exhibition of Hobbies." Other schools might take up this excellent idea. Among the exhibits were photographs, electrical apparatus, paintings, drawings, poker work, fret-work, collections of eggs, stamps, coins, and war-buttons. More magazine space might with advantage be devoted to the next "Exhibition."

**Fettesian.**—Contains some excellent poetry. "English as She is Spic" gives some laughable examples of continental blunders, and also includes Mr. Phil May's well-known "Au reservoir, monsieur!" "Tanks!" The *Fettesian* can give "points" to many of its contemporaries.

**Hibernia:** An Irish Representative of Amateur Journalism (No. 1, Vol. I.).—This will no doubt amuse and interest the friends of editor and contributors. Mr. B. Higgins writes trenchantly but unreasonably. He is right to warn his readers against "Saxonland's Guttor Journalism," but he must remember that "Saxonland" sends over to Ireland a great many very good and honest publications which young Erin may read to its profit and advantage.

**Holly Leaf.**—See criticism on *Acorn*. The same advice applies in this case.

**Lorettonian.**—The editor remarks on the various and curious pets that are being reared at Loretto. They include mice, jackdaws, owls, thrushes, starlings, rabbits, hares, stock-doves, ferrets, pigeons, bantams, and squirrels!

**Ludlow Grammar School Magazine** (March).—What there is of it is quite readable, but the magazine might contain a little more. "G. F. B." contributes a poem on "Spring":—

> Did ever mortal man know anything
> So fickle as the weather in the spring?

—and proceeds to take the poets to task for idealising what is generally a season of rain and mud.

> Do poets show things as they really are?
> Or does their fancy stretch a bit too far?
> Fine days in spring are far between and few;
> What's beautiful they sing, but not what's true.

And we are inclined to agree with "G. F. B."

**Madras Christian College Magazine.**—Mainly composed of essays. Possesses an outspoken critic, who has an interesting note on Mr. Clement Shorter's selection of Byron, Goethe, Scott, Balzac, and Turgueneff as "the greatest names that imaginative literature has given to the world during the past century."

**Meteor** (Edited by members of Rugby School).—Solid and sound throughout. There are good accounts of football (in which the school which has given its name to the older branch of the game appears to worst most of its opponents), Bigside runs, racquet matches, etc. The Rev. H. R. Phillpotts, an old Rugbeian, whose parish is at Pittsworth, Queensland, Australia, repeats in a stirring letter the never-ceasing appeal "Come over and help us." To do one's duty in this far-away parish "means many long rides, an irregularity of meals, a great deal of personal fatigue, much misunderstanding, a wild and lonely life . . . What we want is more men who will give themselves up to the work; those trained in public schools in physical exercises, not to cry out when they are hurt, but to struggle on in spite of many hard fights . . . we want strong men.'

**Newport Intermediate School Magazine,** a thoughtfully conducted journal, prints a hostile criticism of Mr. G. A. Henty by a boy in the middle part of the school, who urges his readers "to abandon Mr. Henty and give a fair trial to authors more worthy of their time and their admiration." The writer's arguments are boldly put, but he makes this great mistake—finding that Mr. Henty's books no longer satisfy his literary palate, he decides to change his diet, and calls upon his fellows to change their diet as well. There is no reason why they should until they choose to. When a boy's brain asks for something subtler than Henty, he can always find in the school library books that are "more worthy of his time and admiration," for is there any such library that does not contain the

complete works of Sir Walter Scott? If there is, the omission should be rectified at once.

**Olavian** (St. Olave's School, Southwark).—This is invariably the most sumptuously produced magazine that is sent in for review, and we regret to hear that its originator, Mr. Ryley, "who for six years devoted much of his valuable time to the *Olavian*," has recently left St. Olave's, promotion taking him to Sandwich. Let us hope that the high level to which he brought the *Olavian* will always be maintained by his successors. The number before us shows no falling off.

**Plymothian** (the magazine of the Plymouth and Mannamead College).—A creditable publication, if you except the tradesmen's advertisements, which, besides always being eyesores in a school magazine, seem to imply a lack of loyalty on the part of those who ought to support a publication brought out in their especial interests.

**Portmuthian** (Portsmouth Grammar School).—Seems to us that it is high time Portmuthians sent the editors some contributions. A few letters even would liven up the mag. a little.

**Quernmorian** (Quernmore School, Bromley, Kent) is distinguished by its smart and interesting 'School Notes." The magazine seems to cover all the necessary ground.

**Reading School Magazine** is thorough, no subject of school interest being left untouched.

**Review** (Grocers' Company School, Hackney Downs).—An old boy—apprentice on a sailing ship—sends a diary of a voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne. Here are some abbreviated entries:—

**Oct. 12th.**—Towed out of Wapping Docks. Beastly cold.
**Oct. 13th.**—After tea, very sick; wished I'd never come to sea.
**Oct. 14th.**—Had breakfast; feeling very bad again.
**Nov. 6th.**—Tea with skipper's wife; stuffed as I have never stuffed before.
**Nov. 9th.**—Fight between an Irishman and a Dutchman. Dutchman got terribly beaten.
**Nov. 18th.**—Passed a homeward-bound ship. Envied her awfully.
**Nov. 21st.**—One of the crew, a Dutchman, had fight with second mate.
**Dec. 12th.**—As nasty weather as you could possibly wish for.
**Dec. 24th.**—Had a fight with one of the ordinary seamen. Knocked the face off him, but got rather a sore nose myself.
**Jan. 15th.**—Had fight with second mate; skipper stopped us.
**Jan. 19th.**—The third mate went for one of the men, and gave him an awful licking.
**Jan. 28th.**—Melbourne at last! This ends the whole passage, which took us 105 days.

**St. Andrew's College Magazine** (Grahamstown, S. Africa).—Rejoices over winning of V.C. by Major Mullins, Imperial Light Horse (an old St. Andrew's boy). There is a strong patriotic note running through the whole magazine. The issuing of the number before us was delayed by a threatened Boer attack on Grahamstown. The school furnished ninety-six cadets from their corps to help man the trenches. Bravo, Saint Andrew's! The cadets over here only wish they had had your chance.

**The Chronicles of Grmysted and Petyt Journal** (that right?) appears to be another name for the Skipton School Magazine (Easter Number). Then why not call it the Skipton School Magazine? The "school diary" is a good idea, which would add interest to other magazines. The diary in this case ends with the following pathetic

Mem.—An uneventful Term, noticeable mainly for the wind and foul weather all over England; only one other like it for twenty years. Monitors' records unusually scanty.

**The Southern Cross** (The Students' Record of the Institute Inglés Santiago de Chile. Published Quarterly by the Senior Class, Vol. I., No. 1).—So, you see, all that way off they have insisted on having their "mag.," which costs one dollar per annum, and reflects great credit on its promoters.

**Stanley House School Magazine** (Bridge of Allan).—This was started in February and is now several numbers old. We find it good. The cover is, in its way, a model cover. The June number contains some very useful cricketing hints by the school "pro," George Holland.

**Students' Friend** is a monthly journal of education published in Madras.

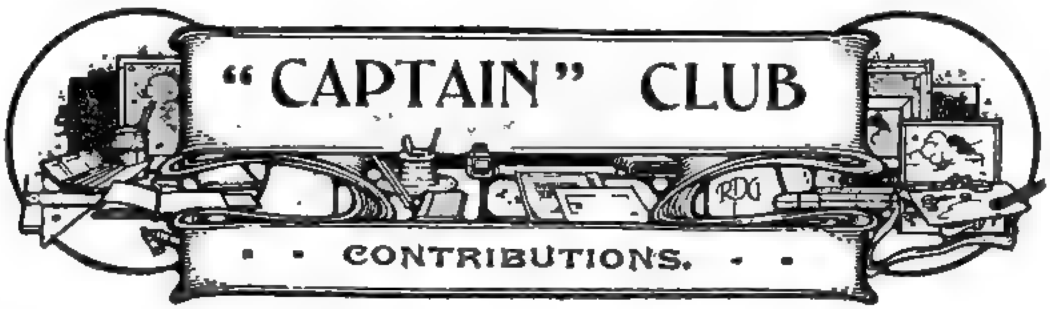
**Whitchurchian.**—With its eye resting hue, makes a soothing and satisfactory last on the list, for this little paper is well and thoughtfully edited, from green cover to green cover.

**We** also beg to acknowledge receipt of: *Alperton Hall Magazine, Boudonian, Bramptonian, Brighton College Magazine, Carthusian, Cottesmorian, Framlinghamian, Haileyburian, Heversham School Chronicle, Hurst Johnian, Ipswich School Magazine, Kendalian, Lincolnian, Malvernian, Mill Hill Magazine, Pilgrim, Ramsdian, Salopian, Sedberghian, Sotoniensis, Taylorian, Touchstone, Truro College Magazine, Wasp.*

# HASTINGS.

Hastings the premier cinque port, is supposed to derive its name from the Danish pirate Hastings. The castle, the chief object of historical interest in the town, was probably built in 1067, by William I., on the site of a Saxon fortification. It was one of the principal ports occupied by that monarch when the nobles rose against him, and his successor stayed at the castle in 1090, when Robert Bluet was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln. In All Saints' parish was born, in 1619, the ministerial reformer, Titus Oates, who at one time was incumbent of the parish. Sir Cloudesley Shovel also lived in the parish for some years. From 1373 to 1832 Hastings returned two members to Parliament, but since the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832 has only returned one. Among celebrities who have visited the town in past years may be mentioned: The King, the Queen-Consort, the Dukes of Clarence, York, Connaught, and Wellington, and Adelaide, Queen of William IV. The five first-named visited the St. Clement's Caves, which were discovered early last century by a gardener. These caves are said to have been formed partly by volcanic action, and partly by the early Christians. The original entrance has never been discovered, but the finder of the caves with his own hands excavated a long entrance passage through the solid rock, accomplishing his task in eleven years. St. Clement's and All Saints' are the oldest of the many churches in the town.

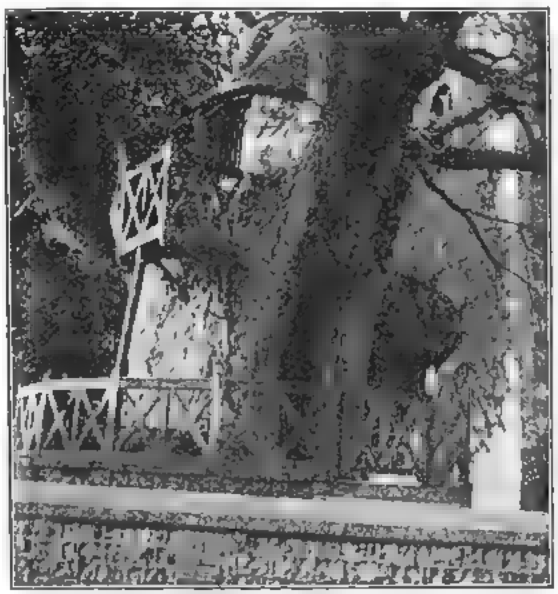
JUNIUS II.




ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to A. H. EUSTACE JONES, 12, Clonmore Road, Southfields, Wandsworth, S.W., for his essay on "School Chums." JAMES H. SKUSE is commended for his smart collection of "Irishisms."

### *School Chums.*

THE making of friends in school life is a far more important thing than most people imagine, for on this foundation is the whole structure of life built. The foregoing has always been a favourite theory of mine, and I maintain that a man's character is moulded and grafted into its ultimate shape (whether for good or evil) while he is still but a mere school-boy, and that this is done solely by the supreme power of friendship.



THIS IS THE FAMOUS OAK TREE AT ALLOUVILLE, NORMANDY. IT MEASURES 50FT. IN CIRCUMFERENCE, AND IS A THOUSAND YEARS OLD. THE O.F. DIN'T IN IT WITH THIS C.O.

*Sent by Colin Arrol.*

And, mark you, the great charm about this school-boy affection is that there is no sentimental nonsense about it, but rather a feeling altogether manlier and honest. We are considered, and rightly so, to be a very undemonstrative people, and do not usually carry our feelings near the surface; it is quite natural that English boys should act likewise, and therefore, although a fellow does not care to parade the subject, you may be perfectly certain that he is proud of possessing a chum to whom he is bound by the strong links of friendship.

We must remember that the world we live in, even while at school, is no longer a Garden of Eden, and that roses do not bloom on every bush; therefore great care must be exercised in our choice of right companions. However, in this we are greatly influenced by instinct, for true metal and sterling worth will always rise to the surface.

So I would have every fellow make as many chums as he can, but, above all, he must have *one special friend*, whose standard will float far above the rest, and to whom he will go when in need of help and advice, or when he wishes to disclose some private confidence which he well knows will not be derided or betrayed.

Wretched, indeed, must that fellow be who cannot number among his chums such a one. The fault is most probably all on his side, as he does not possess the great keynote, viz., sympathy, without which he cannot kindle so much as a single spark of answering affection, and he lacks that unflinching confidence which is the means of strengthening the whole course of friendship. Look to it, then, you fellows! Make the utmost use of your opportunities, which now are many. There is no time like the present, and, above all, beware lest, as the years roll on, and summer fades into autumn, you find, among perhaps scores of acquaintances, that you are in stern reality *friendless*.

A. H. EUSTACE JONES.

### A Few Irishisms.

PERHAPS readers of THE CAPTAIN who do not reside in Ireland would like to know a few of the odd expressions one hears there, especially from the type of the Dublin jarvey, or working class. For instance, in Cork, a street boy, when he means that he will conduct a lady round some corner of a crowded thoroughfare, says to her at the top of his squeaky voice: "I'll carry your ladyship round the corner if you'll show me a penny why." It is a peculiarity of Cork people to put "why" at the end of their sentences. Then, again, if you ask an Irishman who is sick how he is, the first day, being rather bad, he will reply in answer to your inquiry, "Only middlin'"; next day, being better, "Purty middlin' fair"; the third day, being almost well, he will say, "Real stout, thank yeh."

A man having rich relations is said to have a "a sthrong back"; a man who is rich himself is a "big man."

A dying person "is not expected," or "will do no good."

A drunken man is "out of his health."

A horse that is not wild "goes kind."

An Irishman, pointing to a thing in front of a person, says, "It's fair forninst yeh."

A fairly small crowd is "a good few."

The higher classes are called "the quality."

"There are usually a few," is expressed by "There does be a few."

Another Irish expression is "To be afther doin' something."

JAMES H. SKUSE.

THE SWITCHBACK AT FOLKESTONE.

*Photograph by G. C. Scrimgeour.*

A ROUGH SEA AT BROADSTAIRS.

*From a Snap-shot by W. Cocks.*

### A Cure for the "Stitch."

ONE of the best remedies for a sudden attack of "stitch" is to bend down so that the chin touches the knees. Repeat this rapidly several times and the "stitch" will be eased, if not remedied altogether. But the best and only certain cure is to get oneself into first-rate condition. Then, when the muscles and the lungs are toned up, it will not attack the runner until he is really exhausted, when it serves as a warning to him to "drop out."

T. W.

### A Model Asylum.

THE County Asylum, Prestwich, is situated within a few minutes' walk of my home. It is about the second largest lunatic asylum in England, containing between two and three thousand inmates. It consists of two parts, the old and the annexe. The grounds are of very great extent, being cultivated by the patients under the supervision of attendants. The asylum makes nearly everything of its own, including clothes, shoes, dairy produce, etc., even doing its own plumbing, painting, slating, and all outside work. The director is considered to be one of the cleverest experts in brain diseases. The asylum interior is grand, the floor being covered with linoleum, and the walls decorated with pictures and plants. The chief doctors are provided also with houses in the grounds, as are some of the married attendants. The asylum is under the authority of the Lancashire County Council. The patients coming from all parts of Lancashire, there is a big crowd on

THESE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS REPRESENT THE FAMOUS OLD MILL, WELL KNOWN TO ALL THE NATIVES OF SUSSEX AS A PROMINENT LAND-MARK ON RACE HILL, NEAR LEWES. AS IT WAS CONSIDERED UNSAFE, IT WAS ORDERED TO BE DESTROYED. OUR FIRST SNAP-SHOT REPRESENTS THE OFFICIALS PLACING THE GUN-COTTON; THE SECOND, THE MILL BEING BLOWN UP; THE THIRD, A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE MILL FALLING TO THE GROUND.

*Photographs by George Browning.*

visiting days to see them. On Wednesday afternoon a cricket match is played by a team of attendants against other Wednesday clubs. When cricket matches are taking place, the band, composed of attendants, plays for dancing for the patients, and "Sports" are held annually. The uniform of the male inmates consists of a black coat and vest, white duck trousers, and a hot-cross-bun cap; whilst the females wear striped blue dresses and sun-hats.

The male attendants have mostly been soldiers, and are a fine lot of men. The asylum makes its own gas, but is now gradually adopting electric light.

There is also a church, which Protestant patients attend, in the grounds. Taken all round, the patients have a fairly good life of it here; many better than at home.

H. SCHOLFIELD.

THE OLD WIND-MILL AT LEWES, AS IT LOOKED AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

*Photograph by George Browning.*

## *In Dickens' Days.*

WHERE is the reader of THE CAPTAIN who would not give much to be carried back half a hundred years and to live in the days of Dickens?

Where is the English-speaking Anglo-Saxon who would not travel miles innumerable to visit one of Dickens' ancient hostelries and eat one of those famous dinners of which the novelist wrote so feelingly?

And the travelling in Dickens' days!

The old stage coaches, for which travellers would wait patiently at sign-posts and cross-roads, cheering up visibly at the sound of the jangling harness, the low, distant rumbling of wheels upon the frozen ground, and the lusty blasts of the guard's horn awaking echoes far and wide in the frosty air—where are they now? Who does not feel sorrowful at the thought that the days of these old stage coaches are past and gone?

How enjoyable travelling must have been in those times, well wrapped up in cold weather, on the roof of a stage coach, listening to the spanking trot of the horses on the white roads; and, on the coach's arrival at a little country town, alighting at the inn to quaff a warming glass, while fresh horses were put in!

Dickens' descriptions are so vivid that the reader is present at any of his scenes: at a dinner the reader is there; in the dark prison cell the reader stands beside the condemned prisoner; at

a wedding, at a Christmas gathering, or careering through wide shires in a post-chaise, the reader is there in spirit.

Ah, yes! the good old days of Dickens are gone by, and the coaching days are over, but we must not be depressed. Let us cheer ourselves with the thought that probably in another hundred years people will sigh and say, "How much more enjoyable were those good old railways than our horrid, modern æro-cars!"

JOHN STEPHEN COX.

---

### *Are Examinations a Fraud?*

I HAVE a vivid recollection of that last exam. It prostrated me for a month. The questions in arithmetic were almost personal. The first started something like this: "Supposing your age to have been eighty-four five years ago, and that of your first and second daughters to be thirty-five and twenty-eight." A fine start, was it not? I was to suppose myself eighty-nine. Did the man who set that question really think that I should waste my time over such trivial matters as exams. if possessed of an imagination of sufficient capability to turn a beardless youth of seventeen into an octogenarian? Perish the thought! I would start a halfpenny newspaper at once. I passed by the question with silent contempt. The next was: "If so many men do a certain piece of work in so many days, working ten hours a day, how many hours a day must another number of men work to do it in so many days less?" I worked it out over two sheets of foolscap, and the answer was twenty-seven hours. I fear my remarks as to the moral, physical, intellectual, and universal difficulties of such a performance were not appreciated at their proper value.

DEVELOPING PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE C.C. PAGES.
*Sent by Arthur Bailey.*

After arithmetic came algebra. I was asked to ascertain the number of black balls in a bag, being given a lot of mystifying data about the number being one-fifth more than that of white, one-sixth less than blue, and one-eighth of the whole number of red and green. I started that sum. I got as far as "Let 'X' equal the number of black balls," when it struck me that the real curiosity of any really *intelligent* man concerning the number of purely imaginary black balls, in a totally supposititious bag, would be quite as fully satisfied by the symbol "X" as by a number. Even had the bag really existed, very few men would care how many balls it contained. "X" was just as good an answer, and conveyed quite as much as two or four hundred. Therefore I let it go at that. "Number of black balls equals 'X';" and was quite prepared to tack on the rest of the alphabet if necessary. But it failed to please.

Yes! Examinations are certainly a fraud.

PHALIA.

---

## "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

### LITERARY.

**A. K. Mackenzie.**—I thank you, dear sir, for the congratulatory poem addressed to my unworthy self. **Pink Eye.**—Try again. Not bad. **Harold Barnshaw.**—Not quite suitable for THE "CAP." Glad to have heard from you, all the same. **C. B.**—Hope to use your article on "Silver Paper" in some future number. No space in this. **Nathan Zelinsky.**—Is the "Epitaph" you send your own work? **F. C. Harris.** Try something nearer home, and keep your next contribution quite short. **"Nobody Much."**—Shows a certain power of description, but is not strong enough to stand by itself. There is not much of a market for descriptive writing in to-day's papers and magazines. It should be used as restful relief, or as an interlude, in writing a story or poem. **Colin Arrol.**—Hope to use photograph. Sorry no room for essay. **M.C.C.**—I agree with you that a great deal can be done in getting together village and town lads and forming them into cricket and football clubs. I wish more people had your energetic ideas on the subject. Unfortunately your little article is too late—cricket being nearly over now. **J. L. Turner.**—Are your definitions original? **H. R. McDonald.**—You know your athletes, evidently. Sorry no room.

### ARTISTIC.

**Duncan H. Nellson.**—You have certainly improved, but require a great deal more practice yet in the proper formation of faces. Don't run too much to the comic; this only means a "get out" for a bad drawing. **H. Omadar.**—Your photograph of the start for the Diamond Sculls is clearly and well taken, but is too late to be published in these pages. **Geoffrey Dunderdale.**—The snap-shot of H.M.S. *Powerful* after her return from the Transvaal is a little too lightly printed. The other photograph which you took with your 12s. 6d. "Tit-Bit" camera is splendid, and I shall try to use it on some future occasion. Will you and all other contributors who send photographs to these pages please remember to write your names and addresses and full particulars on the back

of every snap-shot? This answer also applies to **K. Thomas.** **A. H. Pattan.**—You still need plenty of practice. You will find it much better to draw upon a smoother surface. See my criticisms in back numbers. **A. E. Bestwick.**—Your idea, "Wounded in the Execution of his Duty," is a good one, but not quite suitable for these pages. See criticisms in back numbers about drawing on white cardboard. **Morris Sporrott** (ADELAIDE).—You want a great deal more practice yet, although you go the right way about it. Stick to drawing from the life, and I shall hope to see something later on from you worthy of being published. It would not be a bad idea to take some hints from the line artists you see illustrating THE CAPTAIN. **H. G.** (MAIDA VALE).—Your "Kodak" snap-shots are well taken, but not of sufficient interest for the limited space at our disposal. As you are in London I should advise you to pay a visit to the Kodak Company's new West End branch, 40, West Strand, Charing Cross. Here you will get more hints in half an hour than you would learn otherwise in a month. **F. J. Howard.**—If your sketch had been in ink it might have stood a chance of publication. I cannot reproduce drawings in lead pencil. **D. Ford.**—A very clever sketch, but certainly not fit for publication. You are clubbed. **Mabel Le Maistre.**—Your sketch of the Brighton New Tower is remarkably correct, but you should not add little patches of wash in a pen-and-ink drawing, as they cannot be reproduced.

**Contributions also received from:** P. H. Blanshard, Mary Gilbertson, R. Cohen, Edward D Sherlock, V. Pearce, Charles F. Knowles, W. Bridge, H. F. Mullett, J. S. Cox, Frank C. Harris, Leonard Cadoux, and others.

*(A number of accepted contributions are held over.)*

# "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

**NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—**

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 12th.

The Results will be published in November.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"Four Towns."**—(SECOND LIST.)—In one of the advertisement pages you will find a form to cut out and send up after you have filled in the names of the towns. The number of letters in each town is indicated by its initial letter and dots to the number of letters required to complete the word. All these towns contain over 5,000 inhabitants, and are situated in the British Isles. There will be three prizes of 10s.

| | |
|---|---|
| Class I. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Twenty-five. |
| Class II. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Eighteen. |
| Class III. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Fourteen. |

No. 2.—**"Titles for Popular People."**—Make a list of people on whom you would like to see titles bestowed, applying to them the titles you would choose for them. The list must not exceed twelve, and must be sent on a post-card. The senders of the three best lists will receive 7s. each.

| | |
|---|---|
| Class I. ... .. ... ... | Age limit: Twenty-one. |
| Class II. .. .. .. | Age limit: Sixteen. |
| Class III .. ... .. | Age limit: Twelve. |

No. 3.—**"For the Camera Fiend."**—Take a photograph of a party sitting at a meal, indoors or out-of-doors. Three prizes of 7s.

| | |
|---|---|
| Class I. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Twenty-two. |
| Class II. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Eighteen. |
| Class III. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Fourteen. |

No. 4.—**"What is the Most Useful Hobby?"**—Explain in an essay, not exceeding 400 words, what you consider to be the most useful hobby one can follow, not only from the point of view of turning it into cash, but also as a means of obtaining useful knowledge. The three prizes will consist of articles from the advertisement pages (to be chosen by winners) to the value of 7s.

| | |
|---|---|
| Class I. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Twenty-five. |
| Class II. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Twenty. |
| Class III. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Sixteen. |

No. 5.—**"Drawing of 'The Captain' Stamp."**—Make a copy of THE CAPTAIN Stamp, three times the size of that illustration of it which you will find in the "Editorial." (Anybody wanting a few dozen of these stamps should send us a stamped envelope.) Prizes will be THREE SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS, to the value of 7s. 6d. each.

| | |
|---|---|
| Class I. . . ... .. | Age limit: Twenty-one. |
| Class II. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Sixteen. |
| Class III. ... .. . | Age limit: Twelve. |

No. 6.—**"Riddles."**—Three prizes of 5s. will be awarded for the three best (original) riddles after the style of:—"Why did the owl 'owl'? Because the woodpecker would peck her."

| | |
|---|---|
| Class I. ... ... ... ... | Age limit: Twenty-five. |
| Class II . .. . ... | Age limit: Twenty. |
| Class III. . . . . | Age limit: Sixteen. |

***EXTRA CONSOLATION PRIZES.—Three prizes of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the three competitors who at the close of Vol. VI. have gained the largest number of "Honourable Mentions" during the past six months, beginning with the results published in the October number.***

# WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

Conducted by A. E. Manning Foster.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. R. H.**—The West India Regiment is certainly best suited to poor men, on account of the extra pay and of the facilities of leave. In this regiment (as well as in the Royal Engineers) it is possible for a subaltern to live on his pay. Indeed, it offers large inducements to the shorter purse, and when a young fellow is successful in entering the Indian Staff College, his position in life and excellent pay are secured. The Staff College at home, too, offers excellent prospects, but requires exceptional ability. A man passes into the Staff College from his regiment, either by open competitive examination or by a nomination which he obtains as a reward for good service. The Army Service Corps (Commissariat Department), although it is practically a non-combatant force, is well paid, the lieutenant beginning with 10s. a day and a certain allowance. You can obtain particulars of the Cape Mounted Rifles and other Colonial forces from the Civil Service Commissioners, Victoria Street, S.W. You will also find an article dealing with them in one of the back numbers of The Captain.

**R. S. R.**—Although it requires a good deal of economy and self-denial, it is quite possible for a subaltern in the militia to live upon his pay. Being in the militia, it would be possible to live at home, and the mess expenses would thus be saved, except during the month that the regiment is out. After serving a two-yearly training with a militia regiment, and after passing the examination and obtaining the certificate required of a subaltern officer, you could prepare yourself for the military exam. with a view to obtaining a commission in the regular army. With regard to your second question, I cannot say whether your swollen glands would prevent your passing the medical examination. It depends upon how long you have had them and how bad they are. If they are the result of temporary ill-health, they certainly need not matter, but I should strongly advise your having them seen to by a good doctor.

**H. F.**—A pursership on a good steamship line is a pretty good position. It is to be obtained very largely through influence, and I doubt if any man would have a chance if he did not know some influential people who would back him up. If you have friends amongst the directors of the line you can get them to mention your name, when you will be required to go up before the board. You will have to show a knowledge of book-keeping, shorthand, and type-writing, while an acquaintance with modern languages is also very desirable, and, in some cases, absolutely necessary. It is also important that your general health be good. Of course, you begin as assistant-purser.

**R. L.**—Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, 4, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C., publish an excellent little work on "Farm and Dairy" at 2s. 6d.; Professor Sheldon, of the Royal Agricultural College, is the author. Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C., can supply, for 1d., "How to Choose and Manage a Farm." This is one of the *Country Life* Series. If you desire a more expensive work, you cannot do better than obtain their "Book of Farm Management," at 7s. 6d. Mr. Rider Haggard has written an excellent book on farming, which you can borrow from any library or buy from any bookseller.

**Paterfamilias.**—I should not be over-anxious. There is plenty of time yet for your son to specialise. At present the most important thing is his mental training. Sir Andrew Noble, who is connected with an engineering firm that employs 30,000 men, recently remarked: "In nine cases out of ten, I should say, any knowledge acquired by a boy before he is sixteen can have but slight intrinsic value. Up to that age it is not what he learns that we have to look at, but *how he learns*. It is the habit of discipline, of mental application, of power in attacking a subject, that are so valuable, not generally any definite piece of knowledge he may have gained."

**Clericus.**—(*a*) For collegiate students who are not over well off Keble College offers great advantages, the total expenses for board, tuition and college fees amounting to £81 per annum; while at other colleges these same items cost from £100 to £160 per annum. (*b*) A university degree is certainly desirable, though not absolutely necessary. (*c*) Principal theological colleges are: Birkenhead, Birmingham, Chichester, Cuddesdon, Dorchester, Ely, Gloucester, Highbury (London), King's College (London), Leeds, Lichfield, Lincoln, Salisbury, and Truro.

**Farmer.**—Free grants of land may be obtained in several provinces in Canada, such as Manitoba, North-West territories, and parts of Ontario. Crown grants may be acquired for a nominal sum in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, and British Columbia, while improved farms may be bought at reasonable prices. For the young and energetic, Canada offers great advantages. Very full particulars can be obtained from the High Commissioner for Canada, 17, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

**Middy.**—A few privileged cadetships are given in the Navy to the sons of officers of both services who have been killed in action or who have died in consequence of injuries received therein. Application concerning these should be sent to the Military Secretary, Horse Guards, S.W.; or to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.

**M. C. C.**—Salaries of inspectors of weights and measures are paid from £100 to £150, and in some cases £250 or more. An examination held by the Board of Trade must be passed in elementary English subjects, mechanics, and physics, practical verification of weights, and the provisions of certain Acts of Parliament.

**A. S.**—Your local newsagent, or the manager of your station bookstall, would order any French paper for you. *L'Echo de Paris* is a French daily paper run to some extent on English lines. Try that. If "Hugo's French Journal" is sufficiently advanced, I think that would suit you.

**R. T. C.**—Cadetships in the Royal Irish Constabulary, from which the ranks of the District Inspectors are recruited, are the subject of a competitive examination for admission, to which a nomination from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland or his chief secretary is necessary.

**Stanley Heald.**—You must serve as a pupil or apprentice with a firm of estate agents. You will find advertisements of vacancies in the daily papers. A good general education is a necessity.

**A. B. C.**—The offices of the Institute of Actuaries are at Staple Inn Hall, Holborn, W.C. A student must be between 16 and 21 years of age.

**A. F. C.**—You can obtain all information about the Ordnance Survey by writing to the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, Hants.

**H. B.**—Boy copyists cannot very well live on their wages. As a general rule they live at home with their parents or relations.

**"One of Your Readers."**—Refer to your back Nos. of The Captain, and read article on Civil Service.

**Frank Bullen.**—Write to Linton Hope, Esq., Salvadore, Kingston Hill.

*12, BURLEIGH STREET,*
*STRAND, LONDON.*

**"A Cavalier Maid."**—In our next volume, commencing in October, you are to be introduced to several writers who for your benefit are striking out into quite a new line, as far as this magazine is concerned, at any rate. We have had school serials and military serials, a prairie story, and a story of the Royal Navy; but we have not yet had a long, continued tale dealing with that fascinating period of the great Civil War when the King's men fought so desperately against Cromwell's invincible Ironsides. "A Cavalier Maid," by Clifford Mills, describes a mission that was undertaken, at great peril to the holder of it, when the Loyalists, at their last gasp, were retreating before Cromwell to the far west of England. It is a story so full of interest, written so vividly, and at the same time so charmingly, that I have absolute confidence in its reception at your hands. "A Cavalier Maid" is as gallant, as graceful, and as touching a romance of that stormy epoch as it has ever been my lot to read.

**"In Deep Water."**—As I have said, we have already had a story concerning the Royal Navy; now we are about to deal with the merchant service, and this new serial, "In Deep Water: A Tale of the Mid-Atlantic," by Stacey Blake and W. E. Hodgson, concerns the adventure of two ships—an adventure of so novel a kind, yet quite within the bounds of possibility, that the story cannot fail to hold the attention of readers as surely as any romance of the ocean that has yet been written. The plot of "In Deep Water" can truthfully be termed absolutely original, and that is a compliment which you can pay to very few sea tales of recent publication. Moreover, the authors who have put their brains together in your behalf have both in their time spent a number of years in the merchant service; so, in addition to spinning a glorious yarn of the salt waves, they will give a realistic picture of life on a merchantman at the present day.

## IN VOLUME VI.

*"A CAVALIER MAID."*
A Romance of a King's Messenger.
By CLIFFORD MILLS.

*"IN DEEP WATER."*
A Tale of the Mid-Atlantic.
By STACEY BLAKE & W. E. HODGSON.

*"TALES OF ELIZA'S"*
By FRED SWAINSON.

*"TALES of the TRENCHES."*
By JOHN MACKIE.

*"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOG."*
By J. CONNELL.

**Other Features.**—I hope, in addition, to publish some "Tales of Eliza's," being complete public school stories by Fred Swainson; and there will be further "Tales of the Trenches," by John Mackie, which have been pronounced by many newspaper critics to be excellent and most truthful pictures, by one who really knows, of the warfare in South Africa. I have secured, as well, a story in six chapters, entitled "The Autobiography of a Dog," written by J. Connell, author of that popular little book, "The Confessions of a Poacher." I also hope to print more frequently collections of essays by CAPTAIN readers after the style of "The Field of Fair Renown." We have no space this month to publish the best

essays from the Competitions, but they will be kept and printed in due course.

---

**Boys Wishing to Go to Sea.**—The Committee of the *Arethusa* and *Chichester* training ships, Greenhithe, Kent, inform me that there are vacancies on board these ships for poor boys of good character who wish to go to sea. The vacancies arise because so many lads have recently been sent into the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. The ages should be between fourteen and sixteen, and applications may be addressed to Mr. H. Bristow Wallen, Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., at which address he interviews candidates every morning at eleven o'clock. Forms of application and full particulars will be gladly forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom. All suitable cases are admitted at once without votes.

---

**The "Chicot" Papers.**—An excellent and laughable little holiday book is this, by Keble Howard (author of those "Teddy Tales" which appeared in early numbers of THE CAPTAIN). Mr. Howard is "Chicot" of the *Sketch*, and writes that lively page called the "Social Jester" every week. I may add that the "Papers" are illustrated by Mr. Tom Browne in his funniest vein.

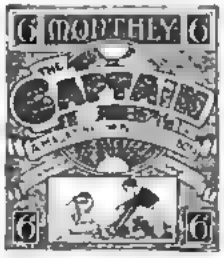
---

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**N. Emo,** an ingenious Etonian, sends me a German word which, he says, is longer than any word I received in our Long Word Competition. The word he sends is: "Constantinopolitannischerschottischerdoublesaxepfeiffergesselschaft." He adds that the translation of the same is: "Constantinople Scotch Bagpipes Company." N. Emo assures me that it is a genuine word, but before I can take his word on the point I should like to know where he discovered it, and whether he can send me a sheet of the company's note-paper headed by this jaw-breaking mouthful? It would be pleasant to listen to it sung loudly by a gramaphone. Nobody at Eton can pronounce it except N. Emo, and as "N. Emo" means "Nobody," I suppose the word is unpronounceable. The word contains sixty-seven letters.

**Ethel Salkeld.**—I won't buoy you up with false hopes about getting "copying" to do. Since the introduction of typewriters "copying" has gone out of fashion. Some ladies get typewriting work if they have good machines and are reliable typists. They advertise for work in the *Academy*, *Literary World*, *Athenæum*, etc. But the competition is very great, and it is not likely you could secure any work of the kind unless friends give it you. Shall always be glad to give you advice on any other point, as I quite understand the position in which you are placed.

**The Baby** (CHÂTEAU THIERRY).—(1) A girl let loose with a gun I should imagine to be a dangerous person, but under proper supervision I don't see any harm in her shooting at a target. You did not mention the "target" in your former letter. (2) As for your increasing weight, I don't think I should bother about that if I were you. As I don't know anything about your constitution, I cannot advise you on the point. Glad to hear you are so well, and that you are showing the French girls how to get plenty of fun out of life.




FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

**Astronomical Works.**—A little time ago a reader wrote to me for a list of astronomical works. The Astronomer Royal to THE CAPTAIN informs me that the best book is Sir Robert Ball's "Story of the Heavens" (Cassell & Co.), which is the best introduction to the subject ever written. Also, Professor Todd's "New Astronomy" (Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co.), and "Astronomy," in the *Concise Knowledge* series (Hutchinson & Co.). These books are published at 12s., 7s. 6d., and 5s. respectively.

**P. H.** (BRADFORD).—(1) I never undertake to answer medical questions, nor can I give you my opinion about the "cure" you mention, or the paper. Stick to your own family doctor, or if necessary go to a qualified specialist, but don't have anything to do with quacks. (2) As for hints to black-and-white artists, if you look through back numbers you will find that we have given hundreds under the heading of "CAPTAIN Club Contributions."

**F. R.** (BOSTON).—The following are a few of Talbot Baines Reed's books which you do not appear to have read: "A Dog with a Bad Name," "Roger Ingleton," "My Friend Smith," "Tom, Dick, and Harry," and "A Book of Stories." The first is published by Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., at 2s. 6d.; and the other four by the Religious Tract Society, at 5s. each, except "A Book of Stories," which is 2s. 6d.

**G. M. F.**—(1) By "clubbing" a person we simply make him a member of THE CAPTAIN Club, which is a club formed to keep the readers of THE CAPTAIN together in a solid band, and to give expert advice by post to those who take the trouble to lay out 6d. on us every month. (2) Yes, Ping-Pong is a rattling game, but it makes you awfully hot. To play it hard you really ought to "change" for it.

**Winners of "Captain" Competitions, Vol. IV.** (October, 1900, to March, 1901).—That very industrious reader of THE CAPTAIN, Mr. Hugh Leslie Dobrée, has added up the number of the prizes announced in our last volume as being won by readers in England, Scotland, Wales, Channel Islands, and Ireland respectively. They are as follows: England, 104; Scotland, 25; Channel Islands, 3; Ireland, 2; Wales, 2. Grand total, 136.

**Naval Inquirer.**—You ought to be able to find a good coach for the navy in Bedford. It is full of gentlemen who coach for everything. I think, however, your best plan would be to write to Messrs. Gabbitas & Thring, scholastic agents, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W., who have on their books a number of tutors, living in the south of England, who would be willing to coach you.

**"Old St. Johnian."**—(1) Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. publish an excellent guide-book to the English Lake District, price 1s. Any bookseller will obtain it for you. (2) The L. & N.W. Railway Co. will send you a printed list of farmhouse lodgings, etc., upon application.

**A. B.** (age twenty-six), invalided home from the Front, wants out-door work in England. Previously a bank clerk, but cannot go back to the bank owing to ill-health. Anybody willing to give him a trial should apply for his full name and address to the editor of THE CAPTAIN.

**Bert Ilott.**—Sorry I cannot put you into communication with other readers about stamps, but it is against my rules. Certainly you may regard yourself as an official representative in New Zealand.

**W. R. Partridge.**—Best regards to you and all other readers at your swimming club. Owing to the efforts of loyal fellows like you, the sale of THE CAPTAIN is increasing steadily every month.

**Eric H. Olley.**—It is quite possible to keep frogs in your garden, where they will hunt about for their own food, but you should provide a flat vessel containing water for their use.

**A. Y. Z.**—Your George III. half-crown is not worth more than 2s. 6d., but if it is in a very good state of preservation you may get a few more pence for it from a coin dealer.

**Member.**—(1) Yes, regard yourself as an official representative for Westcombe Park. (2) You can order back volumes through any bookseller. See foot of "Contents."

**A. E. Rial.**—"Parakites," by Gilbert Totten Woglam, price 5s., published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, will give you all the information you require about how to make a kite.

**Silver Paper.**—In reply to A. M. Guest's inquiry on this point, Miss Norma Walford informs me that Mr. William Whiteley, Westbourne Grove, London, will give 5s. for every ball of silver paper weighing 1lb.

**Philologist.**—(1) "A Practical Sanskrit Grammar," by Sir M. Monier-Williams, price 15s. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) (2) "A Grammar of the Arabic Language," by W. Wright, LL.D., price 12s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.
"When You Leave School."
*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

**Office Boy.**—There must be some constitutional reason for the state of your eyes, but probably nothing to worry about. If you feel unwell, consult your school doctor; otherwise, don't bother.

**Gentle Joe.**—You are "clubbed." **N. W.**—I have "clubbed" you. Yes, competitors may use typewriters for their competitions. **R. Martinez** (KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W.I.).—Yes, you are "clubbed." **Mailer.**—For small steel type write for price list to Messrs. Richford & Co., 153, Fleet Street, London, E.C. **Niatpac.**—You are "clubbed." To improve your handwriting get "Skerry's Civil Service Copy-Book," price 1s. Address: Mr. G. E. Skerry, 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. **H. C. Ellis.**—If you want advice about a bat, send a stamped envelope stating your height, weight, age, and chest measurement. **M. A. G.**—See "Whitaker's Almanack" for particulars re Colonial Governments. **W. Larkin** (CAPE COLONY).—You can obtain a Punch and Judy show from Messrs. Hamley, 231, High Holborn, London, W.C. **S. Richardson.**—See "A Boer's Account of Majuba" in THE CAPTAIN for December, 1899. **J. Garratt.**—"The Story of the Alphabet," published by George Newnes, Ltd., price 1s., will tell you all you want to know about Egyptian hieroglyphics. **Pho.**—The "1" mark stands for a drachm. **G. M. Chapman.**—Yes; Messrs. Newnes can supply you with the parts you want of the "Book of Cricket," and also a binding-case for the same, for 4s. 4d. post free. **Numismatist.**—Have "clubbed" you. "The Coin Collector," by W. Carew Hazlitt, price 7s. 6d. net (George Redway). **J. Chance.**—I advise you to get a little book called "How to Enter the Navy," price 1s., published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

**Calendar Events, Letters, etc.**, have also been received from P. R. Baldrey, Colin A. Arrol, Dorothy English (with photograph), R. G. Fussell, Rotascope (with mignonette seed), and others.

*(A number of answers held over.)*

THE OLD FAG

## "CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

***Bonâ fide*** **purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.**

Digitized by Google

# Results of July Competitions.

**No. I.—"Holiday Group."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. H. STRANGE, c/o Elliott's Stores, Eastbourne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. H. McSweeny, Hilda S. Petter.

*CLASS II.*—(Age limit: Eighteen.)

7s. divided between: JOHN R. CREASEY, "Beltoft," Hadlow Road, Sidcup, Kent; and R. E. JAYNE, High Street, Brownhills, near Walsall.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: C. H. GREGORY, The Anchorage, Fillebrook Road, Leytonstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Overton, M. D. Hardy, Basil C. Prior, A. F. Clennell, Arthur Bailey, J. Howard Owen.

*CLASS III.* (Age limit: Fourteen.)

7s. divided between: DOROTHY ENGLISH, 21, Portman Square, W.; and A. R. OVENS, Ziegelhäuser Landstrasse, Heidelberg, Germany.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Jones, Arthur Hartley.

**No. II.—"Drawing of Chimneys."**

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: W. J. WHITE, "Fairlea," Abergavenny.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwynedl M. Hudson, Arthur S. Atkinson, W. Higgins.

*CLASSES I. and III.*—No award.

**No. III.—"New Punishments."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: W. AITKEN OLDFIELD, 21, Glyn Avenue, Doncaster.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JOHN B. EDGAR, "Ashton," Lockerbie N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred D. Ereaut, William Vaughan, Mary Porteous, E. W. Stiles, John W. Lewis.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: MAY MACKAY, Alvey House, Aviemore, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ALEX. PATTON, Castle Caulfield, Co. Tyrone, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ewen Mouse, E. T. Cooper, R. H. Southern.

**No. IV.—"Without an 'E.'"**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-four.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: JOSEPH TYREMAN, 132, Victoria Road, Middlesbrough.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: TOM JONES, 41, Monument Road, Birmingham; and A. E. EREAUT, "Belleville," St. Saviour's Road, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn Harvey, H. C. Ransley, Winifred Ereaut, Thomas Priestman, Junr., Hedley V. Fielding, Maud M. Lyne, Percy H. Beazley.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: ERNEST EVANS, 117, Elderfield Road, Clapton, N.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WM. GILLIES, Shawlands House, Glasgow; and A. G. TURNER, 20, Myddleton Square, Clerkenwell, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Rudolph Schafer, L. Reynolds, Alex. C. Hay, H. G. Wickenden, John Whiting, W. Higgins, Dorothy Daly, Thomas Billings, E. G. Chandler, W. G. Tilling, C. H. M. Fasson, S. E. Ellis, Charles W. Gates.

*CLASS III.* (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: A. BERNARD CARDOZO, Hartest Villa, Maltese Road, Chelmsford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: RICHARD L. F. BOND, c/o Bond, Sellar & Co., Galata, Constantinople; and FRANK WHITTLE, 11, Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Geoffrey Dunderdale, Helen Carver, Alwin R. Troye, William Bradbury, David Whyte, D. A. Eltham, Vera Nikolić, Harold L. Ball, Herbert R. Thomas, Mildred Hockley, Nicolas Lahovary, Valentine Murray, S. Benderffe, A. W. Hughes, Francis Theakston, Arthur H. Lake.

**No. V.—"Every-day Handwriting."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE ALBUM: GEOFFREY L. AUSTIN, The Knoll, Lancaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: DOROTHY NEWILL, The Cottage, Lydbury North, Salop; and JENNIE CLASPER, Chez M. Cardot, Les Chesneaux, Château Thierry, Aisne, France.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Aitken Oldfield, C. G. Johnson, J. D. Jones, Helen G. Palmer, S. Amy Lucas.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: N. MILES KEMP, Aubrey House, Yeovil.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GEOFFREY TALBOT, Wellington House School, Westgate-on-Sea; W. P. TOLMAN, 5, Newton Road, Yeovil.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. F. L. Parkinson, Agnes M. Carver, F. E. Harris, Florence M. Watson, Olive S. Waller, K. S. W. Anderson, Alfred J. Eborn, C. J. Fishley, Eric C. Pearse, Margaret H. Lawrence.

*CLASS III.* (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: WADSWORTH BURR, Hinton Manor, Faringdon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to DAISY SMITH, "Ingleside," Chatham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. G. White, Vera Nikolić, Ruby M. Parish, Reginald Moss, Dorothy Killik, Olive Veitch.

**No. VI.—"Velocipedestrianisticalistrionology."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s: PERCY H. LEWIS, 6, Sandon Street, Etruria Vale, Hanley, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: M. E. COCK, 35, Milton Road, Fitzhugh, Southampton; and JOHN B. EDGAR, "Ashton," Lockerbie, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ursula M. Peck, Ethel Thomas, Martyr Luck, Walter Jones, H. R. Bishop.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: ALLAN MACLEOD, The Hawthorns, Tyseley, near Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: A. J. BESTEN, 34, Granville Road, Chester; PHILLIS WATHEN, The Manse, Malvern Wells; HARRY H. PETERS, 16, Belvoir Road, Dulwich, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. H. Wood, Frank J. Adams, May Hare, Arthur W. Morrison, A. L. Higgins, J. G. Horner, James Foster.

*CLASS III.*—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: J. C. ANDREWS, 110, Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WILFRED HILL, 58, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Horace W. Fletcher, Edward Green, W. H. Bellamy, Mary J. Lewis, George H. Sowden, P. R. Hudson.

**"Foreign and Colonial Readers'" (No. VI., March, 1901).**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNERS OF 7s.: (*a*) R. F. HOPKINS, "Branchal," Milford Street, St. Kilda, Victoria, Australia; (*b*) ELEANOR M. DAVIDSON, 110, Cauchon Street, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (*a*) John Steel, Junr. (Adelaide), (*b*) May Malone (Antigua).

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF 7s.: (*b*) C. B. HAYWARD, 6, Knutsford Terrace, Kowloon, Hong Kong, China; (*c*) W. HUTCHINGS, 70, Wilson Street, Hawksburn, Melbourne, Victoria.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (*b*) Lionel A. Brown (Jamaica), Beatrice Payn Le Sueur (Canada).

*CLASS III.* (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNERS OF 7s.: (*a*) BOOKY C. HEERJEE, Cannanore, Malabar Coast, India; (*b*) W. W. DAVIDSON, 10, Barrack Road, Penang; (*c*) H. GOODBRAND, Newcastle, Natal, S.A.

HONOURABLE MENTION (*a*) H. Goodbrand (Natal), Emily Gunn (Cape Colony), (*b*) H. Goodbrand (Natal), Emily Gunn (Cape Colony), (*c*) Booky C. Heerjee (India), Emily Gunn (Cape Colony).

***Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," or "Wide World."***

## COMMENTS.

**No. III.**—I must congratulate you on your ingenious devices for "New Punishments," some of which, I may remark, almost amount to tortures.

**No. IV.**—A large number of entries for this competition. On account of the quantity, neatness was a good deal taken into consideration. The winning sentence in Class I., sent in by J. Tyreman, is as follows: "Our kingdom is still flourishing, notwithstanding many trials, and all loyal Britons must try manfully to uphold its grand traditions." In Class II., sent in by Ernest Evans: "Gold Coast consols standing low this morning; good stock; buy all you can; will go up gradually from now onwards."

**No. V.**—G. L. Austin, the winner of the first prize, Class I., writes a good, clear hand; also Dorothy Newill and Jennie Clasper in the same class, though in quite different styles—Miss Clasper's being a very quaint hand. In Class II., N. Miles Kemp writes a good, bold hand.

**No. VI.**—The greatest number of names that anyone made out of Veloc—— you know! was 3,380, this list being sent in by Allan MacLeod, the first prize winner in Class II. Percy H. Lewis, the winner in Class I., had a list of 2,381, and J. C. Andrews, in Class III., had 1,007. I should like to specially mention Harry H. Peters' list of 1,781, which was beautifully printed.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

# NICHOLS & CO., *Athletic Outfitters,*

**11, GEORGE ST., PLYMOUTH.**

**THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE WEST**

FOR

**FOOTBALLS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, AND JERSEYS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Nichols & Co.'s "Practice" Ball .. | Price 4/11 |
| Nichols & Co.'s "Special Match" .. | " 7/6 |
| Nichols & Co.'s "Surety" .. .. .. | " 9/11 |

*The above are only a few of our* **Leading Lines** *for the coming Season.*

**FOOTBALL BOOTS,** *prices* **5/6, 6/6, 7/6 & 10/6**
Per Pair.

**SPECIAL LINE IN FOOTBALL SHIRTS,**
Any Colours, 2in. Stripes. **23/-** per dozen.

PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION.
SPECIAL TERMS TO COLLEGES AND CLUBS.

---

**THE GAME OF THE DAY!** Played Indoors or Out.

# TABLE TENNIS.

**3/6, 5/6, 7/6, and 10/6 per set.**

Full Instructions, Packing and Delivery,

**FREE.**

*All Orders must be addressed to*

**THE MIDLAND INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION,**
John Bright Street, BIRMINGHAM.

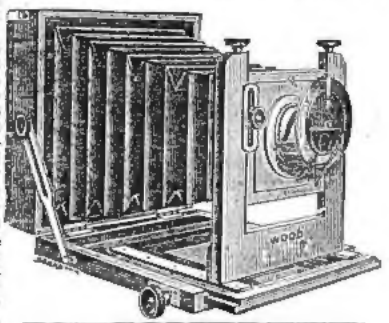
---

# The "Twencent" Hand Camera

Enables one to place on record pleasant scientific and instructive illustrations of events. It takes 12 Plates or Films. Time or instantaneous Photographs. Automatic Changing and Registering. Two View Finders. Packs in small compass, 8ins. × 7ins. × 4ins. Weight 2½lbs.

**30/-**

**HOW TO TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH, and ensure a first-class Picture?** Purchase a **HAND or STAND CAMERA of E. G. WOOD and receive expert instruction.** The **70/-** Outfit will enable one to take a Cabinet Portrait, Snap-shot or Landscape Picture, & consists of polished mahogany half plate camera, lacquered brass fittings, shutter, R.R. lens, one double dark slide, turn-table three-fold focussing cloth, stand, and canvas bag.




**70/- COMPLETE.**

Enlargements from Customers' own Negatives, 12 by 10, **2/6.**
PRINTING IN P.O.P. ½, **1/6** DOZEN. CARBON, PLATINOTYPE, BROMIDE, SILVER PAPER, WITH EXPEDITION AND DISPATCH.
FILMS DEVELOPED from "Brownie," **9d.**, to No. 4 Cartridge, **3/6**; Plates ½, **3/-**, to ½, **4/-**.
PYRO SODA DEVELOPER (as used in our studio), two bottles post free, **1/3.**
HYDROKINONE DEVELOPER, post free, **2/-**.
TONING AND FIXING BATH, red brown or purple tones, **1/-**, **1/3** post free.

**CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.**

**E. G. WOOD,** *Optician to the Admiralty War Department, etc.*
**2, QUEEN STREET, Cheapside, London,** (Late 74, Cheapside.) **E.C.**

---

# THE JEWEL AIR GUN.

**20/- EACH**

**Exact as Supplied by me TO SHOOTING CLUBS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.**

**20/- EACH**

I have taken great pains in getting this Gun most accurately sighted, and now offer it with confidence. Handsomely nickel-plated all over. Ebony Stock patent top Lever, a distinct novelty and great improvement, and flat file-cut Rib. Having had the advantage of testing every Air Gun on the market, I am fully qualified to say that this Gun is the best ever offered at any price, and I am willing to refund cash in full to anyone who is not fully satisfied. Send at once and save disappointment, as the supply is limited. Packed with supply of SLUGS, DARTS, and Nickel-plated DART EXTRACTOR. Postage 1s. extra. Send for list. Largest variety of guns and pistols in the world. **FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, BIRMINGHAM.**

---

NATURAL HISTORY.

## WATKINS & DONCASTER

*NATURALISTS,*

**36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.** *(Five Doors from Charing Cross),*

keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of

**BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.**

**Price List sent post free on application.**

---

FEE 60 GUINEAS

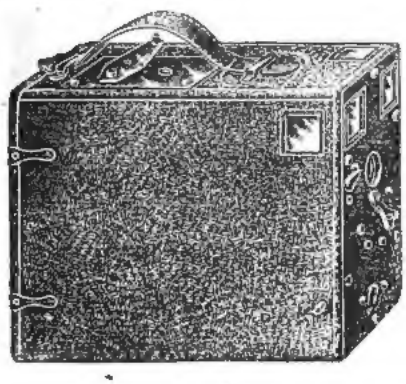
# SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL.

FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME **OFFICERS** IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT., A. T. MILLER, R.N.

---



**RICHFORD'S**

# GUINEA "FLEETE"

***Quarter-Plate HAND CAMERA,*** *as illustrated.*

This Camera is really one of the very best in Guinea Cameras, has **Mahogany body covered in real Leather,** two large brilliant view finders, automatic plate register, with speed indicator, rotating diaphragm, rapid achromatic lens and perfect changing movement. Time and instantaneous. Takes twelve ¼-plates. Price 21/-

**THE CELEBRATED "KLITO" HAND CAMERA** for twelve ¼-plates, up-to-date movements, 21/- each.

Our 2¼ by 2½ **"EXPRESS" HAND CAMERAS** for six plates, a splendid line, 5/6 each. Ditto, ditto, ¼-plate, 10/- each.

Our well-known ¼-plate **"GEM" CAMERA, 5/5**; the **"TIMES," 7/6**; the **"RENOWN," 10/6,** &c., &c.

*SEND FOR OUR UP-TO-DATE CAMERA LIST, POST FREE.*

**C. RICHFORD & Co., 153, Fleet St., London, E.C.**

Digitized by Google

# WHEN YOU . . . THINK OF

# FOOTBALL

## THINK OF ME.

**And send for my Football List & Patterns, Post Free.**

# JOHN PIGGOTT,

**117 AND 118, CHEAPSIDE, AND MILK STREET, E.C.**

---

*REFRESHING—NOURISHING—SUSTAINING.*

# CADBURY'S COCOA

**CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and Cocoa only. Athletes in particular should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is Absolutely Pure and a Perfect Food.**

---

# PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL

***Southampton Row, London, W.C.***

**PRINCIPAL ... ... ... ... B. DE BEAR**

*(Late Examiner to London Chamber of Commerce), assisted by a permanent staff of sixty expert teachers.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| SHORTHAND | BOOKKEEPING | ARITHMETIC | FRENCH | SPANISH | CLASSICS |
| TYPEWRITING | BUSINESS KNOWLEDGE | WRITING | GERMAN | ENGLISH | MATHEMATICS |

Personal and individual instruction only. All subjects necessary for complete commercial education.
Open daily from 10—1, 2—4, and 6—9.
Students may take one subject only, or any group.
Preparation for all Civil Service, Professional Preliminary, Bank, Insurance, Railway, and other examinations.

**New Illustrated Prospectus, gratis and post free, from**
**THE SECRETARY, Pitman's Metropolitan School, Southampton Row, London, W.C.**



**ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.**

LONDON COLOUR PRINTING CO., LTD.


Digitized by Google